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REV. JEREMIAH DAY, S.T.D., LL.D.
PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE

Jeremiah Day

John. A. Rice

THE

MAGAZINE.

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John. S. Davis

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yalenses
Cantabunt Somnos, unanimique Patrem."

VOLUME IV.

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VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1838.

NO. 1.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THE REV. JEREMIAH DAY, D. D. LL. D.

PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE.

PRESIDENT DAY was born in New Preston, a parish in the town of Washington, Connecticut, 1773. His father, the Rev. Jeremiah Day, who was graduated at Yale College in 1756, was pastor of the church in New Preston, and lived to an advanced age, much respected. President Day was entered a freshman in Yale College, 1789, but on account of infirm health, did not complete his collegiate course with the class to which he at first belonged. After an absence of several years, he rejoined the College, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1795.

This was the year of Dr. Dwight's accession to the presidency. By the removal of Dr. Dwight from Greenfield, the school which he had established in that village, and which had flourished very greatly under his instruction, was destitute of a preceptor. Mr. Day was invited to take charge of this school, and continued in it a year; when he was elected a tutor in Williams College, Massachusetts. Here he remained two years. In Yale College, he commenced his tutorship in 1798. He had early chosen theology as a profession, and while officiating as tutor, began to preach as a candidate for the ministry. On the resignation of Professor Meigs, who had been called to the presidency of the University of Georgia, Mr. Day was elected, in

1801, to succeed him as Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. At this time Mr. Day was in feeble health, and was obliged to suspend the business of instruction. By the advice of his physicians, he passed one winter in the island of Bermuda. In 1803, his health was so far restored, that he entered upon his professorship; the duties of which he continued to discharge, till the death of Dr. Dwight, in 1817, when he was elected to the office of President. He was inaugurated in July of the same year. On the same day in which he was introduced into the presidency, he was ordained, by the clerical part of the Fellows, a minister of the gospel.

While President Day was Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, he published several mathematical treatises for the use of students in that department; which are used in Yale College, and some, or all of them, extensively in other institutions. Since he has been President of the College, he has published several occasional sermons; and lately, "An Inquiry respecting the Self-determining Power of the Will; or Contingent Volition."

In 1817, the College in Middlebury, Vermont, conferred on President Day the degree of Doctor of Laws, and in 1818, Union College, in Schenectady, the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The degree of Doctor of Divinity, likewise, was conferred on him in 1831, by Harvard University.

President Day has already occupied his present station about the same length of time as his immediate predecessor, Dr. Dwight; and longer than any other head of the College, with the exception of President Clap. Yale College is thought to have been peculiarly fortunate in its Presidents; and it may be said with truth, that it has at no time flourished more, than under the administration of President Day.

THE SUPREMACY OF MIND.

THE mind, while it has read the great mysteries of the external creation, remains in itself the greatest, we may add, the grandest of all mysteries. Not that its nature, its powers, its passions, or its destiny, are not to some extent known and felt, but, as if an universe in itself, the more we endeavor to extend that knowledge, new endowments and attributes constantly appear, until we are lost in their magnitude and number, and the ultimate end of their creation becomes more distant, grand, and mysterious. Indeed, while upon reflection it might seem even more possible to comprehend the vastness of an universe, than to conceive of the definite extent to which the powers or capacities of the mind may be developed, to the eye of enlightened intellect, this quickening fact would bear in it nothing to amaze or bewilder. The attributes of divinity called into exercise in the formation of one soul, were infinitely superior in their nature to those that fashioned the whole of creation beside. The loftiest ideas which reason can form of the Deity himself, can scarcely exceed the capabilities of mind: mind filled with wisdom, power, justice, mercy, and benevolence: mind in its completest perfection of development—yet *mind* still.

In view, then, of its exalted character, and the many high and ennobling thoughts its contemplation so obviously tends to inspire, we cannot ponder too often or deeply upon this wonderful masterpiece of nature's workmanship: we cannot look upon it with a regard too enthusiastic, or adore it with a love and devotion too ardent or profound. The mind, by contemplation of itself, grows greater and better. Those peculiar sensations of grandeur and sublimity, which we know not how to describe, but which rush upon us, deep and absorbing, in watching the stars of a clear and tranquil evening, may, to some extent, typify the infinitely more sublime emotions which pass before us, in considering our own endowments and destiny. In the highest sense of the word are they *poetry*—a rich, intellectual poetry,—enjoyed by those alone of elevated thought, and refined taste. It springs directly from those feelings of power and dignity, which can only belong to cultivated mind. It is a mystery of sensation which gives to the whole of the outward creation, a richer and brighter coloring; quickens the imagination as it dwells upon the nature and destiny of man; conducts it by elevated veins of thought, and as if through the force of divine inspiration, to mines of richest truths and loftiest prophecy; tells us that there is something within us too high and ethereal

for earth; reveals to us in the future an eternity of improvement, an universe of enjoyment; and kindling in our bosoms a burning passion for advancement, bids us cultivate, expand, refine the powers bestowed upon us by nature, give free scope to thought, burst the fetters which would cramp and cripple the mind, and walk forth in the proud freedom of moral and immortal beings.

We propose to undertake, in the following pages, the grateful task of considering the nature, and tracing the influence of this apparently highest of human emotions, in some of its most striking and pleasing relations. And though at first glance it might appear too far removed from the daily thoughts and avocations of life, to be of any great importance or interest, yet is it an enthusiasm which enters, perhaps, even more than we are ourselves aware, into our own aims and affections, which, in moments of solitude and reflection, comes upon us with a breath of inspiration, and which can only enable us to attain the goal of mental or moral greatness. It is not the actual desire of amassing knowledge—yet without it, wisdom, howsoever great, would bring with it nothing of pure or lasting enjoyment. It is not ambition—yet the attainment of power would be but a useless toil, did not this sensation add a charm and diffuse a lustre. In short, a full perception of it, a capability of feeling and enjoying it in all its relations and bearings, is of itself, *intellectual greatness*.

“The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.”

Here has the great bard grasped, in two of his immortal lines, all the poetry of our being vast, grand, perplexing as it is. And who does not feel an enthusiasm kindling at his heart, as he enters into the full idea which is here conveyed? What more splendid definition could be given of that endowment, which, raising us far above the level of the animal creation, would seem to connect us with a higher and purer order of beings. Here, too, is one of those few and golden passages, in which the whole mind of the author,—his thoughts, feelings, powers,—have embodied themselves in “*one word*,” and that word is “*lightning*.” Had Milton left nothing behind him but these two lines, had they in their naked state continued to live, and had we no other means of judging of his talents and character except by them, we might, by endeavoring to enter in this one mighty conception, picture a being as superior in mind, and elevated in sentiment. We would have marked him with a vigor and intensity of thought, a depth and keenness of emotion, an exaltation and refinement of taste, which would have raised him to a proud eminence above his fellow men, and stamped on him the impress of a God. In a word, we would have seen in him a proud exam-

ple of the truth of his own most noble sentiment, of the perfect triumph of mind over the evils which may attend its possessor, and of the golden reward which awaits its full expansion.

With faculties so completely developed, with tastes so highly refined, what overwhelming tides of new and unknown sensation must not exist! what mysteries of knowledge and emotion opened alone to the gifted, the enlightened mind! If it be not irreverential, we might imagine the garden of Eden, with all its charms and delights, the residence of man within it, his admission to intercourse with his Creator, his continued elevation of thought, and consequently the exquisiteness of his enjoyment—a beautiful and sublime *allegory*, used to express the mysterious relations of the mind with an unknown influence, as wonderful in the moral, as gravity in the physical world—attracting it on with mighty and constant force to a higher and nobler state of intellectual existence. Such emotions, the most exalted species of spiritual poetry, such capabilities, partaking, (in a most humble sense it is true,) of the nature of those that designed and created the universe, such capacities for improvement—boundless as eternity itself—must be immortal, and “glorious as the stars in heaven.”

To say that this emotion in its various modifications inspires the poet, and kindles the orator, would be to say nothing new. In truth, all the higher species of poetry, the poetry which would bear us up from the mere consideration of man in his earthly passions and relations, the poetry which ever craves after a state of mental and moral perfection, springs from, and is nourished by this feeling. It is, indeed, to a greater or less extent, connected with *all* true poetic ardor, for it is “its own great reward.” Without it, there can be none of that sense of superiority, which must ever nerve and inspire; none of that contempt for the propensities which constitute the meaner portions of our nature, and which, weighing down imagination and thought, would prevent a lofty flight; none of that refined sense of enjoyment which can only be felt in the rapid expansion of the mind, and the consciousness that it may become greater and greater, better and better, beyond all human conception.

It likewise accompanies us as we descend from the consideration of mind in its immortal, to mind in its temporal relations. As we behold the influence exerted by the giant and fully developed intellect, widening round and round from its deathless centre, until it is lost in all that is pure and elevated in humanity, what is it that makes our own hearts beat, and our own blood gush so rapidly? Is it not a feeling, that we too have a spark within us of that flame, which burns a central heat in the moral world? That we too may attain something of that mental greatness which towers a living “landmark” on the wastes of

time? That we too may set our thoughts afloat upon the ocean of the future, and feel, that long after we have passed forever away, they will exert an influence to ennoble and refine?

Next to that ardent craving after a higher and holier state of existence, if there be any one thing which, more than another, attests that there is something ethereal, Godlike, more than human in man, it is the fact, that while his mortal frame decays and returns to the dust, the productions of his intellect, in all their young life and vigor, with all they have of beauty and inspiration, flow onward forever, and the gifted mind, in the remotest generations, beneath their hallowed influence, will bear witness that that was a spirit of a loftier mould. The Grecian bard tuned his lyre to more than earthly minstrelsy; the numbers re-echoed along the unexplored wilderness of time; kindred spirits caught their witchery, and prolonged the soul-thrilling strain from one to another across the interval of ages. No where in its direct relations, is the superiority of mind over body more conspicuous than here. The latter, after a few short years of peril, toil, and suffering, sinks forever to nothingness; the former is *immortal upon earth*, for its thoughts and emotions *live*—and what is mind but a splendid tissue of thoughts, feelings, and perceptions, under a thousand thousand different and ever varying forms and hues, bearing to each other an inconceivable number of analogies and relations, which may be multiplied, refined, and diversified by constant action among themselves, and by the addition of new and nobler life and vigor.

Immortality upon earth is indeed a gigantic acquirement, after which the giant intellect should alone aspire; yet is there a crystal stream of thought and intelligence, which, bursting forth from the bosom of the young world, has continued to pour onward its rich tide of waters—now sparkling beneath the clear sunlight of knowledge and refinement—now darkling amid the gloom of benighted reason—seeking its ocean, veiled in the shadows of futurity, whose current all may aid to swell. Upon its surface each may cast his pittance, and feel that it will be borne far into future ages, though men may never hear of the humble hand that set it in motion.

And here open upon the mind visions of its own future elevation and dignity, which wrap it in an almost delirium of delight. Nor can this high enthusiasm be too often or too deeply indulged, for with an influence pure as the purest fountains of moral emotion—potent as the strongest springs of human action, it comes upon the soul to strengthen, ennoble, and inspire. Similar to that feeling which hallows the works of antiquity, and gives additional charms to the bright imaginings of the ancient muse, the grand yet benighted conceptions of the ancient philosopher, and the thundering eloquence of the ancient orator, it would

bear us away from the present and ourselves, and of consequence "elevate us in the scale of thinking beings." That innate emotion of the mind, which would lead it to exult in its own greatness in whatever age or clime, above all other influences, tends to expand the views and exalt the character. It is an emotion, too, which, in touching some of the deep seated chords of human sympathy and human ambition, sends a thrill through the soul that awakes its dormant energies to life and action. How many intellects of great and commanding endowments, may literally be said to have been created by one grand conception. It flashes upon them, lights up the darkness that surrounded them, starts untried muscles into play, and leads them forth wondering at themselves, into another world of light, and life, and beauty. To distinguish what is great in our own nature, is the better half of greatness itself. And what more calculated to fill the bosom with high and sublime emotions, than to dwell upon the prospects which are opened before the enlightened mind, teeming with a thousand sources of rapturous delight, and alive with noble powers aroused to action, and splendid attainments reached and secured, of which the most gifted and refined, of by-gone days, could not have formed the remotest conception. Peak rises upon peak, still to be mounted, growing higher and brighter, until their summits are lost in the pure blue of heaven.

And this brings us to the consideration of a source of high and refined enjoyment, known only to the educated mind, and fully known only by a complete development of all its capacities, which, more intimately connected with the social relations of man with man, is consequently more comprehensive in its bearings—more general and potent in its results. We allude to that power exerted by cultivated mind over the passions, aims, and destinies of men. It is a source of the noblest and most elevated happiness, for its exercise is to ennoble, to elevate, to make happy. An ardent desire for power, kindled and blazing in the bosoms of those whom talent or fortune has raised above their fellow men, has ever convulsed society, has roused nations from the sleep of ages, has breathed life into the arts and sciences, has moulded the character, and colored the history, of all mankind. The attainment of *power*, is, after all, the ultimate end of human exertion. The annals of our race read to us a dismal lesson of what that desire has effected, when uncurbed by moral feeling and inflamed by passion. By what did the empires of the past fall, unless by the hand of some favorite and cherished son? The clash of arms, the blood of hosts, have marked the struggles of opposing heroes who leaped upon the stage of action, contended amid clouds of ignorance for a brief supremacy, and then passed forever away, without leaving a single ray of intellectual light to shine through and disperse the gloom. Such is

not the power to which we allude. That is a power over the minds and thoughts, over the moral, and not the physical nature of man, by whose influence, intelligence and morality are to be diffused, government improved, and the world reformed. And in its exercise, is there nothing to delight? nothing to ennoble? What more splendid spectacle of mental perfection could be drawn, than that of the orator upon which Cicero loved to dwell, until it rooted in his being, grew and blossomed in himself! And could we picture that orator under the inspiration which comes from heaven, with every power, every faculty of his mind in vigorous play—with outstretched arm and blazing eye—while, by the magic of his tongue, a countless audience is hushed to repose, and borne with the mystic influence of a midnight dream, into another existence of different thoughts, feelings, volition: can we believe, that in the exercise of such a Godlike gift, the speaker himself would not become more like a God? Would not a sense of superiority kindle at his heart, and burn through every vein, as we might suppose him in the delirium of his eloquence to exclaim, “*Ye gods, I am an orator!*” Not the low vanity which never did, nor ever can accompany true mental greatness, but a consciousness of *power*, which in whispering, that it may be used to work out tremendous harm, would fill the bosom with a high and holy philanthropy.

Nothing to the contemplative mind can be more productive of elevated thought and refined enjoyment, than the ennobling confidence, that desire is the germ of capability; that ardent hopes and aspiring aims can never, or rarely exist without the power to realize the former, and secure the latter. This single conviction will tend to add an energy to purpose, to inspire a sanguine assurance of success, which will strengthen and sustain the mind through the sternest contests and the darkest trials. Seeking, as we are, to trace this poetic sensation through some of the thousand channels it has opened for itself, pouring its sweet and fertilizing waters over the holiest places of the soul, we may be borne beyond the ordinary thoughts and emotions, which are excited in our journeyings over the trodden and dusty highway of life. But who is there, among the reflecting and ambitious, who has not, at times, experienced his dark, his fearful misgivings—who has not trembled at the moment’s conviction, that nature has cursed him with the desire, without furnishing the means of its gratification; that tantalized he stands with parched, and burning lips, unable to slake his tormenting thirst in the plenteous waters around him, while nature arrays herself in her funeral garments, and life becomes the darkest hell. And then how vivifying the transition, as the glad certainty darts upon him, that this cannot be so: that the mind of man, with all its mighty, its fearful machinery, is capable of working out miracles, yet un-

dreamt. Instantly the whole world becomes to him a paradise, and, exulting in his own nature, he stalks abroad a mental and moral giant. What extrinsic sources of delight can the mind, under the control of such emotions, desire. It longs to be alone, to hold converse with itself, to lose every care in the consideration of its own noble destiny; and whether the world is bright or dark,—whether the sun shines or the tempest lowers,—it stands amid the warring elements, still and unchangeably the same.

*“Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient minæ.”*

FRIENDSHIP.

THE foam upon the river's brim
A transient life assumes;
The richness of the flower will waste,
Though lovely now it blooms;
The beauty of the gilded sky
Will soon its splendor lose;
Its setting glories soon will die,
And fade its mellow hues.

Sweet is soft music's soothing voice;
Sweet is the summer gale:
But music's spirits melt away,
And winter winds prevail.
Glorious the sight of waving woods
Clothed in their robe of green:
But Autumn's frosts will blight their pride,
Nor spare the shady screen.

'Tis thus our brightest pleasures fade,
Thus withers all our bliss:
'Twas a fair picture, but 'tis gone—
A moment's happiness.
A short, an exquisite delight—
How soon the vision fled!
In vain we seek for buried joys;
In vain would raise the dead.

O'er their memory we may weep,
Yet they will not return:
They leave us when we're happiest;
They leave our hearts to mourn.
Thus the relation sheds a tear
Upon that cherished sod,
Where his dear kindred ashes sleep,
In the dark grave's abode.

Let other joys unwept depart :
 There is one kindly ray,
 That yet may smile upon the soul,
 The twilight of its day.
 Yes dearest Friendship shall remain—
 That gem shall still survive ;
 When fancy's sun-light beams depart,
 Kind Friendship yet shall live.

Not so with him who vainly boasts
 The world are all his friends ;
 For he shall all too quickly find
 How dark his prospect ends ;
 Curse his mad folly in despair,
 His loneliness and gloom
 Mourn o'er the death of all his hopes—
 The cypress of their tomb.

G. H.

MIXUM GATHERUM, ALIAS HOTCH-POTCH.

No. II.

"Titles and mottoes to books are like escutcheons and dignities in the hands of a king—the wise sometimes condescend to accept of them ; but none but fools imagine them of any real importance. We ought to depend upon intrinsic merit, and not the slender helps of titles. For my part, I am ever ready to mistrust a promising title ; and have at some expense, been instructed not to hearken to the voice of an advertisement,—let it plead never so loudly or never so long.

"A countryman coming one day to Smithfield, in order to take a slice of Bartholomew fair, found a perfect show before each booth. The drummer, the fire-eater, the wire-walker, and the salt-box, were all employed to invite him in. 'Just a going the court of the king of Prussia, in all his glory ; pray, gentlemen walk in and see.' From people who generously gave so much away, the clown expected a monstrous bargain for his sixpence ; the curtain is drawn ; when too late, he finds that he had the best part of the show for nothing at the door."

MAUGRE all these fine lucubrations of Dr. Goldsmith, I shall not, most respected and respectable reader, entertain a single doubt as to the aptness or pungency of my title. That it is more available than any other I could adopt, all I think will allow, who reflect how obnoxious are the authors of this day to the charge of wandering. A charge so formidable as this can never be urged against me, shielded as I am behind so redoubtable a caption as Mixum Gatherum. Besides, do we not my friends exist in a sort of hotch-potch age ? An age of *anties* and *ultras* ; of nice distinctions and fine-spun theories long-drawn out ; an age of hair-

splitting of every description, from the splitting of the finest hair in the Rev. Doctor's wig, down to the fiercest and proudest bristle of his swineship?

Amid all this accumulation of theories and hypotheses, concerning which wise heads so dearly love to wrangle and disagree, and brand each other as heretics and quacks, until we are compelled *nolens volens*, to believe their opponents the disciples of either Moloch or Mammon, or both; in all this wide range, is there, I ask, one subject irrelevant to my title? I have never made pretensions to an extra allowance of prudence, discretion, or sagacity. Neither do I affect eccentricity: indeed, my antipathy to be considered odd, is only equal to my fears of being found in a road so beaten and common as neither to excite interest, nor gratify curiosity. I affect nothing, boast nothing, and am entirely willing to be thought even to know nothing—providing always, I can be sure of contributing my little mite, to the sum total of thy individual happiness.

In a word, now that we are over with the preliminaries of an introduction, I entreat you not to stand at the door, bowing and scraping, and staring at my physiognomy; but come in and view the interior, where should your reception fall below your expectations, it will not be because I have not endeavored to provide for you, both in variety and novelty, a cheerful and refreshing entertainment.

In this respect, I hope you will experience no disappointment, like that of Dr. Goldsmith's countryman; and whether your anticipations have been high or low, you shall not have the "best part of the show at the door." I must, however, be permitted to take my own course; for, even should your advice be excellent, it would here be entirely useless, and I fear worse than useless; since in the first place, it might clip the wings of, and so curtail my imagination; and in the next, by so doing, you might meddle with what you have not even the faintest conception. My caution is not so large as to prevent my being somewhat venturesome, nor my dread of innovation so terrible as to set me shuddering at the bare sight of any thing new and strange. I am willing to venture, and push my little barque out to sea, feeling as well assured of not succeeding in weathering the storm unless I do, as of not being shipwrecked should I remain in port. Well is it said, "the little mind that loves itself, will write and think with the vulgar, but the great mind will be boldly eccentric, and scorn the beaten road from pure benevolence." I prescribe to myself no rules or laws, and acknowledge no precedent. It is, no doubt, perfectly right for a man, at times, to be profuse in vanity; now writing in your argumentative phraseology; and now in your fanciful imaginings; now in sentimental prosing, and now in humorous charming poetry—at one time, indulging in bright flashes

of humor; and at another, sallying forth in sparkling coruscations of wit—yet all intended for sound instruction, and amusing entertainment. He should aim at novelty and variety; sometimes leading his reader on in gentle perambulations over the green fields of fancy; and sometimes pausing in his wanderings to investigate the more palpable matters of fact—now culling a flower, or choosing out some choice gem; and now chiselling out from sterner materials, the purer granite of thought. If at one time, his discourse be like the waterfall, leaping and dashing down the hill-side; anon, it should resemble the silent meanderings of the deep, broad river.

“Fury and fiddle-strings!” methinks some obstreperous critic exclaims, “what can all this have to do with the ‘simple tale of sentiment,’ we were to have?” I will keep my promise. Nevertheless, whoever thou art, that art wont to take delight in rescuing thy thoughts from oblivion, and giving to them breathing expression and burning efficacy, well *thou* knowest, it is one thing to promise, and another to fulfill. Often have I resumed and re-resumed the ‘grey goose quill’ with a most honest intent to perpetrate something for thine especial edification, often contracted my eyebrows, pressed my temples, laid the right fore-finger, Sterne-like, upon the bridge of my nasal organ, and thrust the digital extremes of the sinister arm through my locks; but all in vain! I have ruminated and cogitated, till, alas! despair has sat on my large Roman nose, and the big tears, like great drops of rain, have rolled down upon my care-worn cheeks, and mingling there, have run down most riverously over my new jacket!! In this sad dilemma, nothing could come more pat to the purpose, than a long epistle from a revered and veteran uncle of mine.

It becomes me to sketch briefly his biography. In his youthful years he was a quiet denizen of the town, with no desires or aspirations beyond the smoke of the paternal chimney. But a catastrophe befell him. He became smitten of the tender passion, and his addresses being rejected, he could not endure to dwell in the land of his Dulcinea. Tired of the monotony of home, he went out from under the paternal roof, and became a citizen of the world. He roamed far and wide—visited all nations, and saw the wonders of all the globe. No desert so dreary, no wilderness so wild, no mountain so lofty, as to hinder his peregrinations. He scaled the Alps, stood on the Apennines, traversed the burning sands of Arabia, and penetrated even to the interior of Ethiopia! He encountered many dangers, and had many hair-breadth escapes both by sea and land. He is now clothed in his right mind, on every subject except *one*; is a man of not inferior parts, and may be called learned. He has his hobby-horse, to be

sure, which he rides as intelligently as most men do theirs, unless when a thought of *that one event* crosses his poor brain. He always had a wonderful love for the marvelous, and has ever been an industrious collector of curious things. In short, he is a perfect antiquarian, and delights in nothing so much as in searching after black-letter lore. Many years has he passed among the subterraneous catacombs of Egypt, decyphering those dark and mysterious hieroglyphics; and such an adept has he become, by his experience in such matters, that no specimen, or relic, or ancient inscription, can elude his grasp, when he brings the immense stores of his erudition to bear thereupon. Nevertheless, he has been exceedingly puzzled by one obscure and very antique manuscript, which he obtained in a strange manner, and under strange circumstances.

From this old uncle of black-letter-lore memory, I have received from the East a very lengthy communication, from which I shall make copious extracts. It will be seen that the old bachelor has not been able to make out a very perfect translation. The reflecting will kindly make due allowances, considering its intrinsic difficulties, owing to the great antiquity of the fragment, the obsolete language of the original, and particularly, that the translator is an old man, and has been long absent in foreign parts. My extracts shall be *verbatim et literatim*; the epistle commences in this wise.

Mountains of the Moon, Ethiopia.

My dear Nephew,

Canst thou believe, I have been doubly requited for all my toil and wandering? What I am now to unfold, will be to thee for a wonder. That fountain, mentioned in my last, issued from the entrance of a spacious cavern. I have since carefully explored it. It is full of strange things, but the most curious of all, is a roll of old parchment, which I discovered far in the interior, in a little nook, which seemed arranged for its reception, where it appeared to have been placed for preservation. It bears marks of great antiquity, and is truly an entertaining history of a singular and remote people—far back up the stream of time. I am lost in conjecture, and dare express no opinion. The language is unlike any other, and difficult of translation. Wherever, owing to obliterations from time and mould, I have failed to render a perfect interpretation, I have given in my own words what I consider the true meaning. Did such a people ever exist it should be promulgated, as much for the benefit of the present, as of coming generations. I transmit it to you, hoping you will print it in our own tongue, that it may be to our countrymen both useful and agreeable.

As ever, my dear nephew, I am

Your affectionate and obliged uncle.

Know, assuredly, ye babbling fools! and corrupt children of better sires, and ye posterity, know, I live in degenerate times! Learn wisdom, ye sons and daughters of men, and all ye curious prattling wives! from the experience of the past—and be taught by what I now reveal, to shun a like calamity! I, Muilharek ben Hazri, the last descendant of those ancient men, whose story is here recorded, dwelling in the deserted land of Karsarmar Kerselkolf, which lieth toward the East, write this woful chronicle! O sublimated spirit of the great Rehobah! bear witness to my truth. And thou soul of defunct Schemarthar! confirm my words. Cause to be believed the writings of Muilharek ben Hazri, who was never known to lie—recorded by him in the full of the moon of the month Tathar, in the year J. p. Z.* while reposing in the fragrant shade of the tall Arbama.

AN ANCIENT CHRONICLE,

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DIREFUL CONSEQUENCES OF WOMAN'S UNCONQUERABLE PROPENSITIES.

ANTECEDENT to all story-telling, or history of any kind, when 'coming events cast *no* shadows before,' and past ones left scarcely a trace behind; there was a period, of which even tradition affords us hardly a particle of information. Over the doings and sayings of that age antiquity has thrown her gorgeous mantle, and so effectually hid them from the inquisitive and penetrating vision of these modern times, that all seems blended as in one dim and sombre twilight. During this remarkable time, there dwelt somewhere in fairy-land, a curious, interesting, and happy people. Being temperate in their desires, they possessed and enjoyed all that heart could wish; for their wants and wishes did not exceed their means—while the contentment which dwelt in each breast, told plainly how good a thing is an equal distribution of the blessings and bounties of providence. Every one was happy, because no one saw any one to envy, and no one coveted the gold and silver of his neighbor, because all were equally rich. All their intercourse with each other was a communion of love and affection—a harmless reciprocation of the feelings and sentiments of the heart. They knew no law but the law of *Love*; acknowledged no sway but that of the gentler emotions; and while they banished all the turbulent and angry passions, they yielded sweetly to the influence of the pure and holy cords of *Friendship*. Peace and plenty were enjoyed by all. Joy and

* This most probably is the date, but I am not clear of scruples in fixing from it the exact chronology. Sufficient, however, is known from the middle character, to place it long anterior to the deluge. Certainly it is very ancient, though undoubtedly since Adam.

gladness pervaded each heart. The old did not possess the petulance of age, and the young vied with each other in their reverence for grey hairs. Man usurped not undue authority over woman, while tender, gentle woman was a true help-mate for man. They acknowledged no profound allegiance to the 'divine right of kings,' but paid true homage to the divine right of beauty.

O ye wise, be not confounded! Here woman alone wore the diadem, and her kind hand so mildly swayed the sceptre, that all bowed down to her decree. - She that was most discreet and virtuous, chaste and lovely, was chosen out of all the fairest and loveliest maidens of the land, to be the queen and rule. To her will all yielded a readier compliance, in as much as they were wont to revere it through force of long precedent: for, from time immemorial, there was no example of disloyalty. This virgin queen had no councillors but the MAGI, who received all wisdom from the great First Principles of *Good* and *Evil*. They held familiar intercourse with the GENII, those strange aerial things of ancient times, which—invisible—pervaded all space—now flitting unseen through the air; and now wandering among tombs, and other dark and dreary places of the earth. This virgin queen and queen of virgins, was bound by fate to keep pure her heart, and *never fall in love*; but bestow all her affections on her people. These are the words of the mighty Rehobah! "Let your queen be more spotless than the white snow of the mountain,—more pure than the stream which flows down from its melting,—and *colder in love* than its gelid waters. Let her be fairer than the fairy-reared blossoms of Aizu—discreet as the Magi, and more virtuous than the mother of the stars—and may she rule until there is born another maiden, excelling her in all things. Moreover, listen, ye inhabitants of Karsarmar Kerselkolf, to the decree of Fate! When your queen shall lose her beauty, and her loveliness vanish away, then shall be crowned a new queen from all the damsels of the land. But if it be your queen shall *fall in love*, the nation shall be destroyed!"

* * * * *

Here occurs the first illegible part of the manuscript. The sense is not entirely obscure, nor so clear as to make it possible to give a correct and accurate interpretation. It is, for the most part, a further delineation of the habits and customs of this country. The sense of the history appears to be, that in these, they were not so dissimilar to those cotemporary with the writer, as to be altogether uninteresting. That, indeed, if perhaps in this respect, they were found to be a little unique, even this very circumstance might add novelty and interest to their history, and considerably augment the reader's curiosity and thereby gratify

wonderful propensity of man—a love *for the marvelous*. That, all of Elysium or Paradise ever dreamt of, in the wild dreams of the wildest dreamer, or crazed brain of the craziest poet, was here enjoyed! That in their feelings, passions, loves, and all desires, they were not unlike men of his day, because they lived so long ago; and a knowledge of them might be useful from the important truth, none the less so, for being reiterated ten thousand times, by every school-boy of every age—the truth, that “there is a great deal of human nature in man;” and that that “human nature has been the same in all ages.”

As for their valor he could not vouch, for the simple reason that they never had cause to contend in warfare; but for their virtues they were proverbial. That in this as in every other age, there were retreats called the shades or groves of Academus, whither resorted the rising generation, in order to listen to the wisdom of the Magi, and hearken to the superior knowledge of the sage, and where, strange to tell, their disciples were not taken for knaves, as matter of course; but rather considered honest, till such time, as they by some overt act of rascality, proved themselves *bona fide* such. That a much greater proportion than one in twenty of their women were supposed to have souls: and that, for such as had, beautiful bowers, fragrant and shady arbors, overhung with divers vinous and creeping plants, were prepared, as preferable to houses of wood, and enclosed walls of brick or stone, fifty feet high; so that these fair ones might not be shut in from the pleasant world around, which was very beautiful to look upon, even as all creation. That here they were fanned by soft winds and gentle gales, bearing sweet perfumes—inhaling a pure atmosphere, under a pure, clear canopy, improving and cultivating their minds, as they skipped among flowers, and over green lawns, singing and tuning their voices in unison with the songsters of nature, even as they skip and sing among the branches—since ladies, especially *such as have souls*, have also common sense! That in all matters of the heart, the gentle archer so directed his arrows, as to produce the desired effect, always causing a reciprocation, and preventing so direful a calamity as unrequited love! Unrequited! Horror!! O my Theodo.* Love unrequited! unrequi—unreq—un—. * * * *

* * * * * Alas! Theodosia!!

Near the interior of the Queendom, in a quiet vale, sequestered by circumambient hills, and beautifully diversified with all kinds of shrubbery and green herbage, there was a stately grove of tall Arbamas. Through this flowed a crystal river, with banks

* My uncle seems here to have given quite away to his old malady, or rather the association of ideas came too thick and fast upon him, and caused a return of the old monomania. But he again resumes the translation.

sprinkled profusely with flowers of every hue exhaling spicy odors, very grateful to the sense. It was a custom received from olden time, and hallowed by associations of ancestral usage, for all the beautiful and discreet maidens of this peaceful land, here to assemble once a year, and under the teaching of the chief of the Magi, enjoy the companionship of their virgin queen. Here they were wont to pass many happy days in various pastimes and recreations—learning and reciting the precepts of the wise—composing and singing pleasant songs—and making melody upon the lute and harp. Here one damsel vied with another in displaying her charms, both of person and mind—in exhibiting the gifts of Nature—and the talents which each possessed. Here, also, the queen strove with the rest, lest even she might be excelled by some more fortunate and happy rival: for it was a decree of Fate, that “when the queen should lose her beauty, and her loveliness vanish away; and when another maiden should be born excelling her in all things—then a new queen should be crowned from all the damsels of the land.” Many qualifications were required, many and severe were the tests of excellence, and but few were found to contend for the scepter. At length, after a lapse of many ages, during which many lovely queens reigned prosperously over this goodly country, there was a time, when all the maidens, according to their custom, were assembled at the grove of tall Arbamas. Here also came the Magi in order to perform their appointed offices, in presiding over the exercises and pastimes, in judging of beauty, wit, penetration and all other excellences—in awarding the *Queendom* according to the decree of Fate to the “most discreet and virtuous, chaste and beautiful, of all the fairest and loveliest maidens of the land.”

“And it came to pass, that at this time there were found among the daughters of the land, two most lovely damsels, sisters, born at one birth, who each excelled the queen in all things. They bore such perfect resemblance, that one could not be told from the other; and even the mother who cherished and brought them up, could find no mark of distinction. They were alike in stature and in form, in the expression of their countenances, in all the perfections of beauty, and excellencies of mind. Both were highly accomplished, possessing wit, courage, judgment and discretion infinitely beyond their sex. In treasuring up the knowledge of the Magi, they surpassed all; since they never forgot anything they had ever read or heard, and their compositions in poetry were far superior to all others of their time. Moreover, these fairest of women loved each other so tenderly that one could not be happy when the other was absent, and they were accustomed to go hand in hand about their daily avocations—singing and en-

deavoring to please and amuse each other, by relating tales and fables—reciting poetry and displaying for each other's happiness in many ways, their great treasures of knowledge.

“Hearken, O ye wise, to the mighty wisdom of the great Schemarthar, to whom the past, present and future are all as one; for he was the most wonderful of all prognosticators! During the space of three moons he wandered alone upon the mountains, watching the planetary host of heaven and reading the courses of the stars. For the space of three moons he had familiar intercourse with the Genii, and held with them secret councils respecting which of the lovely sisters should be chosen queen. And this was the decree of Fate. ‘Entrust the damsels to the wisdom of the great Schemarthar. Let him practice according to his knowledge of woman's propensities—for he is mighty in these things.’”

The narration here breaks out into an extravagant eulogium of the curious and sagacious Schemarthar, and his most wonderful doings. “O deviser and machinator of expedients! O pink and flower of handicraft; thou double-distilled quintessence and soul of soothsaying! O unriddler of riddles, and chief in prognostication! perfect wert thou in skill and cunning—for, possessing all knowledge of woman's heart, and understanding all its tergiversations and subterfuges, by means of this knowledge, the science of the stars and thy acquaintance with the Genii, thou didst hit on an exceedingly adroit and witty expedient—didst learn that woman was very curious and would never bear to have bounds set to her inquisitiveness, even though the consequences might be fatal to herself, especially if a secret was designedly concealed. Thou sawest that the more improved her mind, the less would she be restrained, and the greater her solicitude to find out hidden things; and that two of such superior intellects, to whom all knowledge was manifest, and who had been wont to solve all doubts and mysteries, would not suffer any restraint on minds so acute and enquiring, but risk all rather than remain in ignorance.”

After this the history again resumes its regular thread.

During his sojourn upon the mountains, the great Schemarthar was led by invisible agents into a spacious grotto, and there, after many mysterious ceremonies, presented with a small golden box, very beautifully wrought, of singular qualities, set with pearls and precious rubies, and otherwise ornamented, so as to excite great wonder in the beholder. This he was instructed to place in the presence of these matchless beauties, and also to warn them of the loss of the Queendom, besides other most fearful and terri-

ble consequences, if they opened or discovered its curious properties and contents.

Now when he had given them the box and forbidden to open it, they had great assurance, and showed strong confidence of their ability to resist every temptation, and restrain every propensity. They expressed much admiration at its beauty and singularity; were often found standing over it in reclining postures, and looking wistfully thereupon.

At length, after the space of much time, as once a day the skillful Schemarthar was accustomed to make his visits to the lovely maidens, the food and drink which he had brought for their sustenance was discovered to be unconsumed and untasted. Sometimes they were found walking to and fro, with pensive, downcast looks, and other indications of sorrow, anxiety and pain—sometimes their countenances looked sad and pale, and their bosoms would heave with deep-drawn sighs; and then they would begin suddenly to weep and pour out bitter tears. They even besought him to bear the box out from their sight, lest they might not restrain their propensities.

Lo! early on the morn of a certain day, just as fair Aurora, all bashful and maiden-like, blushingly arose from her saffron couch—threw open wide the shutters of the eastern sky—stepped out with bare feet upon the blue carpet of heaven—shook from her disheveled locks the pearly drops—spread out with her rosy fingers the thin and transparent dawn—and began busily and carefully (lest he might awake prematurely) to prepare for Phœbus his morning repast, ere he commenced his daily routine, and utterly dispelled the dark drapery of midnight*—just then, the sage and mighty Schemarthar entered the presence of the peerless twins, and, behold! one of these unequaled beauties (alas, no longer so!) sat, all disfigured and despoiled of her loveliness, which had been spirited away by an invisible and subtle essence, that issued out of the box, which she had opened contrary to the command of Fate. There she sat, bewailing her misfortune; uttering bitter cries and lamentations; her shrieks piercing the air, as she wrung her hands, rent her garments and tore her hair! ‘Ah me! Ah miserable me!—Wo, wo, wo! is me, for I have not restrained my woman’s propensities!!’

No longer did there exist any perplexity, for one of them remained fair and beautiful, and it was determined to crown, according to custom, this most beauteous one, who now excelled all, even the *quondam* queen herself, in all things; having passed every test, resisted every temptation, and been proved to be most

* Henceforth, there can be no doubt as to the origin of those fine similes and comparisons, in which the orators, poets and humorists of all ages are wont to indulge, since almost every epithet of the rosy-fingered goddess, seems to be here applied by our author, Muilharek ben Hazri.—*Translator*.

discreet and virtuous, chaste and lovely, of all the daughters of the land.

In the grove of tall Arbamas, many fairest of the fair, all greatly desirous of finding favor in her sight, were gathered around the lovely queen, who sat in state upon her lofty throne, surrounded with chaste white flowers, and crowned with a garland of pale blossoms and shells of fairy pearl. Here were also the chief magi, with Schemarthar standing in the midst, and speaking to the people. His words distilled as honey, dropping like great flakes of falling snow, and melting mellifluously into the enraptured souls of his hearers. After he had ended his speech, he gave out the following coronation hymn, which was sung by the fairest and most gifted maidens :

CORONATION ODE.

“ Hail to thee, radiant queen ! all hail !
Lo ! decked with many a flower pale,
And pearly shell
By coral-haunting sea-nymphs given,
We crown thee with this garland woven
In fairy cell.

The eye—the golden eye of day,
In all its far and keen survey,
Beholds no gem
In native purity so bright,
To grace with its unsullied light
This diadem !

Thus, lovely, virtuous, chaste and wise,
Beneath the violet's lowly guise,
Thou art our choice :
Yet, owning beauty's sovereignty,
We e'en upon the bended knee,
Trembling rejoice !

For many a waning moon ago,
On Miraz' mountains long alone,
The wise one lived,
Who, holding holy converse there,
With spirits of earth and spirits of air,
This fate received :

‘ Your queen must be as bright and chaste
As, bosomed in the welkin's waste,
A vestal star,
That shines on all—for all doth burn,
And not for one doth light her urn,
Flaming afar.

For know, if e'er she turn away
From all, to shed one single ray
Of secret love,
O'er all shall come a wasting grief,
As blighting frost on branch and leaf,
Falls from above.'

O! then, whilst joy doth swell thy heart
To think, that, by thy charms, thou art
Our free-will choice ;
Yet—knowing how our fortunes wait
Upon that heart—our book of fate—
Trembling rejoice."

Reader, I am cut short—anon shall be forthcoming the *finale*
of this chronicle.

ANDEN.

MODELS IN LITERATURE.

Go to the ocean's rough and rocky shore,
And bid to cease his wild and reckless roar ;
Check the huge avalanche, and bid it stay
Its crushing force, its mad career delay ;
Exert thy feeble efforts to restrain
The sandy clouds of hot Arabia's plain ;
Or fetter if you will the viewless wind—
You cannot bind with laws the lofty mind.
Shall genius then disclaim the fixed rules
Of science, and the learning of the schools?—
Spurn the bright galaxy of ancient times,
The talent and the taste of foreign climes?—
Sneer at the Muses of Parnassus' hill?—
Forbid his heart at Grecian worth to thrill?—
Repress its throbbings at the name of Rome,
The seat of Cæsar, and great Tully's home?
Not so,—the most exalted son of earth
Should scan with care the works of ancient worth ;
Search for the hidden path, the secret way,
By which they rose to Fame's eternal day :
Thus by experience he may wiser grow,
Thus shall the liquid line spontaneous flow :
Nor doth it lessen aught of their renown,
Or is it for this reason less his own.
He sees the former planets of the sky,
And by suggestion stamps his name as high ;
Still finds in science an unwritten page,
As bright as that of any previous age.

What though the artist rove from place to place,
 And catch from Grecian beauties every grace ;
 The round proportion and the love-lit eye,
 The bashful face, the forehead fair and high,
 The rich carnation and the changing hue,
 That strives to hide, yet brings the heart to view ;
 The attitude that most can charm the soul,
 Enforce respect, and awe-struck man control ?
 What though these bright young angels he had seen,
 Ere yet he chiselled beauty's lovely queen ?
 Still the fair goddess differed from them all ;
 The artist summoned beauty at his call,
 Bade the smooth marble every tint express,
 And call'd from stone a heaven of loveliness.¹
 'Tis thus the author reads the speaking past,
 But rears a fabric bright and new at last.
 How differ such from that poor, heartless host,
 Who never venture from the shallow coast !
 Until some bold Columbus quit the strand,
 Explore the deep and shew the sea-girt land ;
 Then follow in the path-way of his prow,
 And pluck the wreath that should entwine his brow,
 Suppress their pride, check every thought elate,
 And humbly condescend to imitate.
 These are the men so deep in love with Fame,
 That they can woo her at the price of shame ;
 The poor petitioners for charity,
 Who beg from others lest their names should die ;
 The senseless servants, that bring up the rear,
 And share the glitter of their noble peer ;
 Obsequious Helots, that would fain display
 Their occupation and their hireling pay.
 Various the causes, that have made
 Such numbers follow this ignoble trade :
 The larger part, devoid of genius' fire,
 Pigmies in power, but giants in desire,
 Must dally with a weak, yet quenchless flame,
 Whose scanty fuel is another's name ;
 Who still in prose or verse must waste their rage,
 And with the public endless warfare wage ;
 Spawn on the deluged world from year to year,
 Their offspring, that can scarce provoke a sneer.
 Yet there are those of higher power and birth,
 Nature's own children, minds of real worth,
 Who, loving leisure, indolence and ease,
 Enamored of the wish themselves to please,
 Look to the peak above of height sublime,
 And shudder at the steep which toil must climb ;
 Love the proud hill where science sheds her ray,
 But seek ascension by some beaten way ;
 Find all too late each path but once is trod,
 That leads to her fair temple and abode.

There is another class of baser blood,
 Of pirate lineage and a corsair brood,
 Who, thrown in poverty upon life's stage,
 Seize on their neighbors' wealth for heritage;
 Turn o'er the living page of vanished years,
 And rifle every gem that there appears;
 Cloak borrowed thoughts beneath a specious guise,
 With skill that baffles e'en the critic's eyes;
 Search ancient authors, now grown obsolete,
 And from their beauties their own works complete:
 They, like the Persian jackalls, that exhume
 The consecrated ashes of the tomb,
 And having torn the sacred turf away,
 Gorge with unsated rage the lifeless prey—
 They follow still the unresisting wealth,
 And gain a dubious character by stealth.
 But transient is the echo of such praise,
 And withers soon their wreath of pilfered lays.
 Let then the youth be reared with strictest care,
 Be his young spirit early taught to dare;
 Still let him search for thought with ceaseless toil,
 Nor ever from the arduous task recoil;
 Yet read the classic page with critic eye,
 And scan its contents with close scrutiny,
 Its hidden beauties canvass and explore,
 The growing mind with useful learning store;
 Correct the taste with most assiduous art,
 Enlarge the head and cultivate the heart:
 For if the lake from whence the river flows,
 Be bitterness, its offspring must be so;
 As flowers lend sweet enchantment to the air,
 Exhaling health in richest odors there,
 So these bright models sway his yielding heart,
 And their own purity to him impart:
 Their long experience he should ne'er deny,
 Nor outbrave custom, nor the great defy,
 Nor violate the beauty of that tongue
 In which a Milton and a Thomson sung.
 From such examples he shall learn to soar,
 And rival e'en the Phoenix minds of yore;
 Bid courts applaud and wondering nations gaze,
 Exact due homage and elicit praise:
 His works shall live, the future shall admire,
 Catch his high spirit and his noble fire.

G. H.

THE FATE OF GENIUS;
OR,
A SKETCH OF MY FRIEND P—.

CHAPTER I.

“How unhappy is the fate of genius!” said I to myself, as I drew near the residence of my friend P—. “How unfortunate, how mysterious, that ‘science’ self’ should ever ‘destroy her favorite sons,’ concealing, even in their devotion to their own and others’ improvement, the arrow that shall lay them low!” I expected to find my friend in the condition of the Indian warrior, who, having sung his own death-song, calmly awaits his approaching fate. Of course, the hollow tone of his voice and the tomb-like expression of his countenance, did not surprise me. He was resting his pale brow upon his still paler fingers when I entered, apparently absorbed in deep meditation.

“I was comparing the close of life,” said he, after the first salutations were over, “with the setting of yonder sun. When the last beams of that sun are shining, they are attended by a kind of gloominess, which is prevented from remaining with us only by the certainty that the morning will bring with it again the returning light. So when the life of man is verging towards its close, the clouds begin to gather over the blank and barrenness of the grave, but faith, immortal and immortalizing, pierces through their shade, and beholds the soul still living in all its original brightness. Such is the case with me. I can see through the gloom which is around me into fairer fields and brighter skies beyond. And yet,—yes, it is a truth, and I must out with it—my mind loves this sadness, loves to dwell mournfully over its lost hopes, and over the darkness which now rests upon it, though it does this with as little reason as we might suppose the sun to mourn over the scenes it had passed by in its midday course.”

It may, perhaps, be a matter of surprise to some, to learn that notwithstanding this confession, my friend still believed himself altogether uninfluenced by motives of worldly ambition. Yet so it was. When I mentioned it, “Ambition!” he retorted, “what have I to do with ambition? To be sure, it was once my ruling passion, but experience has taught me that all its crowns are made of thorns. It is not from motives of pride or policy, nor is it from a desire to be greater or more learned than others, that my powers are exhausted in endless toil; it is to satisfy the instinctive desires of the soul, to enlarge, and purify, and enlighten the

faculties which God has given me,—and this is not ambition. And these melancholy feelings—they are no more than what every one feels on looking into the past—and the more we look back, the more intense, and the more interesting they become ; surely these are *not* feelings of disappointed ambition. From this may be learned the most prominent characteristics of my friend's mind during his last illness ; but, lest it be thought an act of desecration to lead the uninitiated beyond the vestibule of his thoughts and emotions, I must pause to ask the reader if his feelings accord with mine. If they do not—if he can look back into the past upon a continued series of successes and propitious fortunes, and can behold nought but bright visions in the long vista of the future ; if he has never felt “a green and yellow melancholy” creeping over his features, and stealing with a silent influence through all the veins and arteries of his heart, he will probably be unprepared to sympathize with one whose hopes were broken, crushed, dashed to the ground, at an hour when they should have appeared the brightest. If, on the contrary, he can say with me that he has often had such feelings, and that they have been “like the memory of joys that are past, sweet and mournful to the soul,” I will introduce him to a more particular acquaintance with that friend in whose society I had enjoyed life's pleasures, but whose sun was soon about to set forever.

And that I may do this, the reader must consent to go back with me into the past, yet not far—for it is not long since—it was when the year was just bursting into youth, and the freshness of a new and lively verdure was creeping over the earth—when the birds were upon every spray, and their eloquent music upon every breath of every breeze ;—I spent a few days with P—. His mortal frame was gradually wasting away with disease, and he felt, as he himself expressed it, that the chilling damps of death were gathering and darkening upon him. Yet his soul was unclouded, and his mental vision clear and distinct.

He had been a student, like myself ; and to say that he had been aspiring and full of the fire of genius ; to say that he had entered the University with high and soaring thoughts, with lively, burning energies, and with the most ardent hopes and anticipations, would be to say no more than every student would readily imagine. And to say that he was shut up, as in the cloisters of a monastery, “afar from the untasted sun-beam ;” to say that he taxed his mental faculties, until—not those energies, but—his bodily powers had become completely exhausted and worn down, would be saying only that which too many, alas ! might read as a portion of their own sad history. And again, to speak of thoughtless employments in the country, in the place of intellectual pursuits ; to speak of rural scenery, of the fresh and free air of his native hills, of seeking a lost treasure in the surrounding woodlands,

in the music of the eloquent waters, or on the inspiring cliffs of the mountains, would be but to remind some of my readers of the advice of *their* physicians, and of the earnest solicitations of their friends. Perhaps, too, the mention of these things would recall to the minds of some, the many regrets, the many a sad thought lingering, long lingering, behind, as they left the halls of learning to return, as invalids, to the pursuits of the vulgar world. I shall therefore pass them by without remark.

It is enough for me to say, that my friend sought the "sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not;" but did not find in them the restorers of his "lost treasure,"—for so he called it. His mind was wholly absorbed in itself, or, at least, in thoughts of other things than of the active world around him. If the gay spring greeted him with her cheerful smiles; if he beheld the beauties that are abroad in the summer fields; if the ten thousand voices of nature that are continually thrilling from her silver strings charmed him; it was only to harrow up his soul with new and increased desires for knowledge. Thus, when left without a guide to grope alone, in the wide world of facts and observations, it is not strange that his vision was often obscured with a sadness and gloom, which rested on even the consecrated scenes and recollections of childhood, and which rendered deeply painful the anxious solitudes and well-meant kindnesses of friends. Those who have ever known the sweets of melancholy, who have ever experienced the luxury of a tear, will readily understand the meaning of this. They will know how to enter into the feelings which prompted P—, in the use of language like the following:

"I have kind friends," said he, "but they do not understand me; they do not know my wants. Indeed, who that has never been a student, can understand a student? Who can justly estimate the demands of an intellectual nature, those ever-active, unsatisfied aspirations of the soul, of which the unlearned have no conception? Ah! poor physicians are they all! And their kindness—yes, Heaven reward them for their good intentions!—their kindness might heal a broken limb, or a broken head, but it cannot heal a broken heart! It only increases one's misery by showing him the depth of his wound; and I always regard *such* kindness, *such* sympathy, as a kind of death-symptom! But you," he continued, fixing his eyes upon me, "you are a student and can understand me. You have seen at least some clouds gathering in your horizon—have seen the shadows pass over your hopes, and therefore, you can feel a *kindred* sympathy with one whose sky is utterly dark, and whose every hope, but heaven, is perished and gone forever. Your sympathy will be a luxury, because it will originate in feelings coincident with mine; but the sympathy of those who cannot enter into my emotions only aggravates my misery."

Such and similar language of P—, in regard to the anxieties, the cares and the dark forebodings of his friends, together with his habits of close, continued thought, on every subject which particularly arrested his attention, convinced me at once, that however far he might be from the dry atmosphere of books, yet his mind would never be at rest. When thinking of himself, his thoughts were, for the most part, on the dark side of life; and when he looked abroad, there was a something within which could not be satisfied,—a certain thirsting after knowledge, the craving of the soul, and it gnawed and gnawed his heart to the very core. As I watched the strong and oft repeated efforts of his mental energies, I saw but too plainly that his feeble frame would be unable much longer to restrain his spirit from its upward flight.

Yes, he had already begun to die; but the beginning of death is sometimes, in more senses than one, the beginning of life. Pain and disease constitute the grand commencement of death to the body, but they often seem,—the reason why I cannot tell,—while they prey upon the earth-born tenement, to breathe new life into the soul, and to quicken all its susceptibilities and energies. The active mind often becomes more excitable,—more clear in its apprehensions,—as the bodily health declines. Especially is this the case in those slow, wasting diseases which a too close application of the intellectual powers induces. The tide of human emotions is never at rest; and, in the cases referred to, every cord of feeling is awake to the slightest touch; and the mind seems to acquire a keener perception from its repeated glances into eternity.

So it was with P—. What had before been clouded with mysticism and conjecture, now appeared in the full blaze of day, as undoubted realities, or as empty dreams. He spoke of the wisdom and the follies of the world; of its many sorrows and trials, and of the hope that lies beyond them; of ill health and its consolations; of the nature of the soul, ever aspiring after knowledge, yet never satisfied; chained down to a form of clay, yet soaring through distant worlds; enveloped in darkness, yet dwelling in light inapproachable. And while his mind was thus glancing, repeatedly, as I have said, from earth to heaven, and back again from heaven to earth, the deep earnestness of his manner, and the nobler than earth-born expression of his countenance, seemed to indicate a real connection between the realities of time and his fond imaginings of futurity. The hollow cough, too, which occasionally interrupted his utterance, appeared to me to be a warning voice from the grave.

These things,—the clearness of his mind, and the fact of his standing, apparently, on the borders of two worlds,—conspired together to impress an air of sanctity upon every word that fell

from his lips. His language, the peculiar grace and beauty of the words he used, I will not describe. Of the strength and fervor with which his thoughts were expressed ; of the vividness of conception manifested in them, and of the richness of imagery employed in their illustration, I will say nothing ; for of these a faint idea, perhaps, may be gained from the sketch I shall attempt to give, in one or more succeeding chapters, of some of the conversations which then passed between us. But when it is remembered how much the power of these might be, as in fact it was, increased by the peculiar looks and accents which he employed, it will easily be perceived that the hope to give a just picture of them would be vain ; and that the attempt so to do would be like the attempt to give, in the beautiful figure of another, from the withered gleanings of the hay-stack, a just idea of the fragrant meadow, adorned and variegated by the innumerable flowers, that look out from the bosom, or move with the surface of the waving green.

If, then, the reader desires to know more of the active genius of an ambitious student ; if he wishes to trace out the operations and energies of a mind continually agitated and excited by bodily infirmities ; if, after having followed him from his toils on classic ground to the retirement of a home in the country, he still desires to pursue the invalid's history to its close ; I can only promise, what necessity forbids me now, that those desires, so far as they are within my power, shall be gratified hereafter.

TO THE NIGHT WIND IN AUTUMN.

WHENCE art thou, gentle wind,
Soothing, with thy low voice, the ear of night,
And breathing o'er the wakeful, pensive mind,
An influence of pleased yet sad delight ?

Far in the golden west
Wok'st thou to life, beyond the sun's bright tent,
Cradled in rocking waves on ocean's breast ;
Or where the orient's many hues are blent ?

Thou tell'st not of thy birth,
Thou viewless messenger from land to land ;
But gathering all the secrets of the earth,
Where'er unseen thy airy wings expand,

At this hushed, holy hour,
When time seems part of vast eternity,
Thou dost reveal them with a magic power,
Saddening the soul with thy wierd minstrelsy !

Mute Nature seems to hear
 The woods, the waters, and each silent star :
 What, that can thus enchain their earnest ear,
 Bring'st thou of untold tidings from afar ?

Is it of new, green lands—
 Of fresh-lit worlds, that in the welkin burn ?
 Do new oases gem Sahara's sands,
 Or the lost Pleiad to the skies return ?

Nay ! thy complaining voice
 Mourns nature changing with the changing years ;
 Mourns human pomp and power, hopes and joys,
 That briefly burn, soon quenched in dust and tears.

Past but a few short hours,
 Beauty and bloom beguiled thy wanderings ;
 For thou mad'st love unto the virgin flowers,
 Sighing through green woods and by laughing springs.

Now on the earth's cold bed,
 Fallen and faded, waste their forms away,
 And all around the withered leaves are shed,
 Mementos mute of nature's sad decay !

Vain is the breath of morn ;
 Vainly the night-dews on their couches weep ;
 Vainly thou call'st them, while above them borne ;
 They slumber darkly an unending sleep !

Thus, too, the fair and young,
 Exulting dreamers in their youthful bloom,
 Oft hast thou marked how into life *they've* sprung,
 Then sunk to silence and the rayless tomb.

And many a sable train
 Have gathered sadly round their cold remains,
 With tears, and sighs, and wailings ; all in vain :
 These can not loose nor break Death's icy chains !

Empires have risen in might,
 And peopled cities through the outspread earth,
 And thou hast passed them at the hour of night,
 Listing the sounds of revelry and mirth.

Again thou hast gone by :
 City and empire were alike o'erthrown ;
 And soon this bright world and the starry sky
 Shall from existence like a scroll have flown !

* * * * *

While mortal joys depart,
 While loved ones lie beneath the grave's green sod,
 May we not fail to hear with trembling heart,
 In thy low tone the "still, small voice" of God !

OUR COTEMPORARIES.

" Multa ferunt venientes anni commoda secum
Multa recedentes adimunt."—*Hor.*

It is the prerogative of our successors alone to settle the character and trace the influence of events now enacting. Whether the vaunted triumphs of the enthusiast in politics, morals and science, shall then, completely realized, stand out upon the sober record of history, or whether they will furnish themes for satire and raillery against new visionaries, will have passed from speculation into an unbiassed and irreversible decision. The fevered pulse will then have ceased to beat; the mantling flush of excitement, kindled from the unholy fires of prejudice and passion, will have sunk: over these, and whatever is accidental, temporary and local, will be laid the pall of forgetfulness; while intellectual greatness and moral worth, untarnished by cotemporary detraction and obloquy, will rise with fresh and augmenting praise. Hurried along as we are by that living crowd which, allowing none to stop, presses on with undiminished ardor and numbers, we are apt to estimate the result of present efforts by the jargon cry of the distempered, the interested, or the malevolent. Forgetful of the relations of one age to another, and the necessary dependence of cause and effect, as clearly marked in the progress of human events as in the material universe, we fondly imagine that Providence has interposed to raise us to a vantage ground immeasurably higher than that of our predecessors, or that a fortuitous combination of circumstances have so changed the features of society, that we stand out totally distinct from and independent of past generations. That in all the essential elements of improvement, we are far in advance of those who have preceded us, would be blindness to deny; but that we have many traits in common with them, moulded in part by their agency, is equally true.

They err, we think, most radically who see in the comparative progress of modern science, whether political, philosophical, or mental, the development of principles and modes of action adapted to the nature and wants of men for ages to come. The friend of rational freedom must rejoice, and all must admire the rapidity with which the results of the reformation have diffused themselves through all the ramifications of society; assailing the time-hallowed and decrepit institutions of feudal nations, and totally changing or modifying the character and forms of governments less guarded by the almost invincible barriers of interested prejudice

and hereditary estates. Too great deference, also, cannot be paid to those independent philanthropists and thinkers, who defended and advanced the doctrine of religious emancipation as struck out by Luther and his compeers ; who rescued it from the enervating embrace of civil power, or by their jealous watchfulness, maintained its purity and fervor. But while we honor the energy alike of the principle and the men who have enstamped it upon every branch of existing knowledge, and upon so many diversified interests, it must be remembered, that every generation is, to some extent, an innovator upon the cherished opinions of the preceding ; that transition is the necessary result of deepening light and intelligence ; and that in an age where thought is chafing against every thing that is older than to-day, no one can calculate upon the permanency of existing theories, much less upon the unchanged duration of those tangible forms in which the present genius and habits of the people are enshrined. We mean not to decry that liberal spirit which breathes in the literature and politics of this century. Hallowed as it is by past trophies, omnipotent to pull down hoary-headed error, and identified with all that is great in national and mental achievement, it could never meet censure but from the bigot or the despairing advocate of kingly authority. We would only combat that overweening confidence, which in this, as in every past era, marks the present as the focus to which all former series of improvements converge, and back to which all future successes will point—which would believe that the track just carved out is that which, with the chart that we shall bequeath, our successors will undeviatingly follow.

It was not until the invention of the telescope, that spots were descried upon the disc of the sun ; so by means of history, after times have detected blots upon the face of that orb of civilization, which, for the last eighteen centuries, has revolved with increasing light and splendor from the east to the west. We will not pretend to any prescience in deciding upon the phases which this century will exhibit to those whose business it will be to determine its true characteristics ; we lay no claim to that “sight purged with rue and euphrasy”—we only propose to note a few of those indications which lie open to the view of every observer. The first thing which attracts our notice, in a cursory survey, is a quick and sympathetic movement, in regard to every measure which promises amelioration or change. We have already remarked that feeling so natural to every age, but peculiarly impressed upon this, a conviction that we have developed the ultimate principles of politics and morals. It is due to the spread of intelligence, and to that series of revolutions which, taking its rise in England, has gradually advanced through some of the most remarkable stages that society ever witnessed, that we have now imbibed a belief of our duty to push these principles

into universal practice. Another reason, perhaps, of this sanguine and excitable temperament is, that a moral coloring, is given to every progressive enterprise. Religion, in a word, has become *democratized*. She has renounced, for the most part, the pomp and pageantry of aristocratic exclusiveness, and enlisted herself on the side of reform. In England, it is true, the hierarchy has felt itself bound to uphold a fabric upon which was based its own gorgeous power; yet the history of the Reform bill and other cotemporaneous measures tells how many of the blows, which made that hoary pile tremble, were leveled by those who minister at the altars of a lively, evangelical piety. Religious zeal, when it coöperates in advancing civil improvement, becomes a most vigorous ally—when wrought into enthusiasm by indignities or by prospects of undefined success, it gathers to itself a power which is irresistible. Sensitive to the slightest encroachment upon its rights and interests, it seizes without compunction the excrescent power of those who have employed their unnatural elevation to the purposes of monopoly and oppression. One of the clearest exhibitions of the contagious sympathy of the age may be seen in the existence of so many associations for the promotion of various objects, in their rapid multiplication, their operations and their influences. These, by a reciprocal action, become no mean agents in creating a restless feeling throughout the community, and rendering them alive to a thousand trivial abuses, the correction of which would, perhaps, be better effected by the salutary operation of cool, sober thinking on the part of individuals. We have no war to wage with these associations, so long as they are restricted to their appropriate sphere; preserved from partisan officiousness, they contribute to eradicate selfishness from the heart, and to implant there the seeds of an eager benevolence. Men love wealth too much; and it is the true end alike of philanthropy and a regard for individual happiness, to make them love human nature and its advancement more.

Intimately associated with this impulsive feature of the age, and growing out of it, is another no less characteristic. It is a love of popular excitement and passionate appeal. The history of language as connected with the public mind, if traced with attention, would afford an inquiry both curious and instructive. Prolific in the invention of new and intensive words would be found revolutionary and transition periods of society: orators, poets, and essayists, feeling the inadequacy of old expressions to portray the burning emotions of the moment, strike out from their heated minds such words as Byron envied, when standing among the "heaven piercing" Alps:

———Could I wreak

My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, and passions, feelings strong and weak,
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, yet breathe—into *one* word,
And that one word were Lightning—I would speak ;—

Such indeed is the efficacy which revolution, tumult and change give to language ; for the judgment is then the plaything of passion, and passion becomes the breath of life. Without any of the sensible effects, we have yet all the feelings incident to a thorough and vital revolution—we are impatient of that staid quietness which waits upon the impassioned scenes of life—we seek the crowd, and love its impetuous and noisy eloquence. Who, that is acquainted with the various stages of literature, does not see a marked difference in the present style of popular writing, bold, dashing, pointed, from the quiet, deliberative air of the old essayists who wrote before the French Revolution. Wisdom was then conveyed in the unrippled channels of thought : now, to be heard, it must be put in antithesis, and *flashed* upon the mind.

Whether this burning restlessness is calculated to produce modes of thinking consonant with the permanent advancement of sobriety, knowledge and virtue, may reasonably be questioned ; or whether this excess of action may not come, at length, to supersede all thinking, is still more to be feared. It may, perhaps, be a legitimate inference from the doctrine of induction, that action and experiment shall precede thought ; yet that it is a political heresy, fraught with inconceivable mischief, leading to extravagance and unparalleled disorder, history is not entirely without witness. Especially is it important in free governments, deriving their life from public opinion, that there should be encouraged an independent, sober and elevated tone of thought, which should be influenced but not directed by the particular feelings of the times ; a tone of thought uncolored by the giddy dogmas of pseudo reformers. There will always be found in free communities, those whose only aim is immediate power, and who to attain this, are ready to amuse and mislead the people, by doctrines which, if promulgated to their own families, they would have the sagacity and good sense to rebuke. Their watchword is action—because under its ambiguous meaning they can most effectually conceal their interested motives. To unmask these specious doctrines—to push to conviction the truth that enlightened thought is the only instrument of wisdom, our writers and legislators must learn to forego the transient and suspicious reputation of moving the passions, and court the power of convincing the judgment.

The liberal professions have felt, perhaps, as much as any other branches of learning or pursuits of industry, the impulse of the

social and political changes now in gradual progress. These have always been considered as embodying the conservative elements of society. The high station which they have held as the preservers of general knowledge, but more especially as the repositories of legal, medical and divine wisdom, has enabled them to assert and maintain a superiority over the great body of citizens. Surrounded by imposing barriers of technical learning, which vulgar consent held intact and sacred, they were the last to entertain innovation upon the settled order of things; though to the credit of English law, be it ever remembered, that it has furnished names held in no brighter honor for their connection with the highest advancement of legal science, than as identified by an efficient coöperation in the noble work of civil reform. The tendency of a universal spread of intelligence is to equalize—to reduce theory to the appliances of business, and to strip from specific branches that profound and mysterious aspect with which the acts of the learned or the wonder of the ignorant originally invested them. This point, we believe, the professions have long since attained; the black-letter lore of each is now conned only by the antiquary and curious; practical skill is the measure of respect. It must be evident that this exchange of the dingy, venerable robes of antiquated dignity for the less cumbrous garments of modern usage, has been highly subservient to the advancement of these sciences. It has taught mankind to value them, not for the invidious distinctions which they formerly instituted, but for their pliant and extensive utility. Nor should this connection be left unapparent. There is always a jealousy among states devoted to commerce, and where civil distinction is made a paramount object of ambition, of whatever is not felt to be subordinate to the immediate purposes of life. And while Dr. Adam Smith has ranked literary men among the *unproductive* classes, will popular envy look with more complacency upon “that dainty class,” who, appearances may lead them to believe, only divert from the body politic, juices designed for the support of its functions, to parts merely expletive, or at best ornamental? But while the professions are solicitous to convince the public of their true position, they should recollect, that they owe a higher duty to the cause of truth and good order. It cannot have escaped the notice of any, that there exist in every liberal government two antagonist parties, distinctly marked among ourselves—those who are already wealthy, and those who are struggling to become so; that it is the object of the one to monopolize their envied privileges, and of the other to reach and scatter them among all—“peaceably if they can, forcibly if they must.” Between these two parties stand the educated professions, possessing the partial confidence and sympathy of both; the rich court them for their intelligence, the poor because they find them, for the most part, without wealth, and, like them-

selves, striving to gain it. Holding thus the balance of power, they become invested with an importance commensurate with the magnitude of the interests at stake. There is something inexpressibly grand in the position which the Roman lawyer held in that great system of clientage that bound together the two widely distinct classes of that state. On one side was the great party of patricians, bearing with them the hereditary titles, and honors, and wealth, of a long line of illustrious ancestors; on the other, the larger party of plebeians, toiling for a subsistence, and smarting under a thousand ills which necessity imposed upon them, and which their national pride caused to rankle with double asperity. Such were the primary elements of the state; each solicited by a contrary force, and each, if left to itself, ready to shoot off into irretrievable mischief—this into a consolidated monarchy, that into anarchy and annihilation. But legal acumen discovered a new force, and with it, coupled together by the strongest laws of attraction, these contrary motions, balancing them about that common center—mutual good. Still higher, we believe, are the relations which the professions now hold in regard to the common peace of society; higher, because the interests involved are more valuable and more closely connected with the wide-spread happiness of mankind. Theirs is the task to mitigate the rancor of poverty, discontented with the steady order of things; to soften the superciliousness of wealth, and to reduce the harsh features of both to a beautiful symmetry and proportion. By their legitimate practice, they may supply all the bonds which the Roman law afforded; by means of the press, they may tighten these bonds to a rigidity which will not allow them to be broken, as theirs were, by convulsions, factions and tyrannical usurpation.

We have thus briefly and imperfectly sketched a few cotemporary features, without, we trust, any spirit of unreasonable censure or wayward declamation. How easy it would be to pursue these speculations, none are more conscious than ourselves; we forego, however, the tempting task to those whose experience better qualifies them for keener investigation and wider views. Not without use, however, are the furtive glances which the recluse student casts towards the busy world; for they correct the illusions of study, and enable him to forge his armor of that temper which will endure the missiles that will one day be hurled against him. Every year has its change, and every change its moral—fresh, if we gather it ourselves,—thankfully received, but little heeded, if offered us by others. To know the *causes* of things, is both philosophy and wisdom. Shall we then suffer ourselves to be so absorbed in the contemplation of past events, as to overlook those simple beginnings, which, now just rising to view, may grow up, even during our lifetime, into overshadowing importance, and send their influence far and wide through other times?

CARMEN LYRICUM CELEBERRIMUM COLONICUM;* "SITTIN' ON A RAIL," ACCURATE
LATINE REDDITUM.

I.

Per lucem Lunæ ambulabam ;
Eandem vocem hanc cantabam
Tunc vulpem vidi, ut errabam,
Sedentem in palo,
Sedentem in palo,
Sedentem in palo,
Sedentem in palo,
Et valdè dormientem.

II.

Me vetus vulpes haud videbat,
Quod is tam valdè dormiebat ;
Accessi, et (id quod nolebat)
Dejeci eum palo,
Dejeci eum palo,
Dejeci eum palo,
Dejeci eum palo,
Stravitque humi tunc.

III.

Pugnare vulpes tentavit,
Sed magnum ietum recipit,
Quod illi oculos clausit,
O quam bellator sum !
O quam bellator sum !
O quam bellator sum !
O quam bellator sum !
Et etiam fidicen.

IV.

Mandatum cedere recipit,
Quia prostratus jacuit ;
Sed ecce subito surgit !
Et sic evasit me,
Et sic evasit me,
Et sic evasit me,
Et sic evasit me,
Tam citè fugiens.

V.

Nunc herus noster diligebat
Vinum, quod nimium bibebat ;
Quare in puteum qui patebat,
Profundum cecidit,
Profundum cecidit,

Profundum cecidit,
Profundum cecidit,
Et ibi mortuus est.

VI.

Sic herus noster obiit,
Venena eum sustulit ;
Diabolus eum plorabit,
Sic bonis Dis eat—
Sic bonis Dis eat,
Sic bonis Dis eat,
Sic bonis Dis eat,
Sum adhuc fidicen.

VII.

Conclamant Galli (sic dicuntur)
Quod, hi a nobis jam læduntur ;
Verum si nobis opponuntur
Sedebunt in palo,
Sedebunt in palo,
Sedebunt in palo,
Sedebunt in palo,
Eosque servet Dis.

VIII.

Duo Hispani nam Gallo
Cedent, hi tresque Anglico,
Et omnes hi Colonico,
Sic itur apud nos,
Sic itur apud nos,
Sic itur apud nos,
Sic itur apud nos,
Si æs non solvitur.

IX.

Versorum omnium qui cantantur,
Hi valdè optimi putantur ;
Senes et juvenes delectantur,
Et " iterum !" clamant,
Et " iterum !" clamant,
Et " iterum !" clamant,
Et " iterum !" clamant,
" Iterum ! Iterum ! Iterum !"
CEBE.

* See "Comments on Travel, No. 5," American Monthly, Vol. 2, page 227.

A DAY IN VACATION.

BY F. EGO. BROWNE, ESQ.

"You credit it, surely?" interrupted Rose, in haste.

"I believe it, strange as it is, and perhaps may be an old fool for doing so," rejoined the doctor.—*Oliver Twist*.

"Four weeks gone! and what is more, but two remaining;—horrible thought! John, bring me my boots. John, where have you put that brush? John, you lazy fellow, has the morning paper come? Quick, scamper—bring it. Well, and what's to be done to-day? Let me see what sort of a day it is." So I raised the curtain and looked out, and as I raised, the glorious sun looked in, and my eye shrunk from his splendor. Ah! a charming, lovely day it was. The spires all gleaming in the morning light; the dew-drops yet bright on the bushes and the changing leaves, changing—for, alas! Autumn was playing his annual "roundelay of death" among them.

There it is again—getting sentimental at the first start.—Kind reader, *it is my way*. You don't believe me? Listen, then.

Did you ever read a really first-rate story with no love in it? No; nor I. Once in a great while, you will come across an account of some pirate or bandit, so bloody and so terrible, that for very horror, you acknowledge yourself enthralled. Puns, *bon-mots*, and bar-room jokes are all fine in their way; but the substratum of the interesting in narrations is *love*. How eagerly one picks out the love scenes in history. A great author once tried to keep up the interest in his novels, and keep out love; but he failed in the attempt—it would not do.

A beautiful cousin! How much has been said about the danger of losing your heart to one with whom the privilege of relationship may be pleaded as an excuse for a delightful familiarity, and yet not quite enough a sister to make you feel entirely at your ease. Escort her every where; be ever so attentive—she is your *cousin*, and that's excuse enough. And then when your affections are really quite gone, comes the full sense of your advantage.

"John," said I, "is Miss Ellen up?"

"Oh! yes sir," said John,—"*she's been up these two hours.*"

"Well, John, tell Samuel to have the horses at the door precisely at ten. I think I will ride."

"Yes, sir."

"Stop, John,—stop a minute,—is your mistress in the drawing-room?"

"She 'aint come down yet, sir."

"What do you say?"

"I said she 'aint come down, sir."

"Not come down?"

"No, sir."

"Where is she then?"

"I dont know, sir."

"Didn't you just tell me she had been up these two hours?"

"Oh, sir! that's Miss Ellen, sir,—he! he! he! sir."

"Stop laughing, you scamp, or I'll——stop, I say;—John, where is Miss Ellen?"

"She's reading in the parlor, sir,—he! he!"

"Out of the room—out, I say."

And away he went. I heard him laughing uproariously as the door was closed.

I finished dressing, arranged the artificial *Hyperions*, essenced, donned my morning-gown, and "all trembling with transport, raised the latch"—there she was!

"Cousin Ellen—pray, what are you reading?"

"Indeed! So you have actually prevailed on yourself to get up at last."

"Get up! I think I have done remarkably well; but there was a cause for it. I awoke, thought of you—thought of"—

"Yourself?"

"No—yes—myself *and* you."

"What next?"

"Oh! then I came to find you. I've got a request to make—now do grant it. I have set my heart upon it—so you see you *must*—wont you? There's a good cousin."

"Tell me what it is, first, you foolish fellow."

"Well, then, the day is *so* fine, and we should enjoy it *so* much; I want you to ride with me this morning."

"Pshaw! is *that* all?—Make so much ado about a little ride. Why cousin Frank, I really believe you are crazy."

"No, I am not crazy," I replied slowly.

"What then?"

"Oh! n—othing."

"Is'nt this beautiful, Frank?" She held up the volume—it was the "Rose of the Harem," in F'inden's Tableaux. I thought it never seemed so fine before: then the taper fingers fixed my eye, and the charms of the engraving were lost upon me.

"Beautiful indeed," I answered.

"But see here," said she, "here is something prettier still;"—and she went on to point out the beauty and ingenuity of the design.

I answered not a word. How could I? Not one word had I heard. The soft tones of her voice fell upon my ear like the harmony of distant music, of which you can scarcely distinguish a single note. I attempted a reply. I stammered—I hesitated—I bent down to conceal my confusion, in examining the drawing; as I did so, my cheek touched hers, and for a moment I thought she did not recoil. She turned her head, and that eye, that beaming eye, met mine. The crimson of her face grew deeper; the eye more “beautifully shy.” It did not last long. She sprang from the seat, and pointing her pretty finger at me, in a threatening manner, said:

“Now I am positively convinced of your insanity. First talk of a ride as though it were a matter of life and death; and then when asked a plain, simple question, blush and hesitate as though—but, there, some one calls; so good morning, my crazy cousin.”

“But stay, Ellen, do you consent to the ride?”

“Why y—es.” And off she darted to the open door.

There are many delightful rides about R——. Seven miles to the north is Ontario, lake of lakes, for the purity and transparency of his waves, and the road hither on the eastern shore of the Genesee, the old Indian’s favorite river, is sufficiently romantic and picturesque. Immense rocks, to the height of forty or fifty feet, stretch along the banks of the dark and rushing stream. Here, in the green valley, herds of cattle are grazing, and beyond, you can scarcely discern the cars, rapidly passing above the level of the water, some hundred feet or more. Then there is Mount Hope, name so appropriate to its object—the depository of the dead. It is elegantly described in a late number of the Knickerbocker; the writer of that article is a poet, I am sure: his conceptions are vivid, yet not extravagant is the eulogy. Reader, would’st thou realize the charms and beauties of the old Athenian burial-grounds, of Père La Chaise, wend thy way to the sweet solitudes of Mount Hope. From this gentle eminence you may behold far to the south, the lofty ridges of the Alleghany, bounding the horizon; and this sacred mount, too, commands a view of the distant lake, and the light craft studding its blue expanse, and you may trace to its bosom the turbid waters of the river, rolling along through bog, morass and flowery meadow. Ironduquoit Bay! name dear to my heart—dear from association—beautiful in itself! A few centuries hence, and these Indian names, harsh, guttural sounds may be, but musical withall will be the last memorials of those who framed them. What we have, then, let us preserve; in this respect, at least, we may be just. The bay I have named is much frequented by those who find delight in the sports of the flood and the forest; for the woods around abound in game of all kinds, and the waters reward the labor of the fisherman with the most delicious product.

Breakfast done, nine—ten o'clock, and the horses were at the door. I stood at the gate impatiently tapping my boot with the riding whip, and eyeing the graceful animals, champing their bits and pawing the dust, as eager for action as myself. At last I got impatient.

"Ellen, Ellen, are you ready?"

"I'll be down in a moment," was her answer. And soon she appeared. If she was lovely before, now she was divine. Half-shrouded from view, with Turkish cap and plumes, the luxuriant tresses of a girl with sparkling, jetty eyes; so that the remaining locks fall about the shoulders, in charming confusion, and expose the chaste whiteness of the forehead to contrast with the soft carnation of the cheek, and you have the likeness of the Oriental beauty—just such a one as I could fancy—moving among the delights and enchantments of an Ottoman seraglio.

I don't doubt that there is such a thing as humility. I think I have felt it, especially when every thing cheerful and comfortable around me; I have been taking extensive views of philosophy and human nature in general. It is the case with most men. But take a young man of twenty, in sound health, fearless, and possessed of moderate sensibility—place him astride of a spirited horse, and a beautiful girl by his side; her natural charms enhanced a thousand times by the exertion of her skill in guiding the movements of a "horse that knows its rider," and, Lucifer! there's pride for you.

The day was auspicious: a slight shower in the morning had settled the dust, and given an agreeable coolness to the atmosphere: it was determined that we should ride in the direction of the bay, that route being most protected from the heat by the foliage. I had another reason, too, which determined this choice. In this solitary portion of the town, and buried among the trees, was an old mansion, commonly called "the haunted house." It had three stories, and was built of stone. For years none had inhabited it; for the tradition connected with its desertion rendered it desolate, and a source of superstitious terror to the people of this district. This legend, I knew, would interest my fair companion, and serve to beguile the monotony of the excursion, if weariness with her were possible.

We passed leisurely along the eastern bank of the river, enjoying the various scenery beneath and around us: every where something of interest was found; and it was almost with regret, that we beheld the lonely white walls, conspicuous through the trees; for these we had decided should limit our ride.

"Now, Ellen," I began, "prepare yourself for the tale. We are fast approaching this dreaded mansion. You would scarcely suppose that joy ever crossed its threshold; yet these neglected grounds have witnessed many a scene of boisterous merriment,

and these old halls have echoed oft and again the glee of hearts as light and free from sorrow as our own."

We dismounted, and leaving our horses to crop the fresh herbage, strolled through the walks until we were fairly under the windows of the deserted building.

"Here is a delightful recess," said I, "let us sit down under the spreading branches of this old oak, and I will tell you all I can recall of the history of the dwelling, and its former inmates."

THE LEGEND.

'Fifteen years ago, this house was built and tenanted by an Englishman, named Thomas Pierce: he was accredited as good a sailor as plied upon the lakes, and though not of a mirthful temperament, was universally liked for his honesty and upright dealing. Deserting the water, he resolved to invest his earnings in a substantial dwelling-house, and enjoy the rest of life in the cultivation of the soil. His family consisted of three sons, almost arrived at manhood, and a daughter, in whom his affections centered with the more intensity on account of her motherless condition. She inherited from her deceased parent extraordinary beauty of face and figure, and being also uncommonly modest and retiring, won the love and esteem of all her acquaintance. Thomas Pierce, as we have said, was naturally a morose man. Hard labor and grief, also, did much to blunt the kindlier feelings of his nature, yet for his daughter's sake would he allow his house to become the scene of many merry-makings, and whenever he saw Fanny's face lighted up with smiles, his own stern features relaxed, and he seemed to partake of her enjoyment. So sweet a flower could not bloom long undisturbed. The eldest son had been absent some months from home and was soon expected to return. He came—but not alone. He brought with him a friend. Alas! better that he had never been known. He was welcomed, and invited to spend his time with the family. He soon became a favorite—for who could manage a boat against wind and tide better than Henry Steele? Who was the most generous and kind hearted? All acknowledged that Henry Steele was the prince of good fellows—such a frank, easy way he had. And Fanny thought so too. No wonder she did so, for his praises were in every body's mouth—and some would slily wonder how long the young man would stay, and whether pretty Fanny had any thing to do with his protracted visit. Time passed on, and what might have been foreseen, happened. Predilection ripened into love, and vows of changeless affection were exchanged. Anxious only for the happiness of his daughter, and himself pleased with the manly bearing of the young lover, the father consented, after the lapse of a few months, during which Henry

was to visit his own friends and arrange affairs for the change in his prospects, to bestow his daughter upon him who had won her first love. The day for Henry's departure came, and though the separation, of course, was painful, many remarked the strange gloom which overspread his countenance as a mystery they could not solve.

"Never mind, Fanny," said he to the weeping girl, "I'll be back again in time. So cheer up, my love, and look like yourself once more."

"Oh! come, come soon, Henry," she answered, "I fear some mishap. It seems as though I should never see you again."

He kissed away the tears, and was gone. The time for his return came and passed by. Months and months coursed round and no Henry. What the cause could be none could divine. Poor Fanny Pierce! from that hour she faded; the rose forsook her cheek—how changed now from the blithe and bonny maiden of one year before! But her father—ah! *there* was grief, and bitter, bitter agony. Not a word he said, not a murmur—but the furrows on his brow grew deeper—the frown became habitual. At last a letter came from him who was the cause of all this misery; alas! not the involuntary cause. His story was soon told; his melancholy and gloom were now explained. He was an outlaw, and had for years been engaged in contraband traffic, with a band of desperate men. In one encounter, an officer of the customs had died by his own hand, and for this a price was set upon his head. This changed not her love—but the mingled anguish and rage of the father amounted almost to a paroxysm of madness. Another year elapsed, and on a bright, moonlit night in autumn, a man stole from the bushes behind the house, and cautiously approached the window of the room occupied by the unhappy maiden. Several times he called, "Fanny, Fanny Pierce," but receiving no answer, emerged from the shadow of the foliage, which had hitherto concealed his person. Then the pale light of the moon exposed the worn and haggard features of Henry Steele. Scarcely, however, had he done so, when a stern voice from the building warned him to retire. He raised his eyes and beheld the changed countenance of the man he had so deeply wronged. But when he was himself recognized, it was terrible to mark the effect which his presence produced. "Away, villain," shouted the father, "pollute not this spot with your hateful presence, or this moment may be your last in life."

The young man stood for a moment in silence, and then throwing himself upon his knees, earnestly prayed that he might for one last, short moment look upon his betrothed. But it was all in vain.

Thomas Pierce, seizing the fowling-piece which always hung near the door, presented it at the intruder, swearing that as there

was a God in heaven, if he did not instantly leave the place, he would shoot him dead, upon the spot.

Then a change passed over the face of the suppliant. His form became erect, and fierce indignation shot from his dark eye.

"I will see her once more," he said, "though all the devils in hell should seek to stay me."

"One step farther, and you die," was the stern answer.

He advanced towards the door, and quicker than thought the gun poured forth its fatal contents. A bound—a shrill cry of agony—and the unfortunate young man lay lifeless on the green sward.

The loud report awoke the sleeping girl, and raising the window of her apartment, she cried out,

"Father, father, is it you? What was that noise? and why do you stand there so still in the cold air?"

"Yes, it is I—I, the avenger of our wrongs. Come down, my daughter," said he, in a voice dreadfully calm, "come down, and look for the last time upon the face of your betrayer!"

A moment, and she was at the door. Explanation she asked none; it was needless, indeed. A few feet from her lay the cold corpse of him who was her first, her *only* love. She did not shriek—she did not faint; but she stood, speechless, breathless, statue-like.

"But, Ellen, dearest Ellen, does the recital pain you? Look up, my sweet cousin—what, tears?"

Yes! there were the crystal drops of sympathy glistening on the cheek of the gentle girl.

"I could not help it, Frank," said she, smiling through the tears. "Poor, poor Fanny!—did she survive this last, worst stroke of all?"

'She lived, indeed, but she drooped away, and madness came at last to relieve her from the curse of conscious memory. The house was sold, and the family left these parts for a new home in the far West. For two or three years after, the building was universally shunned, for the neighbors said that at times they saw a light shining from the room formerly belonging to the unhappy Fanny, and that a frail, spirit-like form sometimes glided among the trees and walks.'

"And now, Ellen, the tale is told—but look! do you see? the sun is high in the heavens. We must haste, or they will think us lost, and what is worse, we shall lose our dinner."

"Oh! Frank, how can you trifle after the sad story you have been telling?"

"Fudge—it happened long ago; so long, that I had almost forgotten it. I am really glad you mentioned it; it has made our ride quite romantic."

"Romantic!—melancholy, rather. I'm sure I shan't forget it very soon."

We were soon on the road homeward. I was in fine spirits; but Ellen seemed terribly disconsolate, and for the first mile or two, hardly uttered a syllable. So, after a while, I too became silent. My thoughts were busy enough, though they had but one object. "There can be no doubt," I said to myself, "that I am in love, desperately in love, with my own cousin. I wonder if she loves me. Now here's an excellent opportunity to—to—. I'll just look round and see if I can guess what she is thinking of. She is watching the changing aspect of those distant clouds. No—I can't do it—at least just yet—time enough—besides I'm afraid she *might* say me, nay, and then what would life be worth? But I *must* do up the affair soon, or it will be too late. There are only two weeks more, and then I must go back to Col——. *Confound the College.* By the way, an idea strikes me—I've a great notion to——let me see——yes! I *will* do it."

"Do what?" said my cousin, for unconsciously I had spoken the last words aloud.

"Oh, Ellen! I've thought of the nicest plan, and I know *you* will like it."

"What in the world is coming now?"

"You know I am a member of Yale College?"

"Why, yes—what a silly question!"

"You know the students there publish a Magazine?"

"Yes."

"Called the Yale Literary Magazine?"

"Yes, yes."

"Well, I intend to write a Tale for it!"

"Indeed!"

"Yes, and bring you into it."

"Bring me in?"

"Certainly, and myself too. I mean to tell all about our ride, and the story of the Haunted House."

"Ha! ha! ha!" and the saucy girl laughed in my face outright.

I colored—in spite of myself, I frowned—for you remember, reader, what I said before, that a young man on horseback is the proudest of created beings.

"You are not angry, Frank," said she.

I made no answer.

She just touched her horse with the whip, and in an instant was close to my side. I felt her soft hand upon my shoulder, and I did not dare to look round, for I knew what to expect. But I *did*—and there was the dear smiling face—half sly, half upbraiding.

"Why Frank!" she said.

My vexation oozed away as rapidly as did Bob Acre's valor.

"Ellen," I exclaimed, "you are an angel, and I—I *love* you!"

* * * * *

At last we reached home. Every body wondered what *could* have detained us so long. I looked at Ellen—she blushed, and then she laughed.

Gentle reader, it hath been said truly by one who knew full well, that

In vain with endearments we soothe the sad heart,
In vain do we vow for an age to be true ;
The chance of an hour may command us to part,
Or death disunite us in love's last adieu !

Still do I hope much, very much, from that "One Day in Vacation."

MELANCHOLY.

My soul has lost its wonted key,
And vibrates to a tone of sadness,
It swells no more with mirth and glee,
Nor thrills as once to notes of gladness.
As gentle twilight softly steals,
And gathering shades the day conceals,
So gently, yet without control,
Creeps Melancholy o'er my soul.

The rose, the myrtle, and the vine,
Bright dazzling flowers, no more delight ;
Whate'er in Pleasure's bowers may shine,
Away—'tis loathsome to the sight.
No, where the yew and cypress twine,
In some lone vale would I recline ;
There tranced as in some mystic spell,
Let thought, in all its sadness swell.

Yes, for I love this pensive feeling,
Even sadness brings a fill of bliss,
Enchanting, soothing, softly stealing—
No mirth, nor pleasure, charm like this.
For as the stars, which only glow
When night throws gloom on all below,
So Melancholy opes a store
Of golden joys, unknown before.

REVIEW.

Bushnell's Oration, pronounced before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, on the Principles of National Greatness. New Haven: Herrick & Noyes. 1837.

PERHAPS the fancy, of all the powers of the mind, has been most influential in revealing new truths to the world, in the arts and sciences. In its quick, vivid conceptions, it frequently attains heights, from which whole realms are opened to the view, while reason has been left to toil sluggishly upward, through paths overrun with briars, and obscured by fogs. Experience clearly evinces, that the imagination has commonly struck upon those useful and lofty discoveries in philosophy—mental, moral, or political—the full relations and bearings of which, have remained for the investigation and sanction of subsequent ages. The celebrated Kepler, with all the enthusiasm of a glowing fancy, was ever laying down new hypotheses to be established, and new conclusions to be proved, by a laborious train of observation and inference—and thus, most of the great triumphs in astronomy, which have shed a peculiar lustre about his name, were the fond offspring of his waking dreams. The same, or similar has been the case with all the distinguished of natural philosophers, and the truth is scarcely less obvious when we turn to the moral and political. The splendid creations, the rich thoughts, and sublime truths, which glitter like priceless gems upon each page of Milton's productions, have never yet, and will perhaps never hereafter be fully appreciated, until the human mind shall have become vastly more refined and enlightened, than in its present condition.

So far, in both of these branches, the creative genius has been left to delight itself with its own conceptions, unreviled and unpersecuted, except perhaps in the well-known case of the renowned Italian, Galileo. Men have been contented merely to denounce their theories as wild and extravagant, so long as they did not interfere with their private affections or interests. With all their ignorance, they have been forced to revere the philosopher, as possessed of higher qualities of mind, and as turning his attention to higher pursuits; in short, as smitten with a respectable madness. Not so with the politician. He has to deal directly with the dearest interests of men; his profession is linked with all the stormy elements of society; with the deepest and darkest passions of the human breast, and, of consequence, his actions are subject to the closest scrutiny, and his character exposed to the

open taunts of the bigoted, and the midnight dagger of malevolence. Yet his is the noblest pursuit of all, when untrameled by the fetters of self-interest, and daring the frowns of a nation, he presses calmly forward in the cause he deems is correct, utters thoughts and principles, dictated by a pure heart, and trusts his reputation, if sullied in the present, to the justice and equity of future generations. The province over which he wields the sceptre of his influence, is, beyond all comparison, full of subjects for the profoundest thought and the liveliest interest. The general principles which regulate human emotions, far more complicated, but almost as sure as those which obtain in the natural world, the thousand influences that ennoble or debase society, the guards to be taken against the effects of intoxicating prosperity, the new improvements and refinements in legislation which the character of the age will admit of—are all of them topics to exercise the judgment, and kindle the heart of the patriot statesman. Yet how few have there been to burst through the limits of present and partial interests, and to maintain a policy which, original with themselves, if they fail to support, will crush them in its fall! How few have there been, who have not shrunk from the epithet *visionary*! Human nature has, in most cases, been far too weak. Men have been too fond of themselves, to sacrifice their hopes in the support of a *principle*. Jefferson was doubtless an exception to this; but his theater was among a people who had recently procured their freedom; in the young days of the republic, when there were no hoary-headed institutions to obstruct his path. None of those hereditary maxims and prejudices, which are handed down from generation to generation among a people of ancient origin, had as yet been able to root themselves firmly, in the minds and affections of the liberal party in America. Yet, even *he* had his violent and bitter opponents while living, and after his ashes have long been resting in honored repose, we find that the old cry has again been started. But could that eminent statesman arise once more into being, how would his heart burn within him, to behold those darling principles for which he contended, spreading an influence over the land and the world, of which even *he*, enthusiast though he was, could scarcely have formed an adequate conception! “His administration,” in the words of Mr. Clay, “will be looked back to as an oasis in a dreary waste,” for in it gushed forth a thousand fountains of democratic influence, which have gradually washed away, or, uniting the streams into giant torrents, have torn, thundering down, the hallowed impositions of despotic power.

How far his principles, fraught with the purest philanthropy, are yet to advance, it remains for the progress of time to disclose. To us their career would seem to be onward, and onward for ever. Yet the profoundest admirers of Jefferson will not pretend

to assert, that his views were not frequently tinged with a visionary hue. It was a lovely hue, however,—a rainbow-promise of future perfection, which had its origin in a firm and unshaken confidence in the truth and elevation of the sentiments he advocated—a courageous belief in general principles. It may have been extravagance, but it is an extravagance we love to contemplate. His visions of human perfection, of the full capability of man to govern himself, though ages may never behold their reality, yet who will venture to say they cannot be? He may have been a political alchemist, but in his endeavors to bring into being the brilliant fictions of his own brain, he has discovered truths and established theories, as rich and creative as the mind which gave them birth.

Such were some of the reflections which arose before us, in perusing the masterly production of the orator of the Phi Beta Kappa, for the year 1837, which we have read for the third and fourth times with a still increasing delight. Without pretending to assert, that Mr. Bushnell has proposed a system of policy which will meet with the world's approbation, all must confess that his oration is filled with original, noble, and to a great extent, just and rational thought—thought which, could it be infused into the breasts of our statesmen, would wonderfully expand and exalt their views, and thought, which the patriot, the philanthropist and the scholar, cannot but cherish and adopt. To enter into a full examination of his theory, would require far more space than can be allowed. Indeed, he professes himself to have touched but slightly upon its most striking features. We propose to follow him briefly upon these.

"Wherein," he inquires, "consists the true wealth, or well-being of a state. It consists, I answer, *in the total value of the persons of the people*. National wealth is personal, not material. It includes the natural capacity, the industry, the skill, the science, the bravery, the loyalty, the moral and religious worth of the people. The wealth of a nation is in the breasts of its sons. This is the object which, accordingly as it is advanced, is sure to bring with it riches, justice, liberty, strength, stability, invincibility, and every other good; or which, being neglected, every sort of success and prosperity is but accidental and deceitful."—p. 8.

Noble thoughts these, and worthy of universal reception. With a just indignation, he cries out against that crazy desire for wealth, which forms the most prominent feature of our age and nation. And what must we think of a system of policy which inflames that desire? All human action would seem to tend to a definite object—the securing of happiness: and every system of legislation should constantly have some end in view, and in the nature of that end, must consist its strength or its weakness, its wisdom or folly. What then is the ultimate design of laws which are enacted to encourage men in amassing money? They prevent injustice and fraud, it is true, throughout the community, they

protect men in the full enjoyment of their rightful possessions; they maintain good order and peace in the transaction of business, but do they aim to advance society in any thing tending to its real and lasting prosperity? What actual benefit accrues to the nation, from the interchange of money from hand to hand, when its aggregate wealth is the same under whatever circumstances? Does it exalt the people in mind or morals? or does it cultivate any taste or affection which is directly conducive to human enjoyment? On the contrary, would it not seem to encourage a species of gambling, sufficiently agreeable and exciting in itself to engage the attention of a whole people, but which still may go on without a limit in prospect, while every other laudable pursuit may be kept at a stand? But suppose that, free from the calamities and expenses attendant upon war, by successful traffic with foreign nations, we accumulate vast hordes of treasure at home, will any desirable object have then been attained? Listen to our orator:

"I am anxious to inquire, how wealth is to be created, and especially, in what form wealth is to be accumulated. It would almost seem that the fancy which floats so delightfully before the minds of men, in their pursuit of private gain, must throw the same charm over national wealth. The state is to become prodigiously rich, they seem to imagine, against her old age; and then she will be able, with stock laid in, to support her great family at their ease, on the mere interest of the money. But how is her great wealth to be laid up, or in what shape? Not in notes and bills, certainly, that are due from one to another within the nation; for it adds nothing to the wealth of a family, that one of the sons owes another. Not in specie, for gold and silver are good for nothing in themselves, but only as they will buy something else. And if they were confined within the nation, and not allowed to purchase articles from abroad, as the case supposes, they would only pass from hand to hand within the nation, and the prices of all articles would be raised, according to the plenty there is of gold and silver. Silver, perhaps, being as plenty as iron, a ton would be exchanged for a ton of iron, and the man who owns a hundred tons of it would have it piled up in the street, as rich as he now is with a few thousand dollars, and no more. But if not in notes and bills, not in specie, in what form is the national wealth to be laid up? In a cultivated territory, I reply, in dwellings, roads, bridges, manufactories, ships, temples, libraries, fortifications, monuments:—things which add to the beauty, comfort, strength, or productiveness of the nation. But what are all these things, but the products and representatives of quality and force in the people? And what shall ever maintain them in good keeping and repair, but such quality and force?"—p. 10.

And again—

"To seek further illustration of a position so nearly self-evident as the one I advance, would only reflect suspicion upon it. The personal value of a people is the only safe measure of their honor and felicity. Economy holds the same place in their polity, which it holds in the life of a wise and great man—a subordinate place, and when subordinate, honorable. But their highest treasures as a state, they behold in capable and manly bodies, just principles, high sentiments, intelligence, and genius. To cherish these in a people—to provide a noble succession of poets, philosophers, lawgivers, and commanders, who shall be the directing head, and the movers of action; to compact all into one energetic and stately body, inspired by public love—this is the noble study of true philosophic statesmanship. Alas! sir, exclaimed Milton, suddenly grasping this whole subject, as with divine force, a commonwealth ought to be but one huge Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man, as big and compact in virtue as in body; for look, what the grounds and causes are of single happiness to one

man, the same ye shall find them to a whole state. Here, in a single sentence, he describes the true idea of a state, and of all just administration."—p. 14.

The reader will, doubtless, before this, have perceived, that our author is, in the broadest sense of the term, a *theorist*; considering the nature of our people, and the systems of economy now in vogue, he may be regarded as an enthusiast. A great revolution in popular sentiment must have occurred, before his doctrines can meet with many or warm supporters. In a small republic, like Athens or Sparta, or the primitive settlements in North America, such views as his might have become more general and popular; but in so broad and powerful an empire as ours, whose every energy seems exerted in the amassing of money, whose statesmen legislate, whose orators speak, and whose citizens labor, for this one absorbing object, we say, that a great revolution must be brought about in the aims, affections and ideas of the nation at large, before such a theory can find advocates. While he who can take expanded views of the fiscal operations of government, and can search out details, and elucidate his opinions by sound argument, is deemed the greatest legislator in our senate halls,—that man who would propose a system of policy to train up the people in virtue and morality, to diffuse intelligence through every, even the lowest, walk in society, to cherish literature and literary men, to offer prizes for the encouragement of youthful genius, to erect monuments and public works throughout the country, to improve the national stock—in a word, to raise up a people vigorous in body and sound in mind, filled with every ennobling emotion, patriotism, bravery, love of order, and sobriety, would be regarded as but a foolish adviser, and “the poor reformer,” in the words of Burke, “would be hissed off the stage both by friends and foes.” The revolution of which we spoke, cannot be the work of one or many men, or of one or many years; it must be the result of the continuous progress of the people in knowledge and refinement. Yet, will not that progress be obstructed by the deadening desire for lucre which has fastened upon the heart, and is shooting its venom to the farthest extremities of the social system? Will not every generous sentiment throughout the nation become parched and withered by its sickly influence? That the advancement of society will be impeded, and greatly impeded, by it, we are very ready to admit; still we cannot but believe, that the time will come, when more light shall be diffused throughout the community in relation to its real interests, and its greatest sources of happiness. Our history has differed from the history of the republics which have preceded us, in this one great respect, that *they*, during their infancy, were a *warlike*; *we*, a *mercantile* people. They expended their time and toil in endeavoring to extend their conquests far and wide, and pursued their object with an enthusiasm which seemed too ardent ever to die away; we,

with an equal enthusiasm, have sent our flag to the remotest confines of the ocean; we have trafficked with strangers, we have trafficked among ourselves, but there must, we think, be an end to this. As in the one instance, the people finally became wearied with war, and satiated with power, so must we become wearied with commerce and satiated with wealth. Immense fortunes will have been amassed, wealth will grow common, and then, according to a well settled principle in mental philosophy, the desire of becoming rich in order to be above the lower and linked to the upper classes in society, will give way to some other species of ambition. A tremendous revulsion will of course ensue, which will probably be sudden and general, for such is commonly the case among a people so free and desirous of change as our own. What shall be its results, whether beneficial or ruinous, will depend upon the wisdom and purity of our statesmen; and here is presented a field for the operation of the elevated principles contained in the oration before us.

We are all of us acquainted with the fate of the warlike nations of antiquity, after their victories had been ended, and nothing was left them to do but to enjoy the power and wealth they had earned. Luxury and vice, in their thousand hydra-headed forms, found entrance into the bosom of society, and a character of masculine ferocity, was succeeded by a character of effeminate weakness. Shall the same or similar be the case with us? To prevent such a dreadful result, will require a degree of sagacity and patriotism, which the world has never yet witnessed, but which we sincerely hope, and confidently believe, will be brought to light in the future career of our republic. And here the political enthusiast may pause to indulge in his brightest dreams.

A free people must have some source of excitement, or else they will sink into the torpor of despotism. They must have an interest in government, or else they will care not how soon it be abolished. What, then, will serve to keep up a general spirit of enthusiasm throughout the nation, and to attach the people to their political institutions? At present, they see themselves protected in the making of money, and so long as their desires are confined to so narrow a compass, they will adhere to the government which is over them. But this cannot always continue, and therefore it will tax the wisdom of the political philosopher, to awaken an ardent love in the breasts of the people, for knowledge and mental attainment; a love which can never decay, but must ever wax stronger and stronger, unless counteracted by other and more powerful influences. We believe that learning is far more congenial to the true spirit of liberty, than wealth, and of consequence, that the cultivation of the one, will far less endanger the true principles of democracy, than the amassing of the other. Political oppression in every age has arisen from the desire of the

upper to live upon the labor of the lower classes. The power exerted by wealth, the gaudy shapes it assumes, the indolence and selfish gratification it so openly cherishes, are all of them sources of envy to those who cannot enjoy them, and who are compelled to toil without remission for an honorable livelihood. Whereas the influence belonging to superior and cultivated mind is *natural*. It is a power intended to elevate, not to degrade, humanity. Obedience to it is honorable, and we consequently find that, resolute as are the lower classes in opposing an aristocracy of *wealth*, they all of them are ready and desirous to respect, and almost to worship, the superior intellect. We have nothing to dread from an aristocracy of talent.

And how is such a love to be infused into the breasts of our democracy? It must be the slow and gradual work of time. Let public libraries be opened in every city, let literary and scientific men be encouraged, let institutions of learning be founded and fostered by government, let prizes be offered for the successful efforts of genius—then will a spirit arise, and gradually spread throughout the nation, which can only render us truly great. A national history which, shall embody our past history, and future prospects, which shall portray the virtues of our ancestors, the glorious deeds of our revolution, the principles upon which our government is based, and the relations we bear to the world, is a great desideratum. On this point hear our orator:

“And the tokens are, that we must have a literature, not scholastic or cosmopolitan, like that of Germany, which is the literature of leisure and seclusion; but one that is practical and historical, one that is marked by a distinct nationality, like the Athenian and the British; one, too, it must be, of vast momentum in its power on the world. It will be eloquence, humor, satire, song, and philosophy, flowing on with and around our history. And as our history is to be a struggle after the true idea and settlement of liberty, so our literature will partake in the struggle. It will be the American mind wrestling with itself, to obtain the true doctrine of civil freedom—overwhelming demagogues and factions, exposing usurpations, exploding licentious opinions, involved in the fearful questions which slavery must engender, borne, perhaps, at times upon the high waves of revolution, reclining at peace in the establishment of order and justice, and deriving lessons of wisdom from the conflicts of experience. As American and characteristic, it will revolve about and will ever be attracted towards one and the same great truth, whose authority it will gradually substantiate, and, I trust, will at length practically en-throne, in the spirit and opinions of our people. This truth is none other, than that LIBERTY IS JUSTICE SECURED.”—pp. 24, 25.

Another influence which will tend most powerfully to the elevation of society, is reverence and affection for the memory of ancestors. The dearest treasure of a nation is the character its distinguished men have sustained, in the annals of the world. If that character be high, honorable, noble, and distinguished by sentiments of lofty patriotism, it will arouse similar emotions in the bosoms of their posterity. Monuments should then be erected over the ashes of our departed heroes, statesmen, and philosophers; the affections of the people should be elicited in their erection, so that each, the highest and the lowest, may there resort, and

feel that in the noble blood which gushes through his veins, he possesses a treasure, far more valuable than sordid gold.

We have not room to enter farther into the broad and inviting field which this oration has opened before us. Many of the doctrines it contains, though beautiful in theory, would, doubtless, be regarded as visionary, if the attempt should be made to reduce them immediately to practice. Still we believe, with their author, in the advancement of human nature. It is a topic which furnishes a perennial fountain of delightful thought, to the cultivated mind. The history of man cannot continue to be such as it has been. As we peruse the page which gives us nothing but the story of heroes, the crises of battles, the rise, decay, and downfall of empires, or the far more tedious recital of laws enacted for the purpose of making men sordid and groveling, we cannot but feel that the time will come when men shall rule, as they were intended by nature to *rule*; when history shall be an account of the noble triumphs of virtue and morality, of wonderful discoveries in the arts and sciences, of illustrious poets, statesmen, orators, and philosophers, of a people approximating to what may be considered as national perfection, and of a system of policy intended to produce a race, not only obedient to law, but healthy in body, cultivated in mind and exalted in morals. That is the only policy which can secure perpetuity to empire,—and that it may finally prevail and hold together this spreading nation, no patriot can ever cease to hope and to pray. With the faith that such must be the final result, comes the proud and inspiring consciousness, that *ours* is to be the name, and the destiny of a *moral, and, therefore, immortal Rome*.

EPILEGOMENA.

READER! We come into thy presence again with the profoundest bow and the most graceful tip of the hat of which we are capable. Well, vacation is over, and in the mean time how has it been with thee? Have the “rosy bosomed hours” danced trippingly off, or have the leaden-stepping laggards hung upon thee like an *incubus*? Hast thou got the better of time, or has the old mower got the better of thee? Meanwhile what hast thou found to do? Mayhap nothing. Then hast thou achieved a most Herculean labor. For of all things to do nothing is the most intolerable task. Why, the tugging and toiling of Sisyphus were a perfect sinecure in the comparison. We do not speak without experience; for we ourselves have been consumed to the very marrow by this arsenic of enjoyment, this cursed *ennui*. We have ourselves been compassed about by a legion of ravenous starvelings, the blue devils, and have seen their eyes glaring in upon us from every point, like a troop of hungry hyenas growling around their half dead victim, and impatient to flesh their teeth in his carcass. Verily, if such has been thy fate, then hast thou been of all men most miserable.

But perhaps thou hast had something to do—something, no matter what—any thing but stealing sheep and running down our Magazine. Perhaps thou hast

gone forth from thy dark study-cloister into the dazzling sun-light of beauty ; perhaps thou hast been a devout worshipper at the blue heaven of an eye, or a pilgrim kneeler at the Mecca of a heart. If so, thou hast done well—thou hast acted, if not like a philosopher, at least like a man. Study has not stifled thy better feelings, and hereafter thou shalt have a place in our heart of hearts. But if thou art a crabbed, carping cynic, the enemy of the sex, and therefore the scorn of all good men, women and children ; would that our good nature was not so excessive, and that we could mouth a curse, verily thou shouldst have the full benefit of it. Nay, but thou deservest it. For thou art a stock, a stone, a very iceberg in feeling. Thou wouldst blot out the sun from heaven, wouldst make a desert of a Cashmere. Away therefore with the flintiness of thy heart, the vinegar of thy nature. Cleave to that which is fair, love that which is lovely, and dash not the idol of beauty from thy heart—for here thou might justly be an idolater—nor the wine of enjoyment from thy lips, for love is the very Falernian of life, and he that is “of heavy heart” should be the first to quaff it. But enough of this, good reader.

Autumn is with us again, a staid old friend, indeed, but thrice welcome. A plague of your sonnet mongers upon spring. She is a gaudy and senseless flirt, and winter too is a wrinkled and snarling old bedlame. We like neither of them. Give us the sober and matronly autumn, with her yellow harvests and glorious holidays. Dost thou agree with me, good reader ? Then throw aside thy books. “Much study is a weariness of the flesh.” Eschew it therefore as you would the pestilence. For look around thee. Here is the gray ocean, and there the bald, old precipices ; and if thou delightest neither in the roll of the one, nor the roar of the other, there are goodly forests on either side of thee. And if God has mingled in the elements of thy composition aught of the poetry of life, thou wilt get from these rattling and business-vexed streets into their silent aisles. For here an influence will steal over thee, like a dream over an infant’s slumbers, which will quench the burning fever of desire, and still the wild beatings of ambition. Here thou wilt find much of that *unwritten poetry*, which the bard’s shell may not breathe forth to the world’s ear, but which, too sacred and subtle for embodiment, exists deep and hidden in the heart’s inmost sanctuary, like a sunbeam in the ocean depths. Here the eye may drink in a rainbow splendor. For the woods are now flooded in a fire of glory, and autumn has tinted an iris in every fading leaf, just as we have seen a richer hue mantle on the cheek of beauty when the finger of decay has touched it. The ear too may catch a music sweet as the tones of a sister’s voice, in the farewell song of the matin bird ere he flies from the rough winter, in the thunder of the distant cataract, in the spirit moan of the wind, and in the roar of the pine grove, dreamy and sea-like—now swelling, now sinking, and coming upon the ear with an awe and mystery “like the rush of an angel’s wings.”

To the sensitive mind, autumn is ever fraught with high and holy teachings. It is a time when mirth and sadness mingle together and form a religion of feeling ; when our thoughts wander through the past, and call up a thousand memories of the changed, the lost, the dead, and a tear once more bedews the mouldering urn of friendship. Even the bacchanal as he gazes from the chamber of wassail upon the withering face of nature, pauses awhile from his revelry, and is reminded that life too has its autumn, that the rose and myrtle are dead, and the funeral cypress alone remains.

To us, autumn has always been the sabbath of the year, recalling the holy memory of one who nursed our infancy, and faded from the dawn of our young joys, like the last star from a clouded heaven. And though she brings a blight for the earth, she also brings a beauty ; just as the cloud which blackens the sky,

affords a canvass for the rainbow. Hers is emphatically the beauty of decay, the glory which lingers on the footsteps of the dying day-god. And though at times she comes with a hoarse and rough breathing blast, yet for ourselves we like to beard the old blusterer, and snuff the cold and bracing northwest,—we like to see the storm scowling along the heavens,—the old oak casting off his green foppery, and flinging his broad arms to the tempest, and the wizard frost, weaving from his crystal loom his icy web over the face of nature. But the little Dedalus of our fancy is becoming melted of his wings, so we must down from this poetical empyrean, upon plain prose-ground.

Reader, we have been serving up a few choice viands for thy literary palate, and without doubt the slowness of the culinary process has whetted thy appetite to no inconsiderable degree. So that in thy hunger we expect, that like a true knight thou wilt fall to, and devour, without any fastidious mincing of meats, whereby thou mightest flatter thyself that thou hadst detected some faults. We would have thee look at the sun through thy natural eye, and not through an impious instrument, for, rest assured, it was never intended, that thou shouldst see the spots upon his blazing disc. But if, with a Titan folly, thou wilt assume the telescope, and plume thyself upon thy critical vision, because thou hast discovered blemishes in this luminary of College letters, ‘humanum est errare,’ and we assure thee, respected reader, that thou art hugely mistaken, and that it is only the specks upon thy eye-glass which thou hast detected. In short, we would give thee one item of advice in reading the Magazine, which is, when thou canst comprehend, to admire and praise, and when thou canst not, to have a prodigious faith.

The first number of the fourth volume greets your eyes, no doubt, with pleasure, if not for the many excellent articles which it contains, at least for the well known and familiar face, with which, by the liberality of the senior class, we have been enabled to grace the frontispiece: And though the memory of our venerable President is indelibly engraved upon a thousand hearts, yet all will rejoice to see embodied, even on this less durable tablet, those features, which none can contemplate but with veneration, gratitude, and love.

And now, wouldst thou take a peep into the editorial sanctum? Well, then, take a seat and compose thyself. These grave and commanding personages whom you see sprinkled about the room, are the editors in state. Do not feel at all like a dwarf before these intellectual giants, “for a cat may look upon a king,” you know, as the maxim runs,—and though they are about as much puffed up with their authority as Falstaff was with “sighing and grief,” yet stretch up thy corporosity, put on a swagger, and line thy face with brass,—that is the way to go through the world. And now, reader, having said our say, here are the records of the last meeting, which thou mayest peruse *ad libitum*.

Editors' Meeting.—Fadladeen's Room—8 o'clock, eve.—Enter, Tubal, Og, and Phaon. Fadladeen discovered fast asleep in his chair, with an immense manuscript before him.

“Hurra for Fadladeen!—a sleeping beauty, surely.”

“That he is, Tubal,” interrupted Og—“a capital scene for Hogarth. What a finely chiseled pug nose—a chin, too, as rough as a chestnut bur, and to cap the climax, a mouth wide open, ‘*gurgite vasto*’—why, a man-of-war might sail in with ease, unless those Symplegides jaws should happen to shut and crush him.”

“Well spoken, Og, and if the whale's guzzle was as large as Fadladeen's, no wonder that Jonah kept house in his abdominal three days.”

“Ha! ha! Tubal, there is a fly down in his mouth, sailing about like Satan through chaos, or the dove over the deluge, and buzzing, too, most sonorously. In truth, Fadladeen must be dreaming of the ‘music of the spheres.’”

"A terrible soporific, that communication," said Tubal, "no wonder Fadladeen got to sleep in reading it, for it is longer than the Erie canal, and written so bunglingly that you might read it asleep as easily as awake. But"—

Here there was a knock at the door, and Boniface entered, much excited, as was evident, for he strode up and down the room like a gored lion.

"What, in the name of Lucifer, has got into you, Boniface?" said the astonished Og.

Boniface bit his lip, and muttered the name of the "last senior class." "Well," said he, "there is one consolation—we are rid of them. They have gone off without subscribing to the Magazine, to be sure—but we might have expected it of them."

"Tut, tut," exclaimed the cautious Tubal, "we may be overheard. Your rebuke, I think, is most too severe, and besides, what is the use of shooting when the bird is flown."

"He is going to take them on the wing," exclaimed Og, exultingly, "and in my opinion, he is more than half right in what he has said. The fact is, astrology is no lie: that class entered when the comet was capering through the heavens; and if my horoscope serves me, they were born under the influence of the Dog Star and Saturn."

"Dog Star and Satan!" thundered Boniface.

"I object to this," said Tubal, rising from his seat, "and I move you, Mr. President, that the remarks of Boniface be considered out of order."

Here Fadladeen awoke from his sleep, and having rubbed his eyes, brushed down his bushy hair, and dismounted his feet from the table, where they had been reposing at an angle of forty-five degrees, called the meeting to order, and throwing aside the manuscript which had acted upon him as such a narcotic, laid hold of the coffin, opened the lid, and poured out a deluge of communications upon the table.

"Dii avertite!" roared Phaon, who had hitherto been sitting, like a duck in a storm, in the most silent indifference. "All these papers to be inflicted upon us to-night? Why I would rather go to purgatory, and if you will excuse me, I will."

"Doubtless you will, whether or no," replied Boniface, "but have patience, good Phaon."

"Patience!" enraged at the mere mention of the word, "preach that to Baalam's ass, and not to a human being."

Here Fadladeen interrupted this glowing appeal, by "order."

"Here, gentlemen," said the President, rising from his chair with the most studied dignity, "is a Sonnet, in which the author, with a truly vigorous fancy, carves 'the hieroglyphics of eternity' upon 'the illimitable scroll' of night."

"W-h-e-w!" said Boniface. "Obscurity is a source of the sublime, no doubt."

"And waxing still more eloquent, our poet sagely concludes that the planets which he sees 'in endless cycles wheeling,'

—'are all but one vast *caravan*,
Laden with souls, and bound to that great day.'"

"A fine port, that," said Og, "hope they will get there without any sea-sickness. Move it be rejected."

"Next comes some verses in Latin—'Ubi arbor est, &c.'"

"Hold! hold!" vociferated Tubal, much exasperated that his favorite tongue had been so horribly mangled, "I move that the author be requested to abhor himself in dust and ashes, and do penance forty days and forty nights, to appease the troubled shades of the Latins. Meanwhile, let it be consigned to the coffin, with the epitaph of 'Rejected, decidedly.'"

Meeting adjourned; business unfinished.

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CONSERVATISM ESSENTIAL TO FREEDOM.

It is a truth, corroborated by the universal experience of mankind, that the long continuance of public liberty depends as much upon proper restrictions as the possession of privileges. In the United States, where the blessings of freedom are more richly enjoyed than in any other country, it might be reasonably supposed that the voice of history would be heeded with the most anxious attention, and that all those who share in the rich inheritance purchased by the blood of the Revolution, would feel the deepest interest to transmit it onward, unimpaired, to future generations. But we meet with circumstances that bear witness to the prevalence of a different state of feeling, or rather a want of feeling, however unwilling we may be to receive the testimony. There is, if we mistake not, among a great proportion of the people of the United States, a growing inattention to public affairs, except those of a party or local nature. The political obligations and duties of every citizen are too little understood and too feebly felt. Much less is there generally existing a proper apprehension of the real dangers to which the permanent liberty of the state is exposed, or of the means by which it may be preserved. There are, indeed, some indications that reflecting men are awaking to the importance of a higher standard of national morality, and the need of a correct idea in the public mind, of what constitutes a truly patriotic spirit; yet it is certainly a cause of anxiety, lest the period of a general understanding should arrive too late to prevent the introduction of evils highly detrimental to the security of rational liberty.

We are not of the number who prophesy only evil in relation to the prospects of the United States. Indeed, it should be deemed no small offense to look only on the dark side of events, and construe every ebullition of popular excitement, every unwise act of administration, or even every departure from what has been

considered the established principles of government, as so many sure tokens of approaching ruin. There is reason to believe, that those who are wont to judge thus, have derived their convictions from first impressions, or that they willingly or intentionally withhold a full view of all the evidence, so as to create a prepossession favorable to some particular party. But he whose heart glows with a spark of genuine American feeling, will reprobate all opinions having their origin in ignorance or misapprehension. He will feel himself bound to search for the truth, with a religious dread of the fatal consequences if he mistakes on a subject so momentous to the welfare of his country and the hopes of the world. He will endeavor to appreciate, as far as possible, the priceless treasure entrusted for safe keeping in the hands of the American people. For if the American name is transmitted to the future identified with liberty, it will have an influence more replete with all that elevates and ennobles the moral and social character of mankind, than if it were associated with the refinement and literature of Greece, or the majesty and splendor of Roman renown.

The evils which most seriously threaten, as we conceive, the existence of liberty in this country, are not those which, at the present time, appear with the greatest prominence; nor, on the other hand, are those conservative influences, perhaps, most to be depended upon, that attract the most attention. In so complicated a form of government, where the popular will is the controlling power, it is very common to overrate phenomena and mistake causes. The whirlwind and tornado are not the results of permanent currents. The outbreaks of popular violence are not always the necessary consequents of popular institutions. The firmament may be cloudless, and the philosopher will observe the surest precursors of a tempest. To the careless observer of political affairs appearances may be flattering, and danger seem distant, while the far-reaching vision of the intelligent statesman can see, in the "coming events, as they cast their shadows before," alarming indications. Some are fearful of evil resulting from the extent of national territory, as giving rise to local interests and sectional antipathies. But it is easy to conceive of circumstances that may be disclosed by the future, where extent shall constitute security, when a diversity of sectional interests shall be indispensable to the welfare of the whole, and, as it often happens that slight or even striking dissemblances in certain traits of character, are not inconsistent with the warmest personal friendship, so it may be reasonable to regard the peculiar manners and prejudices of different sections of this wide country, as conducive rather than otherwise to the strength and duration of international friendship, and the preservation of freedom.

The greatest necessity of a conservative influence arises from the overaction of some of the fundamental principles of American society. No foreign influence, no domestic foe, will ever destroy our liberty, if it can resist the violence of those who claim to be her warmest friends. If we ever become weak, it must be from our too great strength. If we ever fall, we shall perish by the very means of our greatness.

When liberty landed upon the rock of Plymouth, she brought, as the companions of her exile, morality and religion. The civil institutions that grew up in the wilderness, under the molding influence of these principles, early recognized opinions utterly subversive of those restraints which bind the subjects of kings and the vassals of nobles in unconditional subjection. Hence the firm belief of our fathers in the doctrine of the equality of all men with respect to natural rights and privileges. Hence their bold and explicit avowal of its truth and immutability, which prefaced the declaration of independence. And this sentiment, thus solemnly and impressively published to the world as a fundamental axiom in government, is fully recognized at the present day, not only from a conviction of its being self-evident, but also from its being tested by the experience of more than half a century. So successful indeed has been this great experiment, that nearly the whole American people are perfectly satisfied that our institutions are correct in theory and permanent in duration.

There is reason to fear, however, that this unwavering confidence, so generally felt, is not founded altogether on what was deemed so essential to stability in former times. It was the object of the revolutionary patriots, to *maintain*, as well as acquire the possession of liberty. And the measures they employed to secure this object, show them to have been well versed in its purest doctrines. They enacted just and equitable laws, and labored to secure, as an object of equal importance, the election of wise, impartial and faithful rulers. They especially felt the need of a high tone of moral feeling in the community, and an enlightened public opinion, calm to deliberate, competent to judge, and willing to obey. It is universally admitted that these characteristics of a free people were possessed by the founders of our republic in high perfection; and so long as the people of the United States shall continue their adherence to the principles, and control their conduct by this high standard of revolutionary patriotism and virtue, this country will remain the abode of freedom.

A review of our history, however, exhibits some signs of a deterioration of correct principles and practice. It cannot be concealed, that corruption is often fearfully manifest in high official stations, and that a disregard for legal and constitutional authority is becoming more prevalent. The interests of party, instead of the

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tives of patriotism, too frequently influence the conduct of rulers, and inflame the passions of the populace. Nor can it be owing to adventitious circumstances that evils so obvious, so permanent and so dangerous, have been witnessed in latter years. When we find the machinery of the political system so frequently getting out of repair, and obstructed in its operations, we are compelled to attribute the defect to some natural or constitutional infirmity, and we look with the deepest interest for some counteracting tendencies, that shall so far remedy this defect as shall allay our fears, lest entire confusion shall be found in the place of a harmonious arrangement.

The time has been, in the history of the country, when the terms patriot and patriotism were synonymous in their meaning. At the present time, a high reputation of honorable feeling is not associated, in some parts of the Union, with great activity in political affairs. Formerly, moral influence could bear directly on political sentiments and conduct; now, it cannot escape the notice of the slightest observer, that a growing unpopularity prevails against all direct efforts to influence the public mind by moral means. The time has been, when a representative could express his opinions in the national councils without restraint and on his own responsibility. According to the modern school, the doctrine of moral agency has no place in the political creed of a statesman.

He must be the organ of the will and the wisdom of his constituents. His whole character must be a fac simile of that part of the community he represents—one thing to-day, another to-morrow—a mere personification of caprice and feeling, blown about by impulse and passion. His great object is, therefore, his place, and not the maintenance of his principles, or rather an accommodation of his principles to secure his place. His elevation to office depends on his success in exhibiting to the people his perfect coincidence with their feelings and sentiments. This obsequiousness on the part of the ruler is attended with a degree of self-confidence and self-importance on the part of the people, proportioned to the flattery and supposed favors received. Immediately consequent upon this state of things, organizations of parties are made, not on the ground of personal merit and services, but on a principle analogous to that of some voluntary associations, whose professed object is the dissemination of truth, but who, by a strange reversion of all ancient rules, place action before deliberation, and investigation after decision. This course of things has directly established in the will of the majority a power which possesses within itself all the elements of tyranny, and which has already stamped its indelible impress on American character and manners. It is a tribunal absolute in its decrees and responsible in its acts and influence. Its sanctions and penalties as terrible as its power is vast to enforce obedience. It has

not only physical power to compel submission, but it exerts an absolute sway over the minds and opinions of men. Hence one of the ablest European writers on American institutions has declared, that freedom of opinion does not exist in this country. We cannot subscribe in full to this unqualified declaration as being yet true, when we have been wont to feel that the right of discussion and freedom of thought, to use the eloquent language of our own Webster, are "home-born rights" and "fire-side privileges." At the same time, it is impossible to deny the existence of an influence among us most dangerous to intellectual and civil freedom; and, unless resisted by a powerful conservative tendency, liberty may, even in the land of Washington, be found in the low condition of which religion has furnished melancholy examples in all ages of Christianity, "having a name to live," but "dead" in all its vital principles.

It is absolutely necessary to the security of liberty in this country, that the democratic principle should be understood in all its relations and tendencies. With proper qualifications, it may be said that we are indebted to this, as the main cause of our national greatness; and it is doubtless equally true, that the greatest danger to our future prosperity is to be expected from the same source. Hitherto we have been accustomed to contemplate its results in the light of partial observations. Its power has filled the world with admiration, and the benefits it has conferred on the American people has made it esteemed a universal benefactor. Our country has indeed presented a most favorable field, from its first settlement, for its ascendancy; and, owing to natural and moral circumstances, it may as yet have produced comparatively few results that are positively evil. It is not surprising, therefore, that it should find the warmest advocates, and give rise to the most enthusiastic speculations. The extravagances of American writers may indeed deserve some palliation, when we are told by the foreign writer to whom we have already referred, and whose opinions appear to be derived from a profound reflection upon the evils as well as the advantages of the democratic spirit, that its effects in America are but the beginning of its triumphs, and that the whole civilized world is to be revolutionized in some form or other by its mighty energies. The elements of democracy are indeed mostly those of force. We admire it for its great power. We are proud to witness the exercise of it in calling into being a nation as it were in a day, and giving it a name and an influence that is felt around the globe. We are pleased to see its operations as presented in the physical conflict of civilization and the arts with the natural barbarism of our western forests. It has planted populous cities, as by magic, amid the solitudes of ages. It has called into life thousands of enlightened freemen, to inhabit what were but yesterday the haunts of the savage and the beast of prey.

But while these exhibitions of moral and physical agency are justly entitled to admiration, it never should be forgotten that vast power never is exercised without great danger, unless controlled by wisdom equal to its strength. If this important truth can be impressed upon the public mind, we may look to the future with joyful anticipations. There are many conservative elements in our social system, and in our constitutions of government, which, if suffered to operate without obstruction, afford strong grounds of encouragement when the darkest view is taken of the future. If these are properly understood, and maintained with patriotic feeling, their influence will be exerted, silently and secretly it may be, and by means simple and unobtrusive; but their results, like the galvanic agency, will withstand with mighty energy every tendency to pervert or destroy the essential principles of liberty.

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," &c.

BENEATH the shelter of yon grain-clad hill,
 Within that snowy cot o'erlaced with vine,
 Beside whose door there flows a babbling rill,
 Where drooping boughs of willow intertwine ;

There dwelt a widow, poor, but yet content,
 The solace of her home an only child,
 In whose fair face beauty and health were blent,
 Whose eye betray'd her heart, serene and mild.

She loved her daughter with a love as true
 As ever earth, the realm of self, supplies ;
 She loved her God, and bent a trusting view
 To mansions of sweet rest above the skies.

And oft she'd slowly teach the child to read
 Some pleasing story from the sacred page ;
 How desert ravens did the prophet feed,
 Or how young David tamed the giant's rage.

As thus she grew, and to her raptur'd eye
 The world began its beauty to unfold,
 Along the woodland path her foot would fly,
 Or climb the craggy peak with daring bold.

A varied garden claim'd her daily care,
Whose easy charge her tender taste refin'd ;
At dewy morn, she oft alone would share,
Its gushing fragrance with the jealous wind.

And when sweet eve, the parching earth to shield,
Wide o'er the sky her starry flag unfurl'd,
She fancied that the thick-pierced vault reveal'd
The dim-seen glory of the heavenly world.

Her eye ne'er view'd the grandeur of the great,
But if a palace had been made her home,
She would have scorn'd the falsehood of their state,
Preferring far through her own fields to roam.

E'en as the prison'd bird in gilded cage,
Longs with free wing to cleave the buoyant air,
With rivals in the mazy song engage,
Or nestle with his mate, a happy pair.

Full many a time I've seen her at the stile,
When from some field the widow's sheaf was glean'd,
With some sweet air her weariness beguile,
As o'er the bars with pensive grace she lean'd.

She lov'd the sacred thought-awaking sound,
Floating so mellow from yon aged spire,
And oft she trod a thread-like path which wound
Where slept the hallow'd ashes of her sire.

Sadly she'd muse upon his smiling face,
In silence seated with reclining head,
His every look and greet in memory trace,
And drop big tears upon his narrow bed.

Ye rich ! around whose ostentatious grave,
The icy tear of decency will flow,
Whose chisel'd virtue ages will outbrave,
Well might you envy such a guileless woe.

Give me some faithful one to mourn my fate,
To guard from insult my reposing dust,
And I'll resign the tomb of marble state,
To Love alone my memory I'll trust.

But listen—dost thou mark the muttering roar,
The mist ascending from yon wavy wood ?
There doth this brook, now gentle, wildly pour
In many a silver jet its boisterous flood.

THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

A deep, round basin in the thickest grove,
Its falling columns of the rock have made,
The trees a leafy roof have arch'd above,
Tinting the waters with their emerald shade.

There was the place of Mary's chief delight,
From off its misty brow, her chosen seat,
She'd watch the snowy foam and iris bright
Playing about the rocks beneath her feet.

But once, across the lawn smiling in green,
She hied her joyous to the wonted glen:
Alas! she loved too well that wild ravine!
For Mary ne'er was seen alive again.

They say, indeed, her spirit oft is seen,
Sitting in white upon a mossy stone,
And many a warning beck she gives, I ween,
To such as thither dare to stray alone.

Far down that glen her mangled form they found,
The leafy boughs a rustic bier supplied,
Thence to her home with mournful tread they wound,
While many a speechless maid shed tears beside.

The widow saw—then upward cast a look
Of deep, imploring, but submissive prayer,
And then her wounded soul the earth forsook,
'Twas nought but clay they saw remaining there!

The widow and her child one coffin held,
In one kind grave their mutual dust reposed,
One passing bell their last long journey knell'd,
One solemn prayer the simple funeral closed.

Above their heads the villagers did place,
(Kind are their hearts, though humble is their lot,)
One stone, carv'd with a rude design, to grace
Their common grave, and consecrate the spot.

Thus ran its artless but expressive lay,
With no conceit or sounding rhyme defil'd,
And plainly cut upon a tablet grey,
"Here sleep in peace, the widow and her child."

HARRIET.

A SKETCH.

"I gae then my lass to win honor and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame;
 I'll bring a heart to thee, with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more."—*Burns.*

ACROSS the eastern part of the state of Connecticut there runs a tract of land several miles in width, which, however unlovely it may appear to the husbandman, is not uninteresting to the traveler. He is presented with a succession of scenery, so rich in itself and so endlessly diversified, that his eye never tires with beholding. At one moment he is descending a steep declivity; at the next, winding along the base of a mountain. Here he threads his way through a deep and shady glen, and anon finds himself upon the summit of a commanding hill, where the eye sweeps with an unlimited range over the surrounding country. Here and there he crosses a little stream dashing along its stony path, fed at frequent intervals by rivulets from the neighboring hills. Its mountains and its valleys were once the loved places of resort for the Indian, and its gray precipices and noisy water-falls are still associated with the half forgotten legends of the past. At the time of the Revolution, this tract of country was but thinly inhabited. Here and there, in the more fertile portions of it, might be seen a little cluster of dwellings with a modest spire rising in their midst; but the greater part was in the same wild, uncultivated state, as when the red man left it. One of these little hamlets in the northern portion of this region, will more particularly engage our notice. It consisted of eight or ten cottages, neatly grouped together, situated in a pleasant and fertile valley. The view on every side was obstructed by high hills, except two narrow openings through which ran a small but rapid stream. In those days, when the avenues of communication were few and difficult, the stirring news of the city or the seaport town, circulated but sluggishly through the interior. An occasional traveler, or a wandering newspaper, were almost the only means of information. Society could here be contemplated in its most mild and peaceful aspect. The bustle and excitement of life, the struggle for wealth and power, were here almost entirely unknown. They could at times hear in the distance, "the stir of the great Babel;" but the noise only made them cling the closer to their own quiet homes and firesides. Their chief pleasure was found in that free and harmonious intercourse which ex-

isted among them,—bound together as they were, by the recollections of their common cause and common misfortunes. Such was the state of the inland society of New England at the commencement of the Revolution.

One morning in the spring of 1775, the little village mentioned above, was thrown into sudden consternation by the arrival of news from the north, that war had broken out between the American colonies, and Great Britain. In older countries, swarming with population, there are multitudes of men who are bound to society by a very loose and feeble tie, and who stand ready to engage in any enterprise which will break the monotony of their miserable existence. Standing armies always abound with men of this character ; but among a people so peaceful and social, as were the inhabitants of New England at this period, the report of war spread a strange and indefinable terror. The tear fell from the mother's eye, as she attempted to tell the story to her neighbor ; and the child looked on with quivering lip, conscious of some appalling danger, though ignorant of its true character. The agitation caused by this report had scarcely begun to abate when there came a loud call for aid,—a call which was promptly responded to, by a general gathering for war throughout all the colonies. Many a youth burning with patriotic fervor, threw aside all his early hopes, and launched at once upon this untried theatre of action.

In the little hamlet where lies the scene of our story, was a youth of twenty, the son of a respectable farmer. He was not only the comfort and stay of his parents, now rapidly advancing to old age, but was regarded as the chief pillar of the little community in which he dwelt. The name of Edward Thurston was endeared to all by those thousand simple acts of kindness, which his generous nature prompted him to perform. Though shut out from the great sources of information, he had yet learned enough of the policy of the mother land towards these infant colonies, to convince him of its gross injustice. No sooner then did he hear the call of his country, than his resolution was formed. He flew from village to village through the neighboring regions, animating the people, and gathering a little band of volunteers to march immediately to the north. The morning was fixed for their departure. Edward had requested his companions to meet at early dawn at his father's house, that the little band might set out together. In the midst of his weeping relatives and friends, he strove to banish apprehension, and appear cheerful and sanguine. But still the fact could not be concealed, that the expedition was fraught with danger. A few rustic men, without the implements of war, without military training, and without commanders, were to contend with the powerful and disciplined armies of Britain. Though all in the village were sad at the idea

of parting with a youth so fondly endeared to them, there was one whose feelings cannot easily be described. Harriet M. was the only daughter of a respected clergyman, who exercised the office of pastor over this and several of the adjoining hamlets. The early death of a kind and amiable mother, had thrown a slight shade of gloom over a countenance naturally sportive and animated. Seventeen summers had passed over her head, and the thoughtlessness and frivolity of the girl had given place to the dignity and deep feeling of the woman. Born in lowly circumstances and bred in retirement, she had learned none of the cant and hypocrisy of fashionable life. She loved because it was the dictate of nature,—and Edward was the earliest and the only object of her affection. Accustomed to each other from childhood, their love was nothing but early friendship ripened to maturity. This was the first time that the quiet of their existence had been interrupted. The stream of life had been flowing on so gently and peacefully, that they were now but ill prepared to sail upon its troubled waters. They had enjoyed the sunshine and the calm of love; but its days of darkness and of trouble they had never experienced. On the night previous to the departure, Edward and Harriet conversed together at her father's house till a late hour. Spring had already begun to clothe the fields with freshness, and the air was balmy and sweet. The sky was clear, and the moon shone with a soft and mellow light. They sat in an open window which overlooked the stream as it wound along the valley, while beyond, in the distance, rose the dark and unfrequented hills. The scene was familiar to them; but they had never before realized half its beauties. Edward had always loved the quiet place of his nativity, but now that he was about to leave it and enter upon a life of danger and uncertainty, it seemed a little paradise, in whose bowers he would forever linger.

"I trust, my dear Harriet," said he, with as much cheerfulness as he could command, "I trust that the difficulties which now call me away, will soon be over, and our meeting will then be the happier for our separation."

"But," replied she, "I fear that you endeavor to conceal from me the worst. Tell me frankly, do you expect soon to return?"

"I will not disguise the fact," said he, slowly, "that the expedition will be attended with danger. But Harriet, you could not love me were I to remain here inactive, and leave to my companions all the hazard and labor of the field. So soon as affairs will permit, I will return, if only to tarry for a night."

The argument was satisfactory to her, and she raised not a murmuring word. The hours of the evening wore away; but they "took no note of time." They told the incidents of the past, and endeavored to kindle each other's hopes for the future. At length Edward rose to depart. The moon was sinking in the

west, and the shade of the hills was stretching across the valley. Still he lingered, for it was hard to tear himself away, and not till the moon had fairly sunk below the horizon, did he again rouse himself for separation. He impressed a warm kiss upon her cheek, and hastily took his leave. He heard the sigh which she uttered as he turned from the door, and the tears stole from his eyes as he walked thoughtfully home. The morning dawn saw Edward and his companions preparing to take their departure. The honest villagers pressed around to bid them a cordial farewell, and bestow upon them some parting benedictions. As the sun arose they commenced their march, each man with his musket and knapsack, and soon were lost to view behind the hill. Such were the men and such their interests, who proved themselves able to break through and scatter the heavy ranks of British soldiery by mere physical energy. They fought not for conquest and power, but for "God and their native land."

Henceforth the life of Harriet was changed. Her thoughts and wishes had all been bounded by the hills which circled her own quiet dwelling place, and scarcely a day of her life had ever been clouded by anxiety. But now she passed her waking and her dreaming moments in agonizing suspense. We learn but half of the misery of war when we contemplate it alone in the encounter and ruin of armies. We need to go back into the farmhouse and the hamlet, to mark the trembling anxiety of the domestic circle for one of its absent members; to witness the almost insupportable anguish which follows the sudden announcement of the father's, the husband's, or the brother's death. The mind withdrawn from the scene of action, is here left to substitute fancy for reality. Every noise terrifies. The slumbers of the night are broken. A life like this is far more miserable than that of the soldier himself. At times he is called to endure the rigor of marches, nights of watching, and the danger and suffering of the field. But days and weeks may intervene when he is enjoying the ease and quiet of the camp, while his friends at home never cease their fears for his safety.

A traveler from the north soon brought the news that the little band in which Edward had marched, arrived safe at Boston. But the absence of all information respecting Edward himself, served rather to disturb than quiet the mind. Soon after the report of the battle of Bunker's Hill spread terror through all the colonies; each one stood in painful suspense, fearing that the next moment would bring the news of a friend, or relative, slain in that memorable conflict. Harriet consulted every source of information, examined over and over again the columns of each straggling newspaper, but she learned nothing whatever of Edward. Such was the state of things when the rumor was spread that the British had evacuated Boston, and that many of the volunteers who

had joined the American army were now to return to their homes. Hope again dawned upon the mind of Harriet; she remembered Edward's promise, and trusted that a few days would restore him again to the bosom of his family, and to her own affectionate embrace. Whenever she could find a leisure moment she would run to the top of the neighboring hill, which overlooked the path as it wound along a lengthened valley, in hope that she might catch a view of the returning band while yet distant, and be the first messenger of the joyful tidings to his aged parents and anxious friends. One evening as the sun was setting she went upon her accustomed errand, and scarcely had she arrived at the top of the hill when she descried a small company of men ascending upon the other side, and already drawing near her. She forgot her resolution of carrying the news to the village, and flew to meet her lover. As the parties approached each other, she recognized the countenances of some of Edward's companions whom she had seen before their departure, but her eye searched in vain for Edward—she sought information from them with eager and confused inquiries, but they could only tell her a tale of mystery.—Soon after their arrival at Boston he suddenly disappeared, and notwithstanding all their efforts they had obtained no clue to his fate. They had searched for him among the wounded and slain after the battle, but he was no where to be found. A deep and fresh wound was now opened in the heart of the disconsolate maiden; instead of returning to the hamlet the messenger of joy, she sought her father's house, that she might hide herself, and give vent to all the agony of her feelings. The news came like a bolt of death to his parents, and the whole village was again thrown into sadness and mourning. Month after month glided away, and as his friends could gain no information respecting him, the impression became general that he must have met his fate in some sudden and mysterious manner. Meanwhile the country was passing through various reverses of fortune—victory and defeat, hope and despair, followed hard upon each other. The colonies were kept in constant agitation by the levying of troops, and the marching of armies. And when at last the voice of Freedom echoed along each valley and mountain, diffusing gladness through every city and hamlet in the land, it awoke but a faint and feeble joy in the minds of those who like Harriet mourned the loss of all they held dear upon earth. The flush of health had now gone from her cheek, and despair was preying upon her soul. She felt but little interest in what was passing around her. Her friends and neighbors saw with deep solicitude this flower of youth and beauty sinking to an early grave. Still she exhibited no traces of disease; the hectic glow of consumption never played upon her cheek—her countenance wore only a pale and saddened expression of care and melancholy. She sought out the solitary retreat, and found her highest pleasure in being alone—

"She strewed her thoughts along the gale,
She gave her heart to earth and sky,
To trees her life's fantastic tale
Was known—but not to mortal eye."

She loved to stray upon the banks of the little stream that ran
through the village, and gaze for hours upon its fleeting current.
* * * * *

One evening about a month after the cessation of hostilities between these colonies and Great Britain, a stranger was seen descending the path which conducted into the village where lies the scene of our story. The arrival of a traveler, as we have already intimated, was regarded in those days as an event of no little importance. As he was descending the hill, it was observed that he frequently stopped, and seemed wrapped in meditation. As he entered the village his eye was riveted for one moment upon this spot, and then upon that, in a manner strange and unaccountable. As the villagers pressed around to bid him a hospitable welcome to their cottages, they soon discovered in his countenance the features of the long lost Edward. The surprise which they manifested at beholding one who in effect had risen to them from the grave, was only equalled by the joy which he felt in standing once more by the home of his youth, and gazing upon forms and faces familiarized to him by all the recollections of his early days. He inquired for his parents, and his countenance lightened up with gladness when he was told that they were yet alive. He inquired for Harriet, but ere they had time to tell him the story of her faithful love she was in his arms. He wept as he gazed upon the melancholy languor of her countenance, and her weak and emaciated form. His story was soon told—soon after his arrival at Boston, he formed the project of going by night alone in disguise into the enemy's quarters, to gather information which might be of use to the Americans; he was discovered by an accident, taken prisoner, and carried into the province of Upper Canada. He had here received kind treatment, but the distress occasioned by absence from his friends, and the desire to aid his suffering country had gradually worn upon his health. The exchange of prisoners which immediately followed the treaty of peace, set him again at liberty, and he traveled on foot to the place of his nativity. The joy which these lovers felt at meeting, after so long a period of disappointment and disaster, shall remain undescribed. The cheek of Harriet soon exhibited the ruddy glow of health, and her mind attained its wonted elasticity and cheerfulness. In the quiet vale where they had seen so much of sorrow, they lived to ripe old age, blessed with a good name and domestic peace.

ARION.

(From the German of A. W. Schlegel.)

ARION was the king of song; the harp ne'er left his hand,
An ever-welcome guest was he, the joy of every land.
In days of old, with store of gold, he left Tarentum's shore,
To see his darling native land, his lovely Greece once more.

He longs to see his noble friends, and Corinth's prince again,
Who, ere to foreign lands he went, had begged him to remain:
"To rest thee in my peaceful court, do not," he said, "refuse;
The precious treasures here obtained, 'mong strangers thou may'st lose."

"A wand'rer's life," Arion said, "befits a poet free;
Still may my heaven-inspired art prove countless joys to thee.
Those gifts so well deserved, will I enjoy in future days,
When I have gained in foreign lands a world's undying praise."

He paced the deck the second morn; the heavens still were fair,
"O Periander in my arms forget thine idle care!
Rich votive offerings will we bring to every deity;
And with a throng of happy guests keep joyous jubilee."

While wind and tide were tranquil, to the crew no thought he gave;
Too much in man he trusted, too little in the wave.
He hears amid that greedy band a low and murm'ring sound,
And soon they cry, with gesture fierce, as they the bard surround.

"Thy doom is fixed Arion; thou didst desire a grave
Afar from land. Here must thou die: leap then into the wave!"
"And would ye slay me thus?—nay, take my gold and let me live;
Gladly for life and liberty, would I my treasure give."

"No! no! we cannot spare thy life, to be destroyed by thee;
When to the king thy tale is told, ah! whither shall we flee?
What use were all thy gold to us, when to our happy home,
For fear of Periander we never more might come."

"Then grant me but this one request, (no more for life ask I,)
As I have lived a poet, so a poet let me die:
When I have sung my death song, and waked once more the lyre,
Then farewell life and light of day, thus will I here expire."

His prayer hath nothing moved them; 'twas his gold they thought on then;
But yet desire to hear his lyre came o'er those savage men.
"And will ye listen quietly, while o'er the strings I run,
And let me die in poet's garb, as fits Apollo's son?"

The youth has clad his noble limbs in gold and purple all,
And to his feet his shining robe in many a fold doth fall;
His sleeves are clasped with gems of price, his flower-scented hair
Flows lightly down, in graceful curls, o'er neck and forehead fair.

The lyre is in his left hand grasped, the plectrum in his right;
The harp-strings dally with the breeze and glitter in the light:
The sailor band in wonder stand, while forward stepping, he
Looked down, with mien unruffled, on the darkly flowing sea.

"Companion of my lay," he sang, "come, follow me below!
The raging hound of Orcus, the power of song shall know:
Ye heroes of Elysium, that 'scaped the pains of hell!
You soon as brothers shall I greet, with you forever dwell.

"But can ye me from sorrow free? I leave my friend above,
Who found his lost Eurydice, yet won not back his love;
For what his magic song had gained, his rashness took away:
She vanished swift, and he was left to curse the light of day.

"I must away—I fear not death—the gods look down on me,
And for this deed of villainy, accursed may ye be!
The guest that cometh to your arms, ye nymphs of ocean save!"
Thus sprang the king of poets into the briny wave.

He sank—his murderers sailed away, secure from every fear;
But by his magic lay allured, the finny tribe drew near,
And from the wave a dolphin good uplifted him, and bore
The poet from the jaws of death, safe to his native shore.

"Farewell, beloved dolphin! when can we meet again?
My home is on the quiet land, thine on the rolling main:
Full often in her watery sports shall Galatea fair;
Thee as her holy fav'rite choose, her form divine to bear."

As eager to return was he, as he had been to go;
And soon he stood in joyful mood, old Corinth's towers below:
He thought not of the treasure, by villains from him ta'en,
For lyre and song and noble friends did yet to him remain.

"I come again, my friend," he cried, "from wand'ring wearily;
My heaven-inspired art shall yet prove countless joys to thee:
Those gifts so well deserved were left amid a traitor band,
But I have won eternal fame in many a foreign land."

Then to the wond'ring monarch, his strange escape he told:
"And shall such deeds unpunished go, while I the scepter hold?
Let nought be known—conceal thyself, and silent here remain,
That we may take them unawares, when they return again."

And now to port the sailors come, and to the court draw near :
 "What tidings of Arion? I would that he were here!
 Say, why returned he not with you?"—the monarch thus demands.
 "We left him in Tarentum safe." "See! there Arion stands!"

"His noble limbs are richly clad in gold and purple all,
 And to his feet his shining robe in many a fold doth fall;
 His sleeves are clasped with gems of price, his flower-scented hair
 Flows lightly down, in graceful curls, o'er neck and forehead fair.

"The lyre is in his left hand grasped, the plectrum in his right."
 All thunder-struck to earth they fall, astonished at the sight:
 "And him we would have murdered! sure, a very god is he;
 Oh! open earth and cover us, for this our treachery!"

"The king of song yet lives: the gods protect the poet good:
 Arion for no vengeance calls—he asks not for your blood:
 Go hide you in some foreign land, ye slaves of sordid gold!
 No more to hear those strains divine to which your hearts were cold."

THE FATE OF GENIUS;

OR,

A SKETCH OF MY FRIEND P—.

CHAPTER II.

A LOVELY spot was that where my friend P— resided, a spot now consecrated by the recollections which hang around the closing scenes of a student's life, and a spot, too, where the student well might choose to die. The house was situated upon a considerable eminence, and commanded the full prospect of one of those limited valleys, which mingle together in so much harmony sentiments of the beautiful and the sublime. There was the grassy plain, garbed in the green of maiden spring; and around were the sloping hills, darkly shaded with the rich luxuriance of the new verdure. There was the fall of the waters, and the eye tired not as it followed their course through the plain. The scenery was all little less than enchantment,

"For the queen of the spring, as she passed o'er the vale,
 Left her robe on the trees, and her health on the gale."

My friend and I loved to admire these scenes, and from him at least, they often called forth sentiments of poetic thought, and led his mind away on the daring wing of imagination. We loved to

see, in the morning, the white fog rising along the course of the stream, spreading itself over the valley and plain below us, and gradually ascending higher and higher, until nothing was left in view but the chimney tops of the dwellings, the slender spire of the antiquated church, and the graceful shade trees which surrounded it. Thus having curtailed the scene from our eyes, while the sun was preparing his course, the fog would pass away, leaving in view a thousand objects which are wont to "brighten in the muse's smile," but which not even divine Poesie could describe, with the power and the interest which my sensitive mind experienced, the more sensitive then from my intercourse with a sick and sometimes melancholy friend.

"These scenes are to me the images of life," said P—, one day as we were contemplating these things; "these scenes are to me the images of life, but not of *my* life, *that* is but the shadow of yonder cloud passing rapidly across these delightful visions—the mere shadow of a shade. Fleeting, transient as that,"—continued he, but an indefinable emotion choked his utterance, and the sentence was left unfinished.

"How beautiful is this mundane world of ours! how charming to the senses!" said I, after a momentary pause, hoping to lead his mind into a more cheerful mood.

"Ay, beautiful it is!" he feelingly replied, "and therefore the less fitted to satisfy a mind like mine,—the less inviting to repose. The influence of such scenery," he continued, "what is it? Is it not to uncover the secret sources of emotion; and to bring into action all the latent energies of the soul? Are not all things here surrounded with a spiritual atmosphere, in which genius breathes a newer life, and which enables the mind to throw from it all that is earthly, and to rise in bright abstractions to that which is great, and fair, and brilliantly glorious? Here I can witness all the vicissitudes of nature; from the changes in the flower garden, to those of the wide landscape; from the sunshine and the calm, to the thick darkness and the storm of a thousand voices and thundings."

My friend went on to illustrate the aspiring tendencies of the cultivated mind, by a familiar reference to the feelings which a view of ——— falls would awaken in a common observer. He pictured out the beholder as leaving the impure world behind him, and for the first time approaching that beautiful succession of falls. I fancied I saw the awe-struck mortal standing there, his whole soul kindling with emotion at the sight. I saw him advancing along the steep and rocky cliff, until a second and a third cascade were sparkling and leaping down the rocks before him. I saw him, with a constantly increasing curiosity to see and to know, creeping along the narrow, dangerous path, leaving another and another cascade behind, until nature herself prohibited

his farther advance. Here while the beautiful behind him is curtained from his view, by the drapery of the sublime around and above him, and while the din of the waterfall pours music into his soul,—his imagination refuses thus to stop. She spreads her boldest pinions, and, urged forward by all that is, and has been seen and heard, she leaves the dark “hell of waters” beneath, and the brilliant rainbows, and presses on to other falls, and others still, in quick succession, until she herself can go no farther, and lingers awhile upon a well-poised wing, to cap the climax with the Elysian fields of another Paradise.

“And thus,” continued P—, “it is with the active, educated mind. Having escaped from the darkness of ignorance, it rises by a similar succession of steps, and with the like increasing curiosity to see and to know, until the bright fields of science are open wide before it. And thus has it been with me. I have ever loved to commune with the winds, and the waves, and the glittering stars; yet not so much to dwell upon these as to soar beyond them, and to trace out

‘The hidden soul of harmony,’

which binds the universe together. Here, too, in this seclusion from the busy throng, and in spite of the frailties of my corporeal nature, my mind refuses to remain at rest. A thousand thoughts come crowding into it,

‘Which lure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.’

A thousand objects excite thrilling and intense emotions; and all the symphonies of earth find an echo in the heart. And when the mind is under the influence of such an inspiration, there is nothing too high, nothing too daring, for it to attempt. It seeks to rise above its earthly co-mate, and aspires even to a perfect knowledge of all that hath ever yet been reached by the most distant glimpses of mortal ken. It goes on, in the pursuit, from beauty to beauty, and from grandeur to grandeur, and rises higher, and higher still, ever surveying new wonders, and exploring new worlds of thought, until, when it can go no farther, it, also, rests on an untired wing before the throne of the Infinite and Eternal, and pays its homage there. Such is the nature of educated mind.”

“And how is this?” said I. “Is not the influence of such scenery as you have here, peculiarly favorable to the invalid student, in leading his mind away from his books? And is it not from these he most of all needs to escape?”

“Would that it were so,” he replied,—“would that it were possible to call back the active powers of one’s mind from their toilsome flight, and to put them to rest, for a season at least, in quiet slumber! But it is not so,—the torrent is not to be restrained thus easily in its course. And you—are you a student,

and have yet to learn that the mind which loves to exercise itself in mere book-knowledge, so intensely as to induce disease upon the body, will be the less interested, the less inclined to exercise, when it comes to examine truths and things themselves, instead of the comparatively dry details and speculations of others? If such be the effect of those faint glimmerings which fall from the lamp in another's tomb, what must not be the effect of nature's sun, at whose source such lamps are lighted! And to close one's eyes against such light, and to lie down in darkness!—would that it were possible, did I say? No, no! I would not it were possible, for it is the beacon of the soul, to light it on its way to heaven! But it is not possible, and the mind will continue assimilating itself to the eternal Mind from which it emanated.

“And O, how little did my friends know!” continued P—; “how little did my physician know, of the human mind, and of its connection with the body! How foolish, how absurd, to suppose that one whose very soul is hankering after hidden lore, can withdraw his mind from the pursuit and be at rest. Ay, little did they understand my mind, else they had not so dealt with me! What though I have not here the printed page of the classics?—the great book of nature is ever open before me, a book not of words but of pictures, and not of pictures merely, but of realities, and I cannot, no, I cannot restrain my mind from prying into her mystery of beauties, and, from her, soaring upward to her God!”

From the increasing warmth of feeling which my friend now began to manifest, and from the probable effect of too much mental excitement, I watched my opportunity to change the subject of conversation to one of more ordinary interest to him. He himself, however, introduced it again soon after, speaking with more and more animation, as his remarks had a more particular reference to his own experience and present condition; but these remarks are reserved for the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

“Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops,
Shining in the far ether,—fire the air
With a reflected radiance.”—*Bryant.*

WERE they clouds? Ay, bright clouds they were, and bright was the radiance they reflected, as they gathered around the invalid student; but to him they were not clouds;—they were pillars of ethereal fire, reaching from the earth up—up—upward still to the far heavens. And he—I saw him like Dedalus on waxen wings, in vain attempting to soar up thither; and as I

gazed, as I tried to dissuade him from the rash attempt, I was one of those whose hearts,

—" like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

But why this mimic poesy of thought? "Come, come," said my friend, taking my arm, "go with me to the green cluster of trees in yonder coppice, a spot full of delights to me. I often resort to it after gazing upon these other scenes which you so much admire, and there, alone with nature and with God, 'tis sweet to offer up my humble orisons. I do not mean that there is much there to please the fancy; but the seclusion and solitude of the place have a charm for me, they breathe an influence so consonant with my own feelings. There is enough to cheer. In the pure air of morning, the bubbling of this gentle rill now sparkling at our feet, sounds beautifully there, as it winds among the trees. At noon, I love to listen to the song of some retiring bird amid the green foliage, beneath whose shade I sit. And at evening's sabbath hour, when stillness is among

" the trees,
Whose branches by the lulling breeze
Are rock'd to rest,"

the spirit of contemplation breathes into all the chambers of the soul.

"Yes," he continued, as we sat down upon a moss-covered stone, "this is to me a delightful, a sacred place. It is like those 'earliest places of human worship among the Arabs, around which there dwells a guardian sanctity, where the wild bird rests not, and where the wild beast may not wander;' and yet it is a place in which I feel that I am daily wasting away life's energies."

"And how is this?" said I. "Surely you have not *here* such an infinity of subjects as to be lost in their midst; and you are in no danger of being baffled by their greatness, or perplexed and bewildered by their darkness and intricacy. But here you may call home your wandering thoughts, and enjoy in yourself an undisturbed repose."

"Ay, ay, to enjoy in myself repose!" rejoined he. "Go, talk to the astronomer about repose, when he retires from the observatory to his closet, to go through a long and intricate process of mathematical reasonings! But it is not so; and that repose which consists in a freedom from mental exercise, I find not here in this my loved retreat. What though I may call back my thoughts from wandering in unknown and unfrequented regions! what though I may not bring in with me here the external world! yet is it not true, that the mental vision becomes the more strong and

and clear, and the more intently fixed on the objects of sight, when those objects are withdrawn from the bodily eye? And is not the mind the more capable then, like that of Milton, of seeing inwardly, and fathoming its own depths? The immortal mind!—yes, in it there are depths which no human thought hath ever yet sounded; recesses which no human eye hath ever yet explored; passions and affections which have never yet been fully understood; and it is here that I oftenest find myself perplexed and lost, even when at home, as you say, in my own soul.”

In the conversation that followed, my friend compared the stillness of his woodland retreat to the silence of the night, and then descanted freely upon the superiority of night as a time for mental exercise. He did not believe those sacred hours were ever intended to be spent in sleep, to the exclusion of all toil, especially mental toil. The practice of men could be accounted for on other and more rational grounds. In the earlier periods of the world, before the intellectual powers began to be cultivated, it was natural for man to divide his whole time between action and sleep; action, to gain the means of subsistence, or in mere animal pleasures, and sleep only as a grateful respite. Of course, as the day was the best suited for such action, the night would be left for slumber.

But, if the opinions of the vulgar world were correct, why was it that, during the deep stillness of night, the mind is more easily abstracted from all foreign subjects, and fixed on the object of its contemplations? Why was it, that creative genius rarely wakes at other hours? Why, that imagination is more vigorous then? And why the reason more active in its powers? He saw proofs for his belief, also, in the blue bespangled firmament; in the smooth sea embosomed in sapphires; in the star-lit sublimity of mountain scenery, and in a thousand other objects and circumstances of the out-door world. What though other eyes than the student's were all closed in sleep, even in nature's stillest and serenest hours? What though there was then no voice of man, or beast, or bird? Did nature sleep? Were the trees *slumbering* in their branches,—the leaves and the flowers on their stems? Did the breezes rest from fatigue?

Or was it not true, rather, that while the spirit of Devotion passed by, all these wished to unite with her in silent adoration, before the unveiled glories of an unseen and almighty Power? And should not man worship too? Should he, who cannot steadfastly behold the sun in his brightness, refuse also to look upon those mighty orbs, upon which alone he has the privilege and the power to look with an undimmed eye? Why did those preachers of beauty come forth night after night by thousands in the sky, and light up the world with their smiles, if not that man

should read in them his happiness, and through them look up to nature's God? Surely, to say that their wondrous tale was to remain unread by the only beings on earth capable of a rational enjoyment of them, and the hours in which they stand forth to be wasted in sleep, were little less than to say they were made in vain! Night was indeed the time for intellect to throw from it all that is earthly; for the thoughts to glance off into futurity and interminable space; night, the time for genius to kindle with enthusiasm; night, the time for poetic fancy to soar free, and night the time for communion with the world unseen!

Our conversation turning again upon the thoughts and feelings inspired by the solitude and stillness of his retirement,—“Can you not of yourself,” said I, “break away from these absorbing thoughts, especially when you yourself acknowledge that they are preying upon your very vitals? Indeed, is it not unworthy, nay, more, is it not sinful in you to indulge such melancholy thoughts and feelings as you sometimes manifest, when all else is so cheerful, and when nature herself bids you be glad? Is it not wrong in you thus to allow your mind to dwell continually upon any one topic, whether of things around or within you, and to attempt to soar into the forbidden regions of science, when its pinions have become so fatigued and worn, that they refuse to perform their office? Why not allow your mind to rest, and yourself to smile in the smiles of the world, that your soul may have time to replume her wings, and you be fitted to resume your toils?”

“I thank you for that query,” said he, starting as with a new emotion, “I thank you for that word about the soul, and wings replumed; but you are mistaken, my friend, in supposing that the mind *by* action is unfitted *for* action. It is true that there is a connection between the mind and the body, and that the latter sympathizes with the former in all its ailments; but it is not equally true that the former sympathizes with the latter in all *its* ailments. The vigor of the mind often increases as that of the body declines. So it has been with me,” said P——, “and I rejoice that it is so; for, while my outward frame is wasting away with disease, and its pleasures pall upon the senses, the pleasures of the mind grow bright, and brighter still, it may be, to be sure, to pass, like the dews of the morn, the more quickly away. But if my joys are of short duration, they are the sweeter while they last; and as for me, give me the feeble frame, if necessary, with a mind active in its energies, and capable of rising above the dull routine of worldly nothings; but O, give me not the iron constitution, if with it I must have also the stupid and sluggish mind of the dolt!

“Ill health has indeed its sorrows, its sufferings, but it has also its consolations,—and never, O, never!” continued my friend, his

face brightening with emotion as he spoke, "never have I had such strong desires *to know* as at present; and those desires increase as my bodily powers fail—and never, never has my mind felt so desirous of action, so like a bird trembling on the wing for a start into the boundless regions of the unknown!"

"Ay, and it soon will start, I fear," said I, "but not like the bird to return again!"

"It may be so," he replied thoughtfully, "nay it must be so. I feel that the waters of my life are oozing away drop by drop, and that all that I now am must soon be wrapped in silence and desolation. And how can I help it? The mind is so constituted as never to be satisfied with any present attainments, and though it may go on, and on, and onward forever toward perfection, it can never fully reach the goal, can never be fully satisfied until it quits this world of sense. It may be, however, that the mind of the *unenlightened* is satisfied; but it is only because it is in darkness, and is unconscious of the existence of light. But with him who has once beheld the bright beamings of science, it is not so. His mind expands in knowledge, and its desires become burning and ardent—and those desires ever increase as the field of vision opens before him. The object of them, like the rainbow, is still beyond him."

"But does not happiness consist in being satisfied?" said I. "And if so, why not adopt at once the sentiment of the poet,

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,'

and so shut out from your mind the light that excites so many strong desires which are never to be gratified, especially when they are so injurious to health!"

"Ah!" was the reply, "common sense will show the inappropriateness of that sentiment here. And besides, what would that man be whose desires were all gratified? How little enjoyment could he find in the society of the world! Its friendship he must forfeit, and be content with envy in its stead. His prospects in life—but, we are becoming metaphysical; so let us return to the wings replumed, and self-fitted for the renewal of toils."

Here my friend brought the subject of our conversation back again, to the disposition of his own mind to rise higher and higher in its exercise. Why, he asked, had God given him that most unquenchable of all desires, the desire to know, if not that it might be gratified? Why did He suffer him, like a creature famishing for want of food, to hunger and thirst after truth? Why had He placed within him that restless curiosity, those ever active thoughts, unless that the little which he knew of things beneath, around, above him, should incite him the more earnestly to seek after the things which are unknown, the wonders which are not

revealed? Would the creator have given to the eagle, 'the terrors of his beak, and lightning of his eye,' if he had been designed to be content with the chicken's instinct. Why were we ourselves so fearfully and wonderfully made, if our faculties were to lie dormant, our energies to be stifled in their cradle? As for himself, he believed we were to enlarge and purify our souls by the contemplation of the handy-works of the Almighty. And the spirit of contemplation he found in the woods, in the breezes, in the birds and the flowers. It was in the storm and the whirlwind. It dwelt in the rainbow, for that was the bow of promise, and led the mind beyond it into the dim and shadowy future. If not intended to illumine and invigorate the nobler part of our nature, to refine and ennoble it, why were enkindled in our hearts these holy flames of the affections, these earnest longings and aspirations of the inner man?

"And to check the soul," said P—, "in its desires, and in its attempts to rise, because, forsooth, the mortal frame is hampered with disease! As well might we hope with chains and clogs to quench the desires of the young eagle to fly, because he can only chafe his wings, and waste his strength in vain attempts to rise! But will he for all that, see any thing the less to tempt him to the skies, or will he make any the less effort to soar to his native heights? And is the human mind less ethereal in its constitution, less fitted to soar than the inferior race of birds: No! and they may cage me up, as they have done, here amid the mountains, and they may chain my spirit down, but no, they cannot, they cannot confine it; they cannot prevent it from rising on its own wing, and soaring into its native regions of thought! Its desires will still be as strong and unquenchable, and its powers as active as ever, although its earth-born tenement may tremble and totter to its base! Ay, *I feel the impulse within me, and it must be obeyed*, though health and even life should fail!"

Such were some of the expressions of the invalid upon one of the many subjects about which we conversed; but by the *manner* in which they were spoken—"now rising," in the words of another, "as if endowed with the strength of a giant, and now sinking as if the weight of a feather would oppress him; his eye now almost vacant, and now flashing lightning; his countenance running through all the intermediate shades, from a tomb-like paleness to the full flush, with which an over active disease delights to disguise her victims, ere the grand masquerade of death;"—by his manner my own feelings were touched, and I felt, when I bade him adieu, that I had been listening to the words of a dying man.

RECOLLECTED MUSIC.

A sound breaks forth ; hark ! yes it is that well remember'd tone,
Awak'ning with its echoes sweet, a rapture long unknown :
The voice of other days seem blent in that deep melting strain ;
The sound which but in Fancy's ear can charm the soul again.

Like sudden hum of waterfall, the way-worn pilgrims hear,
While journeying through the wilderness, all desolate and drear :
Or as the gush of airy harp at summer-day's farewell,
Soft wraps the heart the melodies in that enchanting swell ;

And stealing o'er the pensive thought, what power mysterious falls,
What beauteous visions of the past remembrance bright recalls ;
In all their life and freshness rise the known, the loved of yore,
And beam those faces, long since cold, with smiles that once they wore.

In wild imagination spring the scenes of youth's fair day,
Ere frigid wax'd the fervent heart, or hope had known decay ;
Ere sad experience chased the dreams that fill'd the ardent mind,
And woke the wretched man to mourn the ruins left behind.

Flow on sweet strains ! ah, now 'tis hush'd, the fitful sound has gone,
Like Peri's song o'er starlit main ere dark the storm comes on ;
Brief as those scenes whose ecstasy it waken'd in the heart :
So all our joys, with transient ray, just glimmer and depart.

B.

PAPACY.

MUCH has been said and much written at the present day, against the Roman Catholic religion. Not many years have elapsed, since there was general excitement upon this subject throughout the religious community. Zealous partisans were not wanting, who seemed to favor the opening of a regular crusade for the entire extermination of that venerable (venerable for its antiquity, we mean,) and once powerful sect. The old differences and disputes, that once divided the Christian church, seemed about to be revived, and set in agitation, with all the earnestness and zeal of the early reformers. Even intelligent Protestants appeared to entertain real fears lest the "mother of abominations" should succeed in establishing her pretended claims to universal and undivided dominion in spiritual affairs. It was pretended, even with the appearance of good faith, that she had begun to array her learning, zeal, and ability, with renewed vigor,

against her old antagonist, and it was hinted, that unless the Protestant church should take speedy measures to put itself into a posture of defense, its overthrow was certain; at least, serious inroads would be made upon its domains.

But, it seems to us, that all fears in respect to the reëstablishment of Catholicism in this or any other enlightened and christian land, are wholly idle and groundless. The truth is, the great battle between the Catholic and Protestant has already been fought, and the contest between them should be regarded as fully and finally settled. The beginning of the reformation was the period at which this conflict opened. The reformation itself was the point around which rallied the opposing forces of these two great divisions of the church. On both sides were displayed uncommon ability, acuteness, zeal, and firmness. The struggle was long and manful, and it shook Europe to its center. A power was called into intense action, that heaved society from its foundations, and from it went forth an influence which reached every department of effort, and every form of thought.

Ecclesiastical history is little else than the mournful record of the strifes and mutual accusations which sprung from this deeply agitating controversy. The claims of the Catholic religion were strongly set before the world. The deep corruptions of papal institutions were dragged forth and exposed by the prying zeal of Protestant reformers. They did not stop here; the probe of examination was carried even to the heart of the Romish hierarchy, and diseased principles were found to lie there. These, too, were put to the test of fearless discussion—were fairly and lucidly canvassed. The result was, a decided conviction unfavorable to papal principles. The world has voted their suppression and fall, and no power on earth can reverse the decision.

If, however, any considerations were needed to show the impossibility of ever realizing those fears which are soberly entertained, that popery may one day gain the ascendancy, plant its institutions, build up its establishments, and exercise its tyranny in this free republic, they might be drawn from the character of the age, and the nature of papal principles. If there is any thing remarkable in the present age, it is that tendency or movement of the people towards the liberation of the human mind. Men now will not bear mental oppression in any of its slightest forms. Freedom of thought, and freedom of speech, are confidently claimed as man's inalienable prerogatives. All subjects, religious as well as those relating to philosophy and politics, are open to free and manly discussion. No man need, no man ought, to take his religious opinions upon trust. If there be any subject which demands the exercise of his unbiased judgment, and his liberty of free inquiry, religion is that subject. It is a subject which above all others ought to be sacred from man's interference. It is a matter

which lies between every individual and his Maker—between God and his own soul, and no one can officiously thrust himself in and put them asunder without doing violence to man's highest and holiest privilege.

Christianity, in a former age, was immured in the cell of the monk and hooded in the cowl; it was confined under the jealous guardianship of a bigoted priesthood, by whom it was dealt out to mankind with a sparing hand. But now it is free from that iron bondage, it has come forth into the broad and open day to bless, exalt, and purify human nature. It goes with man into the busy scenes of life, and bears sway over the individual heart and conduct.

Will it be supposed, then, that this freedom of opinion once possessed, this companionship with Christianity once enjoyed, can be readily yielded up? Will not the Church of Rome here find an insuperable barrier?

Intellectual light every where diffused, the universal tendency of civilization, the general spread of liberal views, will set at defiance all attempts to legislate for men's consciences, and to tyrannize over men's souls.

When we see the free citizens of a free, united, and happy republic, yielding without resistance their dearest political rights and privileges, and bow in willing submission to the commands of sceptered tyranny, we may, perhaps, expect to see the republic of mind resign its right to think for itself, disclaim its privilege and noble duty of free inquiry and unlimited research, submit to human authority and dictation in spiritual concerns, and passively acknowledge the sway of the miter and crosier, as a legitimate and rightful supremacy, but not till then. The world has gone too far to recede; man will not, after once breaking away from thralldom, seek again his shackles. After he has once advanced to the light and the truth, he will not turn back to darkness and sorrow. The eye once purged of its film does not long for the blinding cataract, but rather rejoices in the light. So man once free from a degrading vassalage, congratulates himself on his enfranchisement, swells to the full measure of his liberty, and opens wide his eye for a larger view and a broader horizon.

In the second place, popish principles are adverse to man's progress as a moral being, and therefore cannot stand in this age of moral improvement. That man is endowed with unbounded and indestructible capacities of knowledge, improvement, and happiness, no one will doubt. Endless progress, and perpetual growth, are plainly the laws of his being. That he is by nature a religious being, we think, is equally plain.

He has spiritual faculties and capacities which constitute the foundation of his religion. He has an interior sentiment, that disposes him to worship some power above himself. This senti-

ment is supposed to be natural, because we see it is universal, common to every age, and at every stage of civilization. Abused, misdirected, degraded, it often is ; for sometimes we see it prostrate before stocks and stones, and now adoring the hosts of heaven ; in one age it deifies virtue, in another man ; but here is the sentiment still, capable of being developed and directed aright, and the result is religion. Christianity addresses itself to this sentiment, and its legitimate effects are to quicken it into life, feed its growth, and promote its expansion. Left to the nourishment of pure Christianity, it will go forward increasing without measure and without end. But it is one of the central principles of the Romish church, that man is bound to submit to human authority in matters of religious faith and practice. This is a principle which has spread its pernicious influence far and wide, for it contains the very elements of spiritual bondage.

Under the auspices of this principle you may hammer out your creeds, construct your formularies of faith, issue the decrees of pontiffs, and proclaim the decisions of councils. But it should be remembered, that when the religious nature is taught to rely upon the outward form of belief as the ultimate authority, all further progress will be at an end. This naturally progressive sentiment will feel a restraint, your creed is a dead power of fixture upon the soul.

It finds itself hemmed in by an enclosure strongly guarded, and under the direction of a power fearfully sanctioned, which it must break away from or remain forever unprogressive. The Bible is the only creed which man can desire. This is one that he may rely upon ; and it is one, and the only one, that is adapted to his nature. Creeds of human invention he may outgrow, but this will be found to accommodate itself wonderfully to all the different stages of his progress and attainments, from his first gropings in infancy to that surprising energy that emulates superior natures. Upon this book his understanding should be permitted to act with all its native freedom. It must not be repelled from this noblest province of thought by the strong arm of the church. Here he will find an ample scope for its highest energies and largest views. Whenever the understanding is shut out from that ennobling action, which it is called to put forth upon this highest of all subjects of human interest, and that reciprocal influence that comes from the instructions of heaven ; whenever and wherever the religious sentiment is controlled by human authority, there can be but a small measure of attainment in the Christian life. Hence we see how poor and barren are the conceptions formed by one, who has lived from early life under the enslaving influences of Catholicism, concerning the principles and duties that belong to the true Christian character. How feeble the moral principle, how benighted the understanding relative to the great essential truths of the Bible.

Other principles might be examined whose necessary tendency is to enslave the mind and retard the growth of our moral nature. But enough has been said, we trust, to show the folly of indulging in those fearful apprehensions in regard to the spread of the Roman Catholic religion. Indeed, all those fears of danger from the prevalence of the Catholic faith should be looked upon as among the wildest dreams of fanaticism.

There is, however, abroad in some communities, how extensively we cannot say, a spirit of persecution towards the Catholics which savors badly of intolerance. This spirit deserves a withering rebuke from every one who bears the Christian name. It cannot be justified or countenanced on any grounds whatever. A feeling of intolerance is a state of mind wholly unchristian. Such a mind can claim no fellowship with that mild dispensation which breathes from every page forbearance, charity and love towards all men. If there is any peculiar feature in that system of truth, promulgated for the first time a little more than eighteen hundred years ago, that stands out with a marked prominence and gives to that system an original and distinctive character, it is the expansive benevolence which it breathes towards all mankind, the idea it inculcates of the universal brotherhood of the whole human race.

It has been well said of its founder, "that he was the first who died a martyr to his love of mankind. His life was the first revelation of pure philanthropy. He was the first who, sinking all considerations of friends, country, creed, sect, party, class, people, could let the fountains of his love overflow for simple humanity." Whenever we see the manifestations of a persecuting, intolerant spirit, we think we have reason to fear that something is wrong, Christianity cannot have done its appropriate work.

Now as much as we may be disposed to shut our eyes upon the fact, it is undoubtedly true that some of the worst features of the Roman Catholic religion have been softened down by the progress of liberal views. Every sect in Christendom has been affected more or less by the general enlargement of thought, and the less embarrassed modes of inquiry; and no candid man will deny that the church of Rome has shared in the changes which have modified other institutions of society.

In the preceding ages of darkness and submissive ignorance, the pope made pretensions to supreme temporal and spiritual power on earth, and he even denounced and punished as a "damnable heretic" who would not concede to this monstrous assumption; but now what intelligent Catholic would not smile with contempt upon the charge of heresy, for disavowal of the pope's unqualified supremacy.

The independence of the secular on the spiritual power was long ago maintained by professed Catholics. Infallibility is deni-

ed to the Roman Pontiff. Moreover the statements and declarations developed in recent controversies, go to show that many other ancient absurdities are extensively regarded by Catholics as obsolete errors.

These improvements, these gradual steps towards a more thorough reform, should be hailed by all as happy omens. Let us be generous enough to acknowledge all signs of change for the better among our Catholic brethren. It is certainly the duty of Christians to endeavor to conciliate and win back those whom they suppose to be in error, by Christian courtesy and kindness, rather than by a repulsive bigotry and arrogance, seek to widen the breach between them. The world is now, one would suppose, heartily tired of the accusations and animosities of these two divisions of the church. These unhallowed strifes should now be permitted to slumber. In God's name, let not the sleeping ashes of controversy again be raked open, and the feeble, flickering embers of unholy contention be fanned into a blaze. The past history of the church furnishes a commentary sufficiently humiliating, one would think, to deter men for the future.

Instances stand recorded there of more than savage persecution, a persecution which sought the blood of its victim; of blind and unguarded zeal, intoxicated with religious phrenzy; of bigoted intolerance, that made dungeon bars for the mind, and put fetters on the soul. These stand as perpetual monuments of reproach, not to Christianity, but to those who disgrace and abuse her holy name. We would not be supposed to lament the reformation in which these abuses originated. It was a long stride in the onward course of general improvement. It was a praiseworthy struggle of the mind to throw off its chains and burdens; but we do lament that man's vices so often bore sway, and that the heated passions were permitted to misdirect and delude, when the dictates of sober reason, the monitions of an enlightened conscience, and the suggestions of a pious heart, would have guided to richer and more honorable results. R....

THE UNLOVED ONE.

"None did love him."—*Byron*.

BENEATH a moss-clad tower
 An aged wanderer stood,
 The knitting brow and firm clenched hand
 Told of a fearful mood.
 There were children sporting near,
 And their laugh rung loud and free;

He turned away from those witching tones,
 And cursed them bitterly.
 His words fell on that group,
 As frost upon the flower,
 And with breathless haste they sought their homes,
 At that early twilight hour.
 One lingered still; and he,
 A proudly fearless child,
 Who had not moved him from the spot,
 Since he heard those accents wild.
 He stood, till all had fled,
 And he was left alone
 With the pilgrim, who had leant him now
 Against the cold, grey stone.
 Aye! then, unmoved, he spoke—
 "Why dost thou linger here?
 Thou grey haired stranger! tell me now,
 Are there none who love thee near?"
 Then darker grew that brow,
 A laugh rung on the air,
 The dreadful mockery of mirth,
 The laughter of despair.
 "None ever loved me long!
 There's a curse upon my head,
 And affection's kindly, holy dew
 Ne'er on this brow was shed.
 E'en my mother turned from me,
 To bless her younger son;
 And my father—ah! I ne'er from him
 A look of kindness won.
 Exil'd from human love,
 I've wander'd far and wide,
 But this moss-grown stone will mark the spot
 Where the wretched outcast died."
 The boy—he quak'd with fear;
 He—the once dauntless one—
 Who had stood in the grave yard's fearful gloom,
 At the midnight hour, alone;
 Who had seen the pale moon rise
 In the lonely "haunted glen,"
 And had slept as sweet, on the velvet turf,
 As if 'twas the haunt of men—
 Now fled to his cottage home,
 While his lip was pale with fear,
 And he dar'd not whisper the dark tale,
 E'en in his mother's ear.
 The morning sun arose—
 He early sought the spot;
 But a lifeless form before him lay—
 The unlov'd one *was not*.

Y. Y.

MIXUM GATHERUM.

No. III.

"Man is a strange being."—*Passim*.

To the curious, a relation of the strange circumstances under which my uncle obtained possession of the antique manuscript, may not be uninteresting. He thus writes,

My Dear Nephew :

I have lately been delivered out of the very jaws of destruction. My last, as you recollect, was dated at S—, from which rendezvous I was then about to proceed farther into the interior, under protection of a large caravan composed of merchants, artisans, and pilgrims, from every quarter of the globe, and speaking all tongues.

Our journey lay over the great desert. At the giving of the first signal every tent was struck, and all was hurry and bustle for departure. When the second trump rang out its long, loud blast, our guard advanced in front. Then followed with their attendants, the beasts of burden, mules, dromedaries, and elephants, all heavily laden with rich merchandise, pearls, gems, and spices, the costly and precious products of Oriental wealth and grandeur. At last came a motley assemblage of travelers unlike in every respect, save that all were mounted on the fleet and beautiful Arabian. The whole train presented a glorious spectacle. Alas ! little did one of all that moving mass dream of the fate that awaited him !

Our course for many days was uniform, as nothing occurred to annoy us, or hinder our progress. Traveling by day, and encamping at night near some watering-place where we might refresh ourselves and find forage for our beasts, we advanced over the desert at a rapid rate.

It was on the twentieth day after our departure—but the agony, the suffering, the final catastrophe of that twentieth day and following night, no tongue can tell, or language describe. You can expect but a brief account, and that from the only human being of all that multitude, that survived to tell the heart-rending tale ! As far as the eye could reach, all was one parched and barren region. The heat of the sun had for many days been intense, and by it the sand had become exceedingly hot and dry. Before mid-

day the atmosphere had grown unusually sultry and oppressive, and there were threatening indications of some dire calamity. A strange oppression came upon us—something which affected even our beasts. The patient camel would snuff the air, and often cry out for pain, at the same time showing signs of great terror; and the huge elephant thrust his trunk deep into the sand, in vain, in search of something fresh and cooling.

And now the sun poured down his piercing rays in their fiercest, hottest fervor—scorching—scorching! Not a breeze—nor a breath of air, but a dead—dead calm! Oh! that burning, suffocating sensation! The very blood in our veins seemed to boil with heat, and circulate with ten-fold rapidity. Oh! that half were now told. For well we knew what to expect.

At a distance, there seemed gathering a fearful accumulation of wrath—one burning mass of upheaved and whirling sand—borne on before an angry hurricane. Still, all was calm. At this moment, a sound as of the heaving ocean caught my ear—deepening, deafening in its roar. The storm, as on the wings of mighty winds, came rushing on—widening and darkening, and so commingling heaven and earth—yet moving on, as seemed like the black approach of doom! The shrieks of men, accompanying the groans and cries of our beasts, now rend the skies.—We perish! Help! Help!! Oh! The sand! The sand!!

As out of a dream, in which terrific visions of something strange and indefinite had flitted dimly before the mind, I awoke—but not to see the light. Darkness, black, Egyptian darkness, brooded o'er me. I awoke to a sense of pain, of withering, parching thirst—conscious only that some awful calamity had befallen. I groped about in order to obtain some information respecting my companions. There could not be found one vestige of that vast company. Alas! the burning sand had proved their graves. The whirlwind had passed. I groped on, not knowing, and scarcely caring whither—mad, and almost blind with heat and thirst. How long or how far I thus wandered, I know not; but remember only one pleasing sensation, like the idea of something familiar—a sound as of falling water. I rushed on—and 'twas so—a sweet, pure fountain gushing out of a rock! I drank and drank again; and thrice grateful was that draught! Quenching my thirst, I sank down exhausted, and fell into a sweet slumber.

That was the fountain mentioned in my last.

Ever your obliging uncle.

High ho ! I trust, reader, that thou art now *being* in a state of preparation for the continuation of my uncle's translation of

AN ANCIENT CHRONICLE,

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE DIREFUL CONSEQUENCES OF WOMAN'S UNCONQUERABLE PROPENSITIES.

WHEN the last note of the coronation ode had died away in the grove of the Arbama, and the distant hills ceased to echo back the sweet strains of maiden music ; there went up a new shout and a more joyful acclamation from all the people.

When the great Schemarthar, clad in rich robes, led forth from her embankment of flowers the beautiful queen, decked in her white raiment of choice silken texture, that she might receive the homage of her subjects, then again rang with shouts of most thrilling delight the vale of Karsarmar Kerselkolf. They thought she had never before appeared half so beautiful, for there was that expression of soul in her eyes, which far surpasses all the rest of loveliness, and which gave such radiancy to all her charms, and such an intellectual beauty to her countenance, as they had never before seen. As she went through the great assembly, accompanied by the Magi and the loveliest of her fair maidens, she was revered by all.

Old men uncovered their hoary heads and did obeisance. The young raised reverently their eyes, and looking towards the blest plain of Hinare, where once stood the temple of the mighty Rehobah, invoked the spirit of that great seer of old, and called down blessings on their lovely queen. The young women observed a modest demeanor. They wore countenances happy and sparkling. Sometimes they stood in graceful attitudes, clapping their hands for joy—sometimes, as if struck with great admiration, they seemed to indulge their own secret thoughts, and to wrap themselves in their own secret reveries, and anon they showed such wonderful agility, gracefulness and poetry of motion in all their actions, as might rival the graceful nymphs of the fabled fountain. Around ran numerous groups of children, skipping about and scattering the most grateful and fragrant roses that were reared in the flower gardens of Aizu. They were pleased, and there was a satiety of joy. They were perfectly happy, because they saw nothing to make them more so ; and as the present was to them full of bliss, they took no forethought for the future. Every hill and dale and grove and stream of this lovely land seemed most lovely, for the scene was full of beauty, and embodied all their ideality. This was one of those rare occurring scenes wherein is fully realized all that ideal standard of beauty—the mind's own doting picture of loveliness—and that picture was complete. All nature became to them music to the ear and

beauty to the eye. At whatever time they thought of the *decree of Fate*, When your queen shall fall in love the nation shall be destroyed, they felt no fear of evil, for they trusted to her superior virtue, and believed that as she was by far fairer and lovelier than all before her, so she would be more pure and constant than they all. It was not revealed by the great Rehobah, that most far-seeing of all the Magi, in what way they would perish, or how a calamity would come upon them ; yet they as implicitly relied on the truth of the fatal decree as they believed their queen would remain *cold in love*. The tradition was remote, deeply graven in all hearts, and associated with all their destiny ; the fathers taught it to their children from generation to generation, until it had become so familiar to all, that, by common consent, it seemed almost forgotten. This decree was to them a *fate*—a fate which they did not fear, because they thought it could never be realized. As the fair queen passed through the throng with the Magi and her maidens, the great Schemarthar thus lifted up his voice :

Chaste as the moon in the silvery night,
Deck'd in her robes all silken and white,
Look ! Look ! on your virgin queen ;
Proudly and stately she walks o'er the earth,
A shining light to the land of her birth,
In beauty's radiant sheen.

On her snow-white neck, and her golden hair,
On her large dark eye so mild and fair,
So spiritually bright ;
On her sylph-like form, and her high-arched brow,
Look ! Look ! and list as she utters her vow,
Illumed with heavenly light.

Queen sings. ~

If on this cheek there beauty be,
Or charms that win, or tints that glow,
May from this cheek that beauty flee,
And where were smiles, may hot tears flow,
If ever dire propensity
Shall melt to love this heart of snow.

Let the pale blossoms on this brow,
Sweet emblems of my innocence,
And ye who gaze upon me now
With eyes so full of eloquence,
Be witnesses—I make my vow,
In hoping, trembling confidence.

Vow of the queen.

My heart shall be as pure and chaste—
As bosom'd in the welkin's waste,
A vestal star,

That shines on all—for all doth burn,
And not for one doth light her urn,
Flaming afar.

All in a chorus.

Free from sadness and from weeping,
Full of gladness is our greeting;
Hail, all hail!

Lovely flower, in love we meet thee,
Love's thy dower, with love we greet thee;
Hail, all hail!

Echo.

Love—the—charm—of—every—hour—
Love—defying—fate's—stern—power.

* * * * *

Here occurs another illegible and untranslatable portion of this history. I am not able to decipher the meaning sufficient to know how long they continued their rejoicings. That they did separate, I however infer from the important truism, that "man is a strange being." He cannot live all his days in festivity and gladness. There are times for him to weep, as well as to smile. Many a dull and monotonous day must he be contented to drag out, instead of making his whole life one continued holiday. He deals with fact as well as fancy, whence it becomes him to cultivate the prose and poetry of existence together; for poetry and song-singing will not alone sustain the body, and if that is weakened, the mind also, owing to a certain subtle and sympathetic union of the two, becomes enervated.

The body of man needs sustenance, and his mind repose. In the morning he may go forth girded with dignity and strength—proud and conscious of the nobility of his own nature; but in the heat and bustle of the day, it will not be strange if he desires to court some cooling shade, some rippling rill, or sparkling fountain; and not less strange, if long ere night-fall his wearied limbs and jaded spirits make him forget his same boasted nobility. Hence I conclude that this peace-loving and care-forgetting people did disperse to their homes, even though the idea may be somewhat unpoetical. Man cannot always be great, nor can a king always wear his crown; and so I doubt not but that the matchless queen herself, as well as the most exquisite and sentimental of her fair attendants, notwithstanding the absence of all poetry from the act, did retire to the imperial court, and there refresh themselves, by administering to their necessities and partaking of nature's sweet restorer. And hence I conclude that woman also, as well as man, *is a strange creature*, and that, after all, she is no more than what Muilharek Ben Hazri says of her, "an eating, drinking, sleeping, dreaming, loving and lovely creature, with propensities unconquerable."

It may be our author had imbibed a notion common to many barbarous nations, that *woman has no soul*, as he here makes no mention of any; but for this opinion I stand no sponsor, for since I have lost the sanguinity of my youth, I seldom support hypotheses of this kind. I am old, and with the storms of threescore years over my now hoary locks, I have no inclination to discourse of my kind. I confess I have but little sympathy with the world. I have buried myself in the past, and in the lore of antiquity am fain to forget the present—myself, my toils and sufferings. I wander in unknown climes, and here I love to wander. I love the East. I love its solemn night—for, O! night in the East is beautiful. Often, while traversing those vast, dearest regions, have I loved to steal away alone, at the still hour of midnight, for this is a moment of reflection. Often, as I stretch out my wearied limbs under the open canopy of heaven to rest, after the fatigue of travel, am I carried back by the power of association to olden time. I think of that simple, truth-telling age, when the world was young and man in his infancy—of the wise men of the East, who here watched their flocks by night, rejoicing in the light of the same silent moon and the same twinkling stars.

On these same hills and plains, where I so often roam, these simple but wise shepherds kept their flocks. In wandering and musing here, I find something elevating and ennobling, and as I indulge my fancy, feel myself growing better. Often, by this same power of association, am I led to think of my own native land. Over its hills, too, have I, in the halcyon days of my youth, delighted to roam, and there I have imbibed the soul of romance from nature's sweetest fountain. There have I enjoyed—ay! and suffered—all that an ardent nature and a heart made to love, could feel and enjoy. There, upon the shining lake—in woodland dell and the shady grove, have I reveled in a world of ideality—and with a fair form of beauty at my side, I have poured out the deep devotion of a heart, which, alas!

* * * * * Alas! * * *

* Theo! * 'Tis past! * 'TIS PAST!

* And the eternity of the past I would not recall. I would live on—dream on—and continue still to adore the ideal image I have enshrined on the altar of a true and devoted heart; for she was fairer and purer than the pearl of India; and as young blossoms unfold their petals, when in their freshest bloom, so did she unfold her mind. It was a book of beauties, and every leaf a pure, transparent index of woman's heart. On each page was mirrored out her soul in pictures bright and beautiful—but

* * * I am alone! * * *

I stand like the shattered trunk of a solitary oak—alone! A few sands more, and this heart, all torn with grief, ceases to pulsate, and these feelings, the sacred treasures of every bosom, cease

also. * * I would love my fellows. I would not
 hate them—but sometimes—Oh! I hate them; and it is the only
 antidote. * * * *I love to hate!* * * * Ha!
 ha! * * *peace* * * *

Translation resumed, in which the history thus proceeds—

O blest and thrice happy ye! who, with unfettered minds and free hearts, delight to taste the beauties of nature—who love to let the soul go out into her great temple, and there expand in one voluptuous swell, and in that comprehensive view which embraces past, present and future, range on through that wide, wild, boundless ocean of thought, where all is ideal and abstract;—who listen in transporting raptures to the melody of the spheres, and catch with ecstasy the harmony of the softly whispering wind or the sadly sighing tempest, and perceive music in the gently flowing rivulet, as well as catch inspiration from the proudly roaring cataract.

And such was the thrice happy and enviable lot of the people of the land of Karsarmar Kerselkolf. After the space of one year, they were all assembled again, according to custom, in the beautiful grove of Arbama, there to enjoy the smiles of their fair and lovely queen—feast their minds—regale every sense, and revel amid the beauties and delights of this goodly grove. Above them waved gracefully the tall Arbama, granting a grateful shade, while beneath their feet the luxuriant herbage afforded a soft and green carpeting. Around, grazed harmlessly every tame animal, without molesting the numerous parterres of flowers and delicate shrubbery; and to complete and embellish the scene, an infinite number of enamelled birds sung in the trees, and filled the air with their harmonious notes—each chirping and singing to its mate; and discoursing such delightful music in their cooing and wooing, as when the bird of the white plumage comes up from the warm south to make love to the chaste turtle-dove, bearing as a token the sweet berries of that enchanted tree which grows by the fairy fount of Ten Zen.

Here, engaged as usual in their various pastimes and amusements, in singing songs, playing on the lute and harp, reciting poetry, and treasuring up the precepts of the wise, were assembled the great Schemarthar and the Magi, with the queen and her beautiful maidens. The people were never more pleased with their lovely queen, for she never appeared to them more beautiful. She shone among her maidens as shines the moon among the stars, and was so far superior to them all, that not one dared to contend for the queendom.

Bright Phœbus was now holding his middle journey through the dephlogisticated empyrean, and the quiet of noon seemed to invite all to repose, while the fanning zephyrs kissed gently the waving tops of the tall Arbama; when lo! there was heard at a distance the harmonious notes of that fabulous instrument with which the *Giants* of Cashdelmere are wont to charm the mountain nymphs of Miraz, when they come to visit the sunny vale of Aizu.

And now a thousand sorts of lesser instruments seemed to unite and complete the harmonious symphony. Far in the distance gleamed brightly the banners of a mighty host—and at length was heard a noise like the hum and murmur of a great multitude, stealing almost imperceptibly on the ear, yet moving on until it sounded like the distant roar of many waters. The waving of many lofty plumes, the streaming of many standards, and the floating of the richest tapestry, were now plainly visible, and afforded altogether a sight so glorious, that astonishment siezed all the people in the grove of the tall Arbama.

They were a friendly people, coming up from the far distant region of Zrochabah, and over many great waters, from the land where the TALL Ahamrah bore rule, whose son, the prince of the dark rich locks, was now bearing greetings and gifts to the beautiful queen. As they drew near, the prince was seen riding on a noble steed of the most beautiful milk whiteness. Next to him came a chosen band of goodly youths, all sitting on beasts of the same lovely hue, and richly decked in purple and gold. When they entered the grove, the prince bent his waving plume in humble and devout respect, and waved his richly embroidered banner towards the lofty pavilion of the queen. He had a noble and haughty bearing. His appearance was bold, graceful, and handsome; and withal he wore such an aspect of dignity, that he appeared to the young imagination of the queen, like one of those fabulous beings of antiquity—flashing forth the soul of poetry and music from his very eyes, and exalting her respect almost to adoration. The astonished queen thought she had never before seen a being half so beautiful. His dress was simple but rich. His large, dark eye had also a soft, mild expression, and his free, raven locks clustered in rich luxuriance on his lofty brow,—but when he spoke his voice resembled the sweet tones of that magic pipe on which the love-sick maids of the enchanted land sing their evening songs, when their lovers are absent.

As was her custom, the fair queen descended from her lofty throne, and extended towards the handsome prince her golden scepter. With youthful bashfulness and bashful modesty, the prince, also, according to custom, received the scepter gracefully from her *lily* hand, and after pressing it *fervently* to his lips, returned it again to her, and retiring, stood among his proud and haughty chiefs, excelling all by far, in the beauty and symmetry of his form, and dignified bearing.

Blushes of the deepest crimson hue profusely suffused the fair cheek of the lovely queen, as she again seated herself in state on her lofty throne, and amid the glad shouts and exstatic songs which rung through the grove, looked with maiden modesty upon the surpassing beauty of the youthful prince. *But her eyes could not meet his*, for they sent forth such thrilling and penetrating glances as seemed to pierce her inmost soul. She felt no longer gay and cheerful, and as she looked upon his manly beauty, a pensive melancholy came stealing over her young spirit; the *sure index* of the pangs of that illusive passion when it first twines itself around the young maiden's heart.

Scarce had the golden sun, with his broad disk and crimson blushes, bid good night to pale Cynthia, and nestled himself snugly and quietly into bed, behind the blue wave of the western ocean—when the fair and lovely queen retiring, as was her custom, from the scenes of the busy day, went away alone to her own apartment in the royal abode, and there seating herself at her window, gazed silently out upon the pensive countenance of the melancholy queen of night. She was now perfectly conscious of the existence of a feeling in her bosom, altogether new and strange. It appeared to steal upon her young heart like the dew of summer evening, bearing with it an emotion not altogether of pleasure or pain; but more resembling that medium sensation of sadness and delight, which is none the less pleasing because it cannot be described.

While these melancholy thoughts were preying on the perturbed mind of the enamored queen, and she sat musing over the dubious condition of her saddened heart, lo! she beheld beneath the lattice of her solitary chamber, the flitting shadow of some *tall* form, moving gracefully among the delicate parterres of shrubbery, and delicious flowers of the palace garden—and by that impulsive feeling which tells the love-sick maiden of the approach of her lover, she intuitively knew it to be no other than the shadow of the form of the prince of the dark rich locks, who at the same instant began to chant forth in most mellifluous and rapturous music, accompanying his melodious voice with the sweet, soft strains of the lute, the following wild serenade:

SERENADE OF THE PRINCE OF THE DARK RICH LOCKS.*

In gorgeous array of bright banners streaming,
And glitter of cohorts with lances all gleaming,
I come from afar—bearing greeting to thee,
From o'er the blue waves of the deep rolling sea.

* The prince of the dark rich locks, unlike a modern lover, who would have "sighed out his woful ballad to his mistress' eye-brow," or some sweet little sonnet composed all about a dear, nice, little wart seen on her white neck, chooses a different subject for his serenade.—*Translator*.

I bear to thee greeting, from valley and dell,
Where songs of thy beauty voluptuous swell;
I bear to thee greeting from river and fountain—
From each sunny hill, and ice-fettered mountain.

I bear to thee greeting, from hearts warmly beating,
And crave but one smile, be it never so fleeting;
Ob! take as a token the homage I bring thee,
And gladden thy heart with the song that I sing thee.

I bear to thee love, in a heart ever burning
With purest devotion,—to thee ever turning,
It glows with a brightness surpassing the sheen
Of thy glittering scepter, O glorious queen!

As dew-drops of morning in summer are seen,
Like diamonds glistening on all that is green,
And hanging as mirrors to each leaf and stem,
So glitters each gem in thy bright diadem.

As the night-wind in autumn all mournfully sighing,
Steals softly yet sadly o'er sweet flowers dying,
So steals round my heart the gentlest emotion,
Of chastening love and purest devotion.

Not long had nature's sweet restorer held in quiet repose the drowsy senses of the great Schemarthar, whose relaxed features, as they lay pillowed on the softest down, seemed very like those of other mortals—when old Morpheus, abating somewhat his gentle influence, left the mind of that great man in that medium state in which the present appears as dubious as the past or future. To this succeeded a mild irritation of the nerves, and a slight contraction of the muscles, followed by great mental agitation, and a general tremor of the whole frame; and at length a dim and misty uncertainty took full possession of all his lethean conceptions. As he turned restlessly from side to side—his mind at the same time refusing to revolve thoughts of any kind—sounds of an unearthly nature fell discordantly upon the tympanum; and, on opening his eyes, he saw standing near, a venerable form, clad in the habiliments of the sepulcher, which at the same moment began to address him:—

“I am the ghost of the great Rehobah! Up! up!! Flee! flee thee unto the royal palace-garden, for, behold! the prince of the dark rich locks is there, making love unto the queen of this land! and even now he is singing unto her a serenade of love; and, lo! the heart of the queen is affected, for she is susceptible of the tender emotion, and hath not restrained her propensities. Howl ye! howl!!”

In obedience to the summons of this ghostly visitor, the great Schemarthar quickly directed his footsteps to the garden of the palace, and came in season only to hear the final note of the fatal serenade, and witness its effects on the heart of the queen. It was to him a sad sight, and a terrible foreboding of coming evil. Here he beheld the final ruin of this goodly land approaching; for the charm which had hitherto held their destiny seemed now dissolving. Their *fate* appeared to him to be fulfilled, and in the excess of his agony he cried aloud: "Howl! howl! howl! ye people of the land of Karsarmar Kerselkolf, for your queen has fallen in love!" The people heard the cry, and went out suddenly from their dwellings into the darkness of the night, and there groped about, uttering loud and piercing shrieks and lamentations of wo and despair: "Howl! howl! howl! for our queen hath fallen in love, and *our fate is accomplished!* Wo, wo, wo! are we, for she hath not restrained her propensities! *

* * Ah! alas!" And now greater still was the cry of wo and despair going up from all the land throughout which was borne this dire report, as on the rapid wings of the wind—mourning, weeping, lamenting, wailing. Even old men ran through the darkness, crying, rending their garments, tearing from their hoary heads their gray hairs, and scattering them to the wild winds. The fate little feared was now upon them—the charm of their existence now dispelled—the thread of their destiny run out—the dreadful catastrophe come, and that mental agony now seized hold upon them, which is the sure precursor of *death!* * * * *

This is near the close of the manuscript, where it is very obscure. From it I learn that the wailing ceased before morning, that rivers of bitter tears were poured out, and that when the sun shone again over this once happy land, all the people were found dead; whether by pestilence, by the direct hand of *Fate*, or by the effects of a heated and high-wrought imagination, our author, Muilharek Ben Hazri does not see fit to inform us. Of the great Schemarthar no further mention is made. Of the fate of the fair queen there remain two traditions. First, that she, with the prince, on the melancholy night of the fatal catastrophe, escaped to his own country, and there, soon after, pined away in grief, thinking of the evil she had wrought—a sad and mournful example and warning to all, of the *direful consequences of woman's unconquerable propensities*. The other tradition is, that after spending a long time in sorrow and penitence, she resumed again her former gayety and loveliness, and lived for many happy years the lovely bride of the prince of the dark rich locks.

ANDEN.

WE had intended to furnish our readers with our monthly sketch of incident and sentiment, and among other things, a true account of the annual celebration of the grand Yankee festival which has just passed. We are induced, however, to depart from our usual course, in order to present the following communication from one of our correspondents, opportunely adapted to time and place, and prompted, we have no doubt, by the full flow of that feeling which it is the pride and pleasure of the descendants of the Pilgrims to cherish at every recurrence of the scenes he has described. We are confident, that this description of these simple and rural festivities will commend itself to those of us who are familiar with such scenes as have lately lighted up ten thousand firesides with unwonted gladness; but who have been unfortunately excluded from a participation of "the good things" by distance or the inability to manufacture an "excuse." We also hope that it will not be without interest to such as are not so well versed in the *practice* and philosophy of our sectional customs, to see an exhibition of the "genuine old-fashioned" mode in which a New England thanksgiving "is cooked up."

THANKSGIVING.

THE remark has sometimes been made, that New England has too few holydays. Life, it is said, with us presents one incessant round of toil and care, and that, as a natural consequence, we become selfish and misanthropic. Whether disposed to admit the truth of this assertion or not, we shall all, no doubt, agree on this—that the few festivals we have should be scrupulously maintained.

In the anniversary of our Independence we have one great national jubilee—a day of triumph and universal joy, well calculated to cherish patriotism and strengthen the bonds of our union. Perverted though it be by the vicious, we cannot doubt that it does much to keep alive the remembrance of our noble sires, and to instill into each successive generation a measure of their spirit.

What the Fourth of July is to the nation, Thanksgiving is, and with still greater emphasis, to families, to villages, to states. It originated, as is well known, in the piety and the peculiar circumstances of our Pilgrim fathers. They were men who had learned elsewhere to see

—" a God employed

In all the good and ill that checker life ;"

and here, amid the perils of the wilderness, they forgot not the lesson. When the savage foe assailed them, when their crops were destroyed, and famine and death stared them in the face, they despaired not, but resorted, with fasting and prayer, to Him whom they knew to be "mighty to save." Again, when brighter prospects greeted them, when deliverance came, or peace and plenty smiled, then

" They shook the depths of the forest gloom,
With their hymns of lofty cheer."

At length, what was at first only casual and occasional, became, by a most natural and proper transition, annual and permanent. From that time, Thanksgiving has been an essential part of our creed—a star, shedding its bright beams through the whole social system—a nucleus, around which the cheerful anticipations and fond recollections of the whole year cluster—an era oft in *Cupid's* calendar on which many a bright vision of bliss takes its origin, or finds its rapturous consummation.

This institution, commencing with the Pilgrims, and ever perpetuated on the soil which they trod, has indeed lost something of its original sacredness, and is hailed by many only as a day of legalized gluttony. Yet we believe that it is still observed, by thousands, with a gratitude as lively, and a piety, if less severe, yet not less acceptable, than that of its original founders.

We are happy also to see the custom extending to distant States. Yet it cannot at once, if ever, become to them what it is to us. None but those born and bred amid the villages of New England, can fully enter into the spirit of Thanksgiving. To *them* there is magic in the name. It awakens a thousand old and dear associations. It calls up the scenes of happy childhood, restores to fancy's eye the brothers and sisters and cousins, and all the loved companions of our early days, and sets them again before us, as light-hearted and innocent as ever. We seem to live over those long evenings, whose stories and joyous pastimes made them flit so rapidly away. It brings back the district school-house with its hacked benches and scribbled walls, and the merry ring of play-mates with whom we formed many a splendid scheme for that precious week, when school should be suspended to prepare for and enjoy the great occasion. This suspension of school is in many towns claimed by prescriptive right, it having been granted from time immemorial, as the older girls are wanted at home, to pare apples and dissect pumpkins, and the boys to split oven-wood, and so forth, never forgetful of those private calls of mischief and fun which the occasion may present. Nor is the pedagogue himself wont to demur at leaving his "noisy mansion" for a week, to visit the fair one who has given him her heart, or the many who are ready to do so.

The day, which "by the advice and consent of the council" is usually fixed upon at least a month beforehand, is briefly announced in the newspapers. But when, about two Sundays preceding the appointed day, the "Proclamation" appears, every head is erect and every ear attentive. Never did the opening of a Sybil's leaves or the unfurling of freedom's flag awaken more delightful sensations than the exhibition of that broad sheet, crowned with huge capitals, which seemed to our youthful eyes to expand with conscious dignity at the importance of the message they bore. Now we felt that Thanksgiving was indeed coming, we had seen its herald with our own eyes, and when the

sonorous voice of the minister pronounced that invocation with which, in the Bay state, the document always closes, "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," every heart responded "Amen—till after Thanksgiving at least." From that time every thing is prospective. Present employments give their chief pleasure as referred to the coming festival. How we should spend that day so as to extract all its sweets, was the question. We must, of course, attend church in the morning, and as for the hour immediately succeeding public service, there was but one opinion in regard to the appropriate duties of *that*. But there remained an hour or two of daylight *post tempus cœnandi* which it was perhaps not less our policy than our pleasure to spend in some active exercise. To those of us who had arrived at that pinnacle of boyish ambition, the possession of a pair of skates, and the skill to use them, there was little hesitation in the choice of our sport. But should we have ice for our purpose. Here was a fearful contingency. Never did meteorologist watch the changing sky with more solicitude than we. *We* wanted frost, forgetful, like some larger children, that our schemes were not the only or the most important ones in the universe.

At length the important week arrives, big with the fate, not "of Cato and of Rome," but of many an amiable turkey and modest chicken, the only martyrs to this festal occasion. Decapitation is the order of the day. A thousand little guillotines are at work and many a *fowl* deed is done. Matron and maid, sons and daughters, all join in the busy preparations, with an energy befitting the interests at stake. The kitchen now becomes the grand scene of action, and the complicated culinary operations afford most admirable illustrations of the combination of the *mécanical* and chemical. Plates of all diameters are called into service, and soon a constellation of pies of every magnitude appears, from the huge pumpkin whose broad disk shines, like Sirius among the lesser lights, down to the tiny, telescopic tart. Nor is *mince* pie any longer deemed a heretic, though it is said a Connecticut edict once banished it from the board.

Behold the anticipated morning at length fully come, and families beginning to assemble. Warm and glad are the greetings which welcome each successive arrival. With overflowing hearts they bless that Providence that has brought them together once more. The morning passes in sweet converse till the bell summons them to the place of worship. There collect the thronging villagers to offer, as we will believe, no unacceptable sacrifice. And now it is, that those who long since left their native town read on all around the thick foot prints of busy time. Where once every face was familiar, and every eye beamed recognition; all seem strangers. The gray-haired men are gone, and their places are occupied by an unknown race. The good old deacon, whose venerable form was seen year after year in yonder pew, till

he came to be regarded almost as one of the fixtures of the place, appears not, but in that tall youth who fills his seat, a closer scrutiny reveals the expanded features of his blue-eyed boy.

The audience are reminded by the speaker of the appropriate subjects of gratitude—of national, social, and individual blessings, and of the obligations which they impose. A glance is perhaps made at the early history of the country ; the privations and trials of the settlers are recalled, and their spirit of meek submission blended with indomitable perseverance portrayed as worthy of all admiration. The many obstacles which opposed the establishment and perfection of our free institutions, with their final and complete removal ; the ignorance, the tyranny and oppression which still like a thick cloud rests on most of the nations, our own prosperity, peace, and liberty, and the bright career of glory that awaits us if true to ourselves, are none of them forgotten. And from all these things surely the inference is by no means far fetched, that “ the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places,” and that we owe to the Disposer of nations a tribute of devout gratitude.

These exhortations are listened to perhaps by some portion of the audience with feelings in which gratitude for past favors is pretty well spiced with anticipations of good things yet to come.

Service ended, all return to their homes, and where it is practicable the junior branches of the same family to the house of the common patriarch. There, all assemble around a table loaded with the choicest viands which the labors of the preceding week have prepared. The blessing of Heaven is invoked, and then commences an unsparing assault upon the unresisting turkey and its tempting accompaniments. And is such then the climax of all this toil and parade ? Is this the grand consummation of all their wishes and the acme of earthly felicity, to stuff to repletion with pudding and pie ? Scorned be the thought ! Whatever may be the sentiments of children and epicures, there are joys here, far transcending the pleasures of appetite. It is a holy scene. A family once united, now scattered in the various busy walks of life forming new associations and bonds of interest, have come back to brighten anew the chain of early love. The aged father's eye kindles with something of youthful ardor, as he gazes on that group, and the mother's heart swells with deep emotion. They think of those by-gone days when these men and women slept in their bosoms and were dandled upon their knees. Now they see some of them parents. *Their* children appear at their side, and come in for a double portion of a grand-parent's love. It is a bright era in the life of the aged pair. They have long looked forward to that meeting with hope, and will often recur to it with pleasure as the year rolls on.

True, the occasion is not always one of unmixed joy. Some seat that should be filled is vacant : some one whose presence

gladdened their earlier meetings is not there. He is detained by sickness, or removed to a distant region, or gone perhaps, "to that country from whose bourne no traveler returns." But the sadness of such an event is not without profit. If one tie of the family band is broken, how soon must it be severed entirely—is the natural reflection. If a child is gone, the parents must expect ere long to follow. Their own gray hairs and growing infirmities admonish them, that they can hope to witness the return of this anniversary but a few times more. Nor will the younger members of the circle fail to feel similar emotions. They have returned to the scenes of their childhood sports, and it seems but yesterday that they left them in all the hope and buoyancy of youth. But now they are men in the full bustle of life, and have already learned much of the emptiness of the world. The best part of their existence has passed away, and what shall the remainder be—a *dream*? Here then, if any where, may we learn that salutary lesson, "so to number our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom."

We cannot dwell longer on the pleasures and advantages of these scenes. But we *will* say of New England, with Percival,

"We love thy rude and rocky shore."

Yes, we *do* love thee, even for that sterility, which, rendering a life of industry necessary, has done so much to secure and perpetuate virtue and true freedom. We love thee even for those rude winds which rocked the Pilgrim's cradle, and made them the sturdy things they were, and for those dangers which taught them to feel that God was their trust, and acknowledge each blessing as a token of his favor.

A genuine old-fashioned thanksgiving is the product of religion and social virtue; it cannot exist without them, nor will *they* fail while *it* is duly observed. And as he will never love his country, who loves not his family, nor he be a good citizen who is not a good friend, it is not unworthy the regard of the statesman and the patriot. For what will more effectually cherish the love of country than an institution which makes us feel that

—"home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported polished friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss."

Ever may such principles pervade our beloved land. And often as stern winter shall return to wrap the bleak hills of New England in its mantle of snow, so often may Thanksgiving return, plenty with full horn preside in every cottage, and the sweet incense of grateful devotion go up from every heart.

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DE WITT CLINTON.

It must be a source of just and lively pride to every American, that he can count back an uninterrupted series of eminent men, who have won an acknowledged claim to greatness, without leaving along the track by which they ascended, evidences of a reckless ambition to sully their fairest honors, if they do not indicate an utter dereliction of all principle. We are sure, too, that time has not placed before them any stage lights to magnify their natural proportions, and lend a delusive coloring to the outline. They appear to us invested in no heroic garb: they were men whom our fathers knew, with whom they talked and acted. Identified, also, as they have been, with one of the two great parties which have divided the country, they have been in no danger of receiving any hasty and unmerited praise; and death, while it has disarmed party of that virulence with which it sometimes pursues the living, has rendered all generous yet discriminating, in regard to the character of the illustrious dead. Towards that generation by whom were laid and cemented the foundation-work of our independence and confederated government, there now exists but one almost undivided sentiment of gratitude and admiration. And the more we learn of the rich worth, the varied and profound powers, the fortitude and unseparated patriotism of those who adorned the primary colonial assemblies, who established the first Congresses in the respect of all good men, and who clustered in such brilliancy about the administration of Washington, the more we learn to appreciate and to love them. Whether we dwell upon the many and aggravated evils which opposed the erection of a government novel in its form and operations, the clashing interests and fortified prejudices of a population heterogeneous in its composition, the complicated mechanism of the system to be established; or whether we consider our novel and interesting relations abroad, we are struck

with the fact, that there should have sprung up from various sections of the country, men who, unstudied in the labored science of government and diplomacy, should have proved themselves able to meet the wants of the one, and to cope with the most veteran tacticians in the other. But not alone to those who framed our government are our acknowledgments due. They were the patriarchs, who gave us the battle; but their arms were upheld and the work sustained to its ultimate completion, by the faith and the diligence and the labors of others.

In a country like ours, governed by an experiment whose every result must be watched and treasured, whose latent energies, coiled up in fearful power, required to be unfolded with the same care that we would draw off an electric discharge from a full cloud, there was needed an order of men susceptible of the highest enthusiasm, yet not heated by any spirit of tempting theory or wayward hypothesis. We stood like a gaunt Atlas, whose ramified veins and arteries debility had exposed, and there was needed, not the galvanic experiments of unfledged and visionary politicians, but a nourishing treatment which would develop their full and round proportions. In a word, we wanted men of prudence to heal the local state dissensions which ensued upon the adoption of the new constitution; of unsuspected probity and fearless courage, to forego the temptations of place, and to advocate measures of permanent and lasting advantage; and finally, of commanding influence and abilities, to furnish an irrefutable answer to those who were disposed to sneer at the dearth of eminent men among us, and who represented democracies as an unsuitable theater for any thing above the petty intrigues of a provincial assembly, or the narrow schemes of a trading settlement.

Prominent among those who have won a title to our gratitude, by uniting an expansive benevolence to a single-hearted patriotism, stands De Witt Clinton. Born of a father, who gained a high rank in the continental armies, and who sustained in his native State no inconsiderable share of civil and judicial honor, he early imbibed all that hatred of tyranny which burned in the heart of his military parent. Scarcely had he left the university which he graduated at the early age of seventeen, with the first distinction as a scholar, that he was invited by his uncle, George Clinton, then Governor of New York, afterwards Vice President of the United States, to become his private secretary. This post, inconsiderable in itself, introduced him to many of the leaders of both parties—a contact which fixed his choice of a political life, and afforded him an opportunity to study the characters of many who, at a later period, became no less zealous in plucking away the pillars of his own administration, than they were now vigilant to uphold the power of his venerable relative. We find him in 1797, a member of the Assembly of New York,

from which body he was transferred, the succeeding year, to the Senate. Here he was distinguished for the same calm eloquence, the same unwavering support of the interests of humanity, science and benevolence, which marked his career upon the wider theater of the United States Senate, where he appeared at that well known period which witnessed the ascendancy of Mr. Jefferson and his characteristic democracy. The colleague of Gouverneur Morris, he is remembered rather for a thorough knowledge of the subject of our foreign relations and domestic policy, than for any brilliant exhibition of forensic power. But if he did not excel, he did not fall below mediocrity; and his sober and temperate reasoning, clothed in a lucid style, and uttered with the unaffected sincerity of conviction, gave a weight to his demonstrations which more than counterbalanced the efforts of those who dealt in splendid invective, and dazzled by an ornate delivery.

To those who estimate talent by the glitter and pomp of official station, and gauge their interest in the progress of public characters by the sphere which they filled, it may be a matter of surprise and disappointment, that Mr. Clinton should have confined his exertions chiefly to his own State. If any serious reply were needed to sentiments like these, we might point to the diminutive states of Athens and Lacedemon—to the free sovereignties of Italy and Switzerland, as furnishing statesmen and legislators with whose names, the Czars of all the Russians and the jeweled and titled ambassadors of His Most Christian Majesty of Prussia, could not purchase with their or their master's dominions, that theirs should be linked. Nay, we might ask, who was Demosthenes, that we should care to know of his exertions and eloquence and success, in behalf of that little sterile promontory of Attica, whose absence the mariner would hardly miss from the Egean. No: our admiration is not for Demosthenes the Athenian—we forget distance and locality—the champion of freedom swells and dilates before us—the battle-axe which he wields is wielded in her defense; and as at last he falls beneath the multiplied blows of domestic venality and tyrannical aggression, we hang the cypress about the broken shaft of Liberty, and bid the pilgrim to Greece—go worship *there*. With feelings kindred to these, we follow Mr. Clinton back to his native State, the future scene of his mature and grand exertions. We see him as Mayor of New York and Judge of the Municipal Courts, tempering the severity of law by the decorum and clemency of the magistrate—extending the privileges of enlightened justice to all classes and to every religious faith, despite the prevailing tone of illiberality and exclusiveness. The bosom friend of Emmet, he could not see the web of the law drawn around those who had been hunted from their homes by a pampered pack of court minions. Accord-

ingly we find him in the State senate advocating and at length gaining a generous toleration of Catholics—a measure of justice that New York was the last to adopt, overawed as her councils had been by those whose wealth and political importance, instead of elevating them above the prejudices of the vulgar, seemed the more to bind them to the bigotry of establishments. Nor should his efficient and successful agency in promoting negro emancipation in his own State be forgotten ; the happy results with which it has been attended, bespeak as well his political foresight and wisdom, as the humanity and benevolence of his nature.

But it is from the canal policy, of which he is acknowledged the father, that De Witt Clinton is most favorably known, and upon which is based his proud title of public benefactor. It would be misplaced here to detail the opposition—the mingled storm of political hate, of personal ridicule and contempt which followed the first stages of this enterprise ; or the mean, disingenuous artifices which attempted to stop it half-executed, and to divert from those who had fostered it into being, those full streams of praise which a vision, now unsealed, saw were rolling towards them. There is not in our history—rife as it is with examples of men who have gained an honored fame by hewing down difficulties which hedged in their efforts—there is not to be found such an array of opposition on the one hand, and such unwavering courage and sustained faith on the other, as were presented in the prosecution of this favorite work. Mr. Clinton, by a singular unanimity, had succeeded to the office of Governor. Each party had persuaded itself that in forgetting his political faults, they had acted from disinterested motives ; and it was not until he had distributed his executive patronage, that he found he had obtained the suffrages of both only to gain the distrust, and denunciations and opposition of each. They had only put the toga of peace *over* the armor of party strife ; and, unsated with office, they determined to glut their vengeance by the destruction of their now common foe. Arguments were not wanting to arm those natural prejudices which ever exist against works which, from their magnitude, seemed designed for the benefit of posterity. It was indeed no slight enterprise for a population of nine hundred thousand souls, and of limited resources, to undertake ; many of whom, also, conceived it their interest to check an improvement, promoted at the common expense, yet calculated to increase the resources of a particular section. But Mr. Clinton recoiled not from this formidable battery of talent, ridicule and partial interest. He saw at once the practicability and advantages of the proposed work ; he saw New York rising under its influence, to *deserve* the proud title which has since been conferred upon her—he saw the Union enriched and strengthened, its various parts knit into compactness and harmony.

Ten years ago, and Mr. Clinton was sitting in his private library ; his eye skirting the prospect which heaved so rich and varied around him, rested in satisfaction upon the basin which discharges the waters of the lakes into the Hudson. Three summers had witnessed the flow—the storm of party had sunk to the zephyr of praise, and the men who had cursed his madness, were teaching their children to speak of his virtues. Four times he had received from his fellow citizens the highest State dignity, and once been recommended by the electoral college of New York for the office of President of the United States. He had triumphed over the fury and power of faction ; and the temporary ascendancy of his enemies in 1823, which effected his removal from the board of canal commissioners, only displayed the malignity of their persecution, and called to his rescue the justice and gratitude of a State that he had ennobled and blessed. As recollection stirred within him the events of a thirty years' life of political action, and brought into review his participation in numerous benevolent and scientific associations, many of which, formed by him, were pushing their researches and blessings into remote quarters, his countenance glowed with an irradiation of mingled benevolence and conscious integrity. It was the last beam of parting life, which, in a moment, settled upon the marble and placid features of the dead. Spontaneous and general was the feeling of loss ; the task of pronouncing his eulogy was claimed by his warmest political opponents ; and he who had never concealed his political opinions, while living, was canonized and claimed by all parties.

It was a late remark of the greatest living statesman of England, himself the best illustration of its truth, "that the true test of a great man is his having been in advance of his age." Measured by this standard, Mr. Clinton will be entitled in no common degree to claim a rank with those, whose wider celebrity is due rather to a more prominent station, than to the greater comprehensiveness and utility of their conceptions. His plans were not of that day-dream character which accident sometimes distorts into reality, even to the surprise of the inventor : they were the results of a mind, too thoroughly disciplined by habits of study to be content with crudities ; too long trained in the severe logic of courts, to mistake an interested partiality for correct deduction, or to hazard a novel system, unfortified by demonstration. What he broached he investigated ; and he possessed that consciousness, which rarely accompanies far-reaching views, that intuition is not a gift of the majority of minds, and that it is the lot, as it constitutes the glory, of truly great plans, to be unappreciated by one, and that one the present generation. To him New York is indebted for her two great characteristic features—internal improvement and a complete digest of law—both of which, at that time novel, are now too common to raise a passing admiration.

We should not pardon ourselves, did we fail to advert to another leading trait of his character—a trait which, more than any other, gives animation and interest to his eventful life. It is the just misfortune of our native State to be distinguished for strictness of party organization and discipline. The efficient subserviency of a powerful press—the pliancy of individual will to certain prescribed dicta, encouraged by a necessity which establishes among a great number of expectants a gradation of hopes as well as of office—both acting upon that unlimited power of suffrage, which, established as a balance to the prejudices of wealth, gives the widest latitude to the prejudices of ignorance and interest—these had lent a sanction to political creeds highly incompatible with that best gift of a free government, liberty of thought and action. Conscious of the most liberal views, Mr. Clinton scorned to sacrifice his independence to the dictation of others. He flung away from him the shackles which party men, crowding around, eagerly offered; he stepped out of their abashed circle, and appealed to the justice, the intelligence and magnanimity of the people. Let the reiterated and triumphant support which responded to that appeal, encourage the timid and reassure the wavering statesman; and let a loftier ambition than that of being a leader of a party, that of originating and sustaining works of growing utility, animate those who, like Clinton, would outlive the petty notoriety of office and the undistinguishing oblivion of those who, sneering at his independence, have sunk too low to be honored even with the contempt of posterity.

THE INDIAN'S HOME.

I.

Along the jingle's rugged side,
 Where gush'd the mountain torrent's tide,
 At twilight hour, the warrior chief,
 His lofty brow now bowed with grief,
 Hied him down the dizzy steep,
 From crag to crag, with heedless leap:
 Now by the winding, narrow way,
 Where scarce the foot made slightest stay:
 Now down the current's eddying wake,
 Meand'ring through the hill-side brake,
 Upon whose gliding quick-sand bed
 All path was lost; and footstep's tread,
 Pursuer's quick and eager eye
 Had ne'er been able to descry;
 And now on rugged cliff appears,
 Whose rocky base his pathway nears.

A moment here the warrior rests,
 A moment look'd upon the west,
 Where yet in mellow radiance beam
 The waving twilight's soften'd gleam;
 And then directs his piercing ken
 Adown the deep and silent glen.
 A moment he is breathless still!
 He lists!—the gurgle of the rill,
 Or lightly breathing breeze he hears;
 No other sound attracts his ears.
 A dark glance kindles in his eye!
 Revenge beats in his bosom high;
 He grasps his blade!—but soon again,
 He thrusts the weapon back amain!
 In silence turns, and leaves the place;
 And at a slow and musing pace,
 With eyes bent on the broken ground,
 He bends his steps the pathway down.

II.

Upon the mountain's beetling brow
 The ling'ring daylight slumbers now:
 The lofty cliff's o'er silvering white,
 Beneath the moon's uncertain light,
 The hum of insects wheeling high,
 The gentle zephyr murmuring nigh,
 And, faintly from the copse wood borne,
 The wood dove's lone and plaintive moan,
 Now to the calmly closing eve,
 Full many a strange enchantment give.
 The warrior staid his progress slow,
 Beside the torrent's whirling flow,
 Which many a stream, with mingled din,
 Disgorg'd adown the deep ravine:
 He cast a wearied glance around,
 Then sank upon the humid ground;
 His look fixed on the rolling sand,
 His forehead resting on his hand.
 'Twas *here* his earliest infancy
 Was nursed beneath the green-wood tree;
 'Twas here a father taught him how
 To use with skill his slender bow;
 Here, too, in joyous youthful prime,
 The fleeting hours of whilom time,
 The warrior, then so young and free,
 Had passed in every mirthful glee;
 Ere, yelling in the sacred path,*
 A foe had dar'd to move his wrath.
 Upon his right the cot had stood,
 That oft had screen'd his infancy,
 When wintry snows, and chilling blasts,

* The war-path.

Poured down the narrow, broken pass ;
 But now in ruin and decay
 The humble pelt-built wigwam lay.
 Upon the crush'd and mould'ring roof
 Was seen the adder's sun-dried slough ;
 The only trace of living thing,
 Where once had dwelt a forest king.

III.

The warrior for a moment's while,
 In silence view'd the ruin's pile :
 There was enchantment in the place !
 And in his broad and swarthy face
 The joy of pride enkindl'd there,
 While on the retrospect so fair,
 Amid his youthful vision's chime
 He linger'd for an instant's time.
 Intently there he bends his ken,
 And as he scann'd the heap again,
 His eye grew fierce as sparkling fire,
 His brow was mantled o'er with ire ;
 And the rubbish here he'd mark,
 The moth-gnaw'd fawn, or bear-skin dark,
 He once had gather'd from the spoil,
 As tokens of his boyhood's toil :
 And here the shiver'd arrow lay,
 With which, upon a long-gone day,
 He staid the nimble mountain deer,
 And fill'd his heart with gladsome cheer.
 He rais'd the splinter from the ground,
 But soon in anger dash'd it down ;
 As mutt'ring to himself he said,
 " Wo ! Wo ! upon the red man's head !
 He came as a friend and ate our meat,
 We knelt before the white man's feet ;
 We bless'd and lov'd the white man then,
 And gave him welcome to our glen ;
 Because in winter to our hut
 Against him ne'er our door was shut,
 For he was cold and hungry then,
 And known to be the red man's friend :
 But now he's great—the red man's poor—
 He calls the red man friend no more,
 And scorns us now and takes our lands,
 And binds his chains on Indian's hands !"
 He paused—a tear was on his cheek,
 And in his eye still sparkled wreak ;
 He looked upon his swollen hands,
 Which yet bore marks of fetter's bands :
 " Yes wretched now !" —at length he groans—
 " None pities when the red man mourns ;
 But yet the red man's day will come—
 The red man *will* revenge his home !"

He turns—and where an humble stone
 Bore warning of a father gone,
 He lowly bowed him there ;
 And bending o'er a warrior's grave
 He dropped a warrior's tear,
 And from a heart, in carnage brave,
 He prayed a warrior's prayer :
 "Oh Father ! Father ! list and hear
 A son's last plighted vow !
 This hand, which did their fetters bear,
 Shall full avenge thee now,
 Or for its sheath his knife shall wear
 The fearless heart thyself did rear !
 Great Spirit Waola, hear my wail,
 And guide me safely on their trail !
 A father's blood for vengeance cries,
 To 'tone that blood the white man dies !"
 He rose in haste and fast withdrew,
 But ere he leaves, his ling'ring view
 Is oft turned back upon the spot
 With him—no ! ne'er to be forgot—
 The mountain path he repursues,
 And soon is lost 'mid dark'ning hues.

IV.

The midnight hour is run !
 Upon the barren, heathy hill,
 And on the forest dun,
 Through which the mountain's rippling rill
 Still leaps with light and gentle trill,
 The pallid moonbeams play,
 And screams of night birds, loudly thrill
 The air with doleful lay,
 High perch'd on oak with moss grown gray.

V.

Through Shawmuck glen 'twas stillness all,
 No sound was heard but the lick-owl's squall,
 And night grows black, as mantling clouds
 Cast o'er the moon their black'ning shrouds ;
 And soon strange gusts swept o'er the glen,
 A requiem sighed, then sunk again—
 A human form with downcast look
 Stood by the mountain's rushing brook ;
 His gaze was fix'd upon the grave,
 Wash'd by the torrent's rolling wave—
 The warrior he—but not as erst,
 His eye inflam'd with vengeful thirst ;
 A calm resolve was on his brow,
 His rugged features soften'd now ;
 He look'd upon the tomb awhile,
 Then rais'd aloft, with bitter smile,

A scalp—the trophy which he held—
 He view'd it o'er, then loudly yell'd ;
 And echoed fiercely yell on yell,
 As high he toss'd the bloody fell.
 A moment he is mute as e'er !
 Around he cast a vacant stare,
 Then mutter'd low—" The day is come,
 Waola calls the red man home !"
 A moment—and his blood-stain'd blade
 Was deep within his bosom laid ;
 Prostrate on the tomb he falls—
 His spirit flees where Waola calls !

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH THE PINE WOODS IN CAROLINA.

IN the midst of one of those interminable pine woods in the Carolinas ! I raised the curtain and looked out. My eye rested upon nothing, but the clear moon, which hung in dreamy silence over the solitude, and pine thickets, through the labyrinthine intricacies of which, it might have puzzled the ingenuity of a fox to creep—and my ear caught nothing but the dull, grinding sound of the stage wheels laboring through the sand, the breeze 'piping' ever and anon amid the foliage, and the low hum of the driver, who seemed to be singing for the purpose of keeping himself awake.

'Halloo ! driver, how far to the next stopping place ?' inquired I.

'About twelve miles, sir,' was the answer, rendered emphatic by a flourish of the lash.

'Three more hours to travel in this infernal coach, before I can have an opportunity to stretch my limbs ! What would I give,' thought I, 'to be safe in my room at Old Yale, or at home again, or with Harriet ——,' but it matters not, good reader, that you should know her farther name.

In despair I cast myself back upon my seat, and as there was but one personage in the stage with me, the workings of whose reflections, had only displayed themselves, every now and then, by some such ebullition as—'the worst coach under the canopy of heaven'—'the laziest driver under the canopy of heaven,' and so on, with little ceremony, I stretched out my legs to a comfortable length, and prepared for a nap.

And then, oh ! my Harriet, thoughts came quick and bright about thee. Many a brilliant castle, with a diploma for its base—wealth, power, glory for its body—and thy fair face for its summit, beaming in the genial sunshine of happiness, rose dizzy before me. Love, *they* say, can make a desert a paradise. Love, *I*

say, can make a pine wood—yea, e'en a pine wood in Carolina—an abode of peace—yea, an abode of delight and blessedness. 'Yes,' thought I, 'with my Harriet, like poor Yorick, I could bind my heart to some tree in the wood, and love it because it sheltered us.'

Half an hour might have passed in these musings, when all of a sudden the stage stopped—the door was thrown open, and a young lady introduced, followed by an old gentleman: 'one of them, at least, no very disagreeable companion,' thought I, as I made room for her on the hind seat, and then arising, offered the place beside her, to her white headed attendant.

'Most grateful to you, under the canopy of heaven,' exclaimed my *red* headed fellow traveler, as he deposited himself in my enviable seat.

'Curse the fellow,' muttered I, and responsive to the sentiment my right foot revolved for a while in deliberation, whether to oust him or not, but finally settled down in conclusion, that it would not be best to have a '*kick up*' in the coach, at such a time, and in such company.

Dark were my sensations, however, as I looked out to investigate the place from which our new companions had issued. "*Ille terrarum mihi praeceper omnes angulus ridet*"—for, certes, it was a charming place to be in the very bosom of a pine wood, one of those oasis-like spots, on the border of a small creek, fertile in the midst of barrenness, blooming in a waste.

The door was again closed—an ambitious crack of the whip, which re-echoed far and wide through the wood—a huzza from several little negro boys who had been gazing with gaping mouths upon the coach—a rattling sound as we dashed across the bridge—and we were once more on our monotonous journey.

Fortunately or unfortunately, it so happened, that the moon shed her silvery rays directly upon the interesting object seated before me, viz., the young lady. A veil concealed her face. Gods! I would have paid old Æolus half my fortune (not much after all) to have swept it out of the way. 'Oh! the scoundrel! oh! the scoundrel!' thought I, glancing sideways at the red head peering near her, and began to persuade myself that I could actually have committed murder upon him.

Now, you must know, good reader, I am extremely fond of tracing similarities; that is, I think a fine woman and a noble horse, are the most alike of any two things in the world, because they are the most perfect, and most desirable of God's creatures. Thus, I have often caught my heart between two lovely girls, like the ass between two bundles of fodder, doubtful which to select, and yet adoring each with all its devotion, for the very beauties she holds in common with her rival. So, you may account for the following rather paradoxical incidents, which occurred in my journey, in the pine woods, in Carolina.

'Bless me! how much she is like Harriet! The very form, I would swear! the neck—that pretty little hand—hers precisely! Out upon that veil!'

'Papa,' she inquired, 'can you see what time it is?'

'Her voice, too, by Jove! Oh! Tantalus, thy sufferings were boy's play to mine. For who had not rather be tormented with thirst, than with that anxious, wasting, killing curiosity, which after feasting itself upon the most fascinating form of woman, cannot revel in the beauties of that perfect temple, "the face divine!" Oh! ye charmers! throw aside your veils, and save the world from a "sea of troubles!" At least so prayed I, as in deep despondency, I once more sank into a dreamy slumber.

Thought I was in Greece—thought I was dead—thought I was being poled over the Styx by Charon—thought I was in Hades among the shades below—thought I was doomed to gaze forever on a veiled beauty. She spoke—'twas Harriet's voice. In a paroxysm of suffering, again and again, I stretched forth my arm to remove the veil; again and again, it fell paralyzed at my side. I shouted—I groaned—when

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."

'Mr. Driver, sir, will you open the door, sir, and give me a lift, sir, for a few miles, sir?'

'And who are you, sir?'

'My G-d, sir, I be a traveler, sir, and I hope, sir, on my own business, sir.'

'Polite fellow that,' thought I.

'Don't like to take travelers in about here,' replied the driver, 'and for so short a distance.'

'And why, sir? My G-d, sir, I will pay you, sir, like any other gentleman, sir.'

'Don't think I can let you in. There's a lady in the coach.'

'What if there be, sir? My G-d, sir, will I kill her, sir, because I have not a coat, sir, as good as yours, sir?'

'Let him in, driver,' quoth I, being quite democratic in sentiment, 'I'll make room for him,' and in came a strapping woodsman, with a bundle on his back, containing, perhaps, all the chattels he was worth in the world. After much ado he finally was seated.

'A suspicious looking character, too, he is,' mused I, half asleep and half awake, (probably the first half was somewhat the largest.) 'Wonder if the driver had any particular reasons for not wishing to admit him? A gloomy region this we are passing through now! Who knows but the fellow may be one of a gang of robbers, who may frequent these wilds, and live on the plunder of helpless travelers. The circumstances look very suspi-

cious, and should my suppositions turn out to be true, the blame would rest upon my devoted head for having let him in. Should they attack us in the night, how could we possibly defend ourselves? They would murder us all—and *her*, too—no! they could not! they should not!—I would have the strength of ten Samsons to defend her! And what a noble deed it would be!—I should like it! I hope it may turn out so!’ and so hoping, I was once more lost in slumber, oftentimes intermitted as the grating sound of the wheels, over the more rocky portions of the road, fell upon my ear.

Suddenly the woods became denser. The dark shadows of thick pines flitted fantastically along the road, and over the middle seat of the coach, I once more raised the curtain to reconnoiter. The road was scarcely wide enough for the stage to pass, and the wheels seemed to labor with increasing difficulty through the deep sand. The gurgling of a creek could be heard near at hand, and the song of the whippoorwill added effect to the scene.

‘Mr. Driver, sir, stop, sir, if you please, sir, and let me get out, sir.’

‘Strange stopping place this,’ observed the driver, as he threw open the door. ‘What do you find to live on here? or do you live with the foxes?’

‘My G—d, sir, it is none of your business, sir,’ was the laconic reply, and our singular companion was buried in the thickets.

‘Gentlemen,’ continued the driver, after he was out of sight, ‘I do not like the appearance of that man who has just left us at all. There is a report about that there are some robbers in these parts, and I know for a certainty, that a boy was killed, and a wagon and team lost on this road, which have never been heard of since. I do not tell you this with any design to alarm you. I merely wish to put you on your guard. If that fellow belongs to the gang, he came in to ascertain our strength, you may depend upon it.’

‘Let a whole host of them come!’ shouted I, in a paroxysm of bravery, as I gazed upon the fair and tender form before me, now apparently shuddering with terror, ‘I fear them not!’

With a low chuckle of approbation the driver retook his seat.

He with the red head, here began to bestir himself.

‘So, gentlemen, you have not heard the story the driver was alluding to in regard to the wagoner?’

I answered in the negative.

‘Well,’ said he, ‘I reside in this neighborhood, and learned the whole of it from the wagoner’s own mouth, and it is one of the most marvellous and horrible stories, I have ever heard, under the canopy of heaven. Bill Dixon was the name of the wagoner, (one of the best wagoners under the canopy of heaven, as I can well testify—may be you have heard of him?) Well, he

was driving along the road, some ten miles from this spot, in the opposite direction to which we are going, when he came up with a woman, (the roughest looking he had ever met under the canopy of heaven.) She seemed much wearied, and asked him to give her a lift. He did not like her appearance at all, but Bill Dixon is one of the politest men under the canopy of heaven, and so could not refuse her request; but he was still very suspicious, and watched her close. He drove on until he came near this place and stopped, at about four o'clock in the evening, to camp out. He stopped on purpose to see what this woman would do. But she could not be prevailed upon, by any means under the canopy of heaven, to leave him, and from her looks he soon began to suspect that he had been imposed upon, and that it was a man dressed up in woman's clothes. He then endeavored to drive her away, but as soon as she saw that he was going to extremes, she became the fiercest creature under the canopy of heaven, and shooting at him with a pistol which she had concealed, she blew a shrill whistle. The ball did not strike him, and with one blow with the butt end of his whip, he laid the man (for it was a man) dead upon the ground. Fearing that he would be attacked that night, he left his boy with the wagon, and taking out one of his horses, returned to the village, some nine miles off, and procured Major Sims to accompany him back with some men. When they returned, the wagon was no where to be found; but they found the boy in the wood, mangled in the most horrible manner. They could not discover what under the canopy of heaven had become of the wagon and team. The trees were so thick around that it could not possibly have turned out of the road, and they searched carefully for ten miles forward, but it has never since been seen or heard of, under the canopy of heaven.'

'Bless me!' said I.

'Horrible!' said the old gentleman.

The young lady said nothing, but a small foot trembled for an instant against mine.

I endeavored to cheer up my companions, but I failed in cheering up myself, and so we all had soon relapsed into gloom and silence.

Deeper and deeper grew the woods, darker and darker the shadows, and the sound of the night wind more and more solemn. My feelings became excited, and an excitement, too, not unmixed with terror, as I pondered upon our almost helpless situation; as I thought of college, of home, and of thee, my Harriet, to cap the climax; and I most fervently wished myself out of the position in which I had, but half an hour before, most fervently wished to be placed. What could four men do against a gang of blood-thirsty cut-throats?—and gazing upon the fragile form before me, I felt my heart begin to sink. My companions were in

full as moody a condition as myself, when all of us were suddenly startled by a shrill whistle from the wood, which was immediately answered from several different quarters.

‘Gentlemen,’ shouted the driver, ‘there is a rope stretched across the road; we are surrounded by a gang of robbers!’

Apparently before he anticipated it, he was dragged from his seat to the earth. The front horses began to paw and snort wildly, and our situation became indeed most terrific. By the moonlight we could discern several dark, massive figures moving around the stage, and unhitching the horses, while two or three torches in the adjoining thickets showed us that we had a strong force to contend with.

Presently a gruff voice commanded us to come out of the stage. Utterly incapable of defending ourselves, we descended, and stood silently by, while the ruffians ransacked the coach and our trunks. What they next would do, we could not tell. Perhaps they might murder us there in the solitude, where neither friend nor foe could hear of us again. They might mangle our bodies, and leave them a prey for wild beasts, or they might take us afar off into the depths of the forest, to suffer unto death.

Mutual calamity created a sympathy between us, and I felt a trembling arm placed within mine. The fair form which had attracted my attention so much during the evening, was leaning upon me, and I felt the warm blood rush quick through my veins. “Strange horror” seized upon me, as I pictured the dangers to which my unknown protégée was exposed. I would have laid down my life to save her, but what could I do? The more I gazed upon her, the more she looked like my own Harriet, and the more I vowed to live or die with her. In fact, I was *dead* already—that is, dead in love with her; for what man of ‘bone and marrow,’ placed in such a situation, could have helped it? It was a case of moral necessity: and as I thought that perhaps the same sentiment might have taken possession of her gentle bosom, I found my heart bound to her by cords more powerful than ever.

A short time sufficed the ruffians to satisfy themselves in relation to the coach and its contents. They then held a consultation, in which they were apparently determining how they should dispose of their prisoners. Their looks predicted any thing else than good will, and I could detect a scowl of revenge upon the countenance of our sometime companion, as he eyed the ‘fallen’ driver. But their palaver was suddenly broken off by the sound of a bugle, and the tramp of approaching horses, and the din of many voices.

‘Major Sims!’ shouted several of the seven devils, and made for the wood.

‘Thank God!’ exclaimed I, ‘for the timely relief; but hardly were the words uttered, before a rough hand seized upon the ten-

der form at my side, and was forcibly tearing it from my arms. Long and strenuous were my efforts; but on account of the superior strength of my adversary, I was dragged from the road into the wood. During the struggle, the veil, which I had so much envied a short time before, was withdrawn, and the face of my own Harriet was revealed to me, pale and motionless as death.

At the same moment, a powerful blow was aimed at my head. It only struck off my hat, and fell with all its force upon the head which hung on my bosom. My antagonist had nothing to cope with now. I felt the warm blood, the smallest drop of which I would have died to save, trickling over my hands. My arms fell powerless at my sides. I was transfixed with horror and amazement. 'Could it be she?' but I could not reason. The horsemen drew up—I could hear their voices upon the road within a few rods from me; the stage was refitted, and all swept forward, while the sound of the bugle reverberated far amid the forests. I endeavored to cry out, but my jaws clung together. The cold sweat trickled in large drops from my forehead. I could not move a single muscle. I was wrapt in all the horrors of nightmare—when suddenly fearful sounds fell on my ear.

'My G-d, sir! will you never wake up, sir? we are at the tavern, sir; and I should like, sir, to drink your health, sir.'

'Thou imp of darkness,' shouted I, 'where is my Harriet?'

'Your what, sir? My G-d, sir! you must have been dreaming, sir.'

I rubbed my eyes, and looked around, and began to think the rascal was telling the truth—when I happened to feel for my hat, and found it was gone.

'You villain,' said I, 'where's my hat?'

'You villain, sir! your hat, sir? My G-d, sir! what should I know, sir, about your hat, sir! You have dropped it, I recking, sir; but may be you are dreaming, sir?'

'Did any one ever hear the like under the canopy of heaven?' muttered he with the red head, who had been standing silently by.

'But, my good friend,' said I, becoming more calm, 'did you not leave the stage some distance back?'

'Yes, sir, I left it, sir, to save my last thrip, sir, to treat you, sir, for having made room for me in the stage, sir. My G-d, sir! Jack Brown never forgets a good turn, sir.'

And sure enough it was a dream, in the midst of the pine woods in Carolina: yet Harriet, beloved of my heart, may I not hope that it was not "*all* a dream?" and (as I intend to send you this number of the Magazine) have pity on your devoted lover, who had such a pitiful dream about you.

IN LAUDEM CURATORIS NOSTRI.

ALTER poeta, Clio, te vocavit
Tibia et lyra, celebrare *vulpem*,
Neque aversata voluisti, musa,
Spernere vota.

5 Nunc mihi præsens, recusare noli,
Procuratoris Borealis Aulæ
Debitas laudes recitare, versu
Homine digno.

Tempore exacto, referens horresco,
10 Aulæ studentes, graciles macrique,
Per vias ibant, simulacra virûm,
(Perditor dies!)

Ut vitæ expertes, Stygias ad undas,
Umbrae manentes navitam Charontem,
15 Qui ferox est portitor transituris
Flumina sacra.

Sed cur Valenses pertulere tanta,
Inveniri causa potest nefanda,
Vera si fama, interiore cella,
20 Alte sub aula.

Media nocte, ut docuere testes,
Furiæ infernæ, præeunte *Gallo*,
Verba cantantes, solitæ parare
Dira alimenta.

25 Ex mari terraque ponuntur herbæ,
Sub luna crescente, cura collectæ,
Jam cepæ squillæque, allium silvestre,
Additur caput

Candidæ canis, jecur ægræ bovis,
30 Lingua bufonis tenebris viventis,
Anguillæ pellis et ova serpentis,
Butyra cana.

NOTÆ ET ILLUSTRATIONES.

1. *Alter poeta*, Cæsar, qui "Carmen lyricum" scripsit.

2. *Vulpem*, Ang. *Coen* vel *Racoen*, comp. *rare* et *coen*.

8. *Homine*, appositus est ad *vulpem* supra 2.

9. *Horresco referens*, Sic Æneas Didoni dicit, Æ. II, 3,—

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem."

12. *Perditor dies*, In Johanne Rege, Constantia dicit,—

"Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week."

Sic etiam Job, III, 3,—"*Let the day perish*," etc. Sed in hoc loco, dies, ut videtur, sensum habet *temporis*.

19. *Fama*, Nemo vidit neque sudet visere locum, namque ut in alio simili,—

"facilis descensus Averni :

Sed revocare gradum," etc.

22. *Galle*, vir gregis est, Ang. *generalissimo of the cooks*.

32. *Cana*, Ang. *hoary with age, bearded*, ut inquit ille salsus Randolph.

- Horrida mixtura homicida digna,
 Bene decocta lurida *Chlorina*,
 35 Sub terra ducta ab chemica officina,
 Ponitur mensæ.
- Nos dii servent ! horridaque bella
 Nobis avertent, volitare panis
 Inter studentes venenatos, Eheu !
 40 Tutor horrescit !
- Quid multa ? Aetas ferrea, mortis regnum,
 Non fallente signo, felici cedit,
 Nunc Novi Eboraci, habito pro certo,
 Deo juvante,
- 45 Esse victorem populi potentem
 Causam, rem non ille curator sivit,
 Dulce condorum decus, oblivisci
 Immemoratam.
- I, pete anseres, puer, et gallinas,
 50 Porculos, mamma nuperos depulsos,
 Et mella fluentia, diis delecta,
 Mitia poma ;
- Cave, fallax, tangere noli vinum !
 Puer festinat præparatque cœnam ;
 55 Sociique omnes stupuere ; Quid nunc !
 Ubique clamant.
- De re inaudita varii sermones,
 Alii gaudent, alii sperantque
 Regna novari aurea Saturni,
 60 Evohe ! Evohe !
- Umbra Yalensis ! pater et patrone !
 Nos serves, spes neque nova deludat ;
 Tuque, Rex mensæ, remanere si vis
 Usque ad eternum
- 65 Nomen laudesque, diligenter fove
 Seniores et Juniores, omnes,
 Infamaturos lachrymis fluentia
 Te moriente !

PARS FUI.

NOTÆ ET ILLUSTRATIONES.

38. *Volitare*, sc. cœpit. 40. *Horrescit*, Ang. *stands aghast*.
 42. *Felici cedit*, hoc est, dat locum meliori. 44. *Deo*, sc. libertatis.
 45. *Esse victorem*, etc. Ang. *That the Whigs of New York were victorious*.
 47. *Dulce—decus*, hoc est, inter condos clarissimus. 49. Horatium imitatur poeta, Od. III.
 14, 17,—

"I, pete unguentum, puer, et coronas."

- Anseres*, Ang. *Turkies*. Heu ! paupertas Latinitatis, nullum nomen habentis, avis tam dulcis !
 53. *Fallax*, Ang. *Knave*. 55. *Socii*, Coll. dialecto,—*The fellows*. 57. *Sermones*, hoc est,
 opiniones expressæ. 61. *Umbra Yalensis*, Ang. *Shade of Yale*. 67. *Infamaturos*, etc. Ang.
Who at your death will shame the rivers with their tears.

THE PURITANS.

ALTHOUGH nothing is more natural than to recur with gratitude and respect to those who have been benefactors to mankind, nothing is more obviously *just*, than that such should be *our* feelings, and such our language towards the "Puritan Fathers." While other achievements, less grand in design, less brilliant and heroic in execution, have been honored with the poet's song, and celebrated on the page of history, here and there a passing tribute is all that records the triumphs of their valor and their faith. And even these, insensibility or envy has long struggled to blot out.

Their character was as rare an assemblage of virtues as the records of history present; and it is hardly possible to reflect upon that character, even for a moment, with ordinary emotion. The fortitude with which they endured privation and suffering, has scarcely been paralleled in the annals of heroic endurance. It was such as should relieve them from the charge of being influenced by any earth-born or selfish motive. What they wished was doubtless to enjoy and perpetuate the blessings of peace, liberty and religion. And this desire was too *holy* to receive additional respect from the ordinary language of praise. Their confidence in Heaven, when they were about to sever the strongest and tenderest ties; when they heard from behind the hostile tread, and when the angry billows dashed tumultuously and terribly before, was such a calm yet resolute trust, as should put to the blush the faith of Christians of a later day, who dwell in the abodes of peace, and under a government where the law knows no partiality to the believers in particular creeds, and where each individual is secure of personal protection.

It is true their virtues were mild and unobtrusive; and they performed the duties of citizens, of Christians and philanthropists, without ceremony or show. Their manners and customs were consistent with their principles. Their conduct towards one another was a true image of their hearts. Yet doubtless they were not perfect, for they had their passions and infirmities of humanity; and they were led at times to excesses which could not be justified. But how insignificant do these not appear, when contrasted with their virtues! How few of the vices and follies of the great mass of mankind did their character and policy reflect! We should look back through the long annals of ages in vain to find a people whose character was so pure and unexceptionable as theirs. It becomes us then, who have been the recipients of their favors, to cherish a respect for the Puritans, proportionate to the

value of the inheritance which they bequeathed to us. We would not indeed wish their memory to be cherished by a blind and indiscriminate admiration, or their virtue lauded by fulsome and unmeaning eulogy. This is not what they would desire; it is not what their virtues claim. Their lives, a perfect exemplification of duty discharged under all circumstances, call upon us for the performance of no such office. But what they expected of us, and what a grateful posterity ought to render, is, to be not unmindful of their virtues or forgetful of their precepts, or think lightly of their sacrifices. When we look to the influence of their principles, in rearing and sustaining the fair fabric of our government, in establishing the institutions and disseminating the principles and spirit of religion, in impressing upon the character of their posterity those hardy and Spartan virtues which themselves possessed; and when we reflect that these principles have contributed so largely to make our social, political, intellectual and moral condition what it is, *can* we feel too profound a respect for their virtues, too high a veneration for their deeds?

To them we owe the superiority of our form of government, to them the excellency of our institutions. They founded them upon the broad basis of unrestricted freedom. Upon that basis, has been reared the strong bulwark of our constitution and laws—a bulwark which has been our sure defense thus far, and which promises us security to an indefinite extent of time. Nor is it extravagant to say that they laid the foundation of whatever is admirable in our institutions, whatever is just in our laws, whatever is honorable in our policy and generous and patriotic in the spirit of the people. And though there be less to dazzle, less of magnificence in their external appearance, there is a stability in them, and permanence, which is superior to national vicissitude, which will remain as they now stand, in their dignity and strength, when centuries shall have passed away.

The customs, institutions and spirit of New England are a fair exemplification of Puritan character and policy; a truly reflected image, but magnified and brightened by advancement in the arts, sciences and civilization. Nor is it irrational, or vain-glorious boasting, to say that they compose one of the most perfect models of government—uniting in the fittest proportions security and freedom—free to a great extent from those convulsions to which ordinary governments are liable. Such is the uniformity and harmony with which the whole machinery of government moves on, that the great interests of society do not suffer. And what is both one of the most striking features and the greatest blessings of her institutions, is, the same scrupulous deference to public authority, the same merited respect to that republican and natural equality, which recognizes no distinction but virtue and intelligence, that owes its origin to the Puritans. And if there be any

thing to which we can look with confidence for protection, amidst those excesses which human passions will unavoidably occasion, it is that rigor of discipline which inspires a reverence for authority and law.

Such is a brief but imperfect sketch of the character and policy of the Puritan fathers—such the advantages which have been derived by us from them. And yet they have been assailed with a ruthless hand, and accused as bigoted and superstitious. A charge that is peculiarly disagreeable, since the lapse of two centuries has hardly improved upon their code, and even modern liberality has not yet ceased to brand as *heretic* and *infidel*, those whom reason and free inquiry has induced to dissent from long established dogmas. His feelings are not to be envied, who is so insensible as thus to mis-estimate true fortitude, and overlook such rare exhibitions of the Christian virtues. His vision must be unpardonably obtuse, who cannot see that the “benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion” which we are enjoying, are but the maturity of that plant which was fostered and nourished by the Pilgrims. But while we would accredit to them the possession of distinguished virtues, we would not assert that they were faultless. And if, in reviewing their discipline and their principles, we find them to have been unnecessarily rigorous or unjustifiably severe, let us use that liberality for the want of which they have been censured, and palliate their errors by ascribing them to some extent at least, to faults of the age, rather than peculiarly of the individuals. For how could they, having just emerged from the darkness of despotism, see at once with the full light of Christian liberty? They only fell into the error common to all reformers; and it is of all things the least surprising that they should cherish even to excess, those principles by the spirit of which they had been causelessly oppressed.

It could not be expected that the Puritans would be free from all the follies, superstitions, and persecutions of the Established Church. Having lived under a government where church and state were united, an attachment was gradually strengthened to their peculiar institutions, and their love for many of the forms and ceremonies of worship became almost identified with their respect for religion. All they sought, all they could hope to accomplish was to remove some of its grossest enormities. That they did free it from so many, we may thank them. And could they have removed every thing false in doctrine, or inconsistent in practice, it would have seemed to them an abandonment of that system of religion which they had been taught to revere, and to which their hearts were strongly attached. Abuses which have been of long continuance are never corrected instantaneously; they can be only *gradually* reformed with the slow progress of knowledge and light. To censure the Puritans because they did

not eradicate every error from their political and religious creed, and exhibit faultless lives, and that, too, by our own liberalized estimate of Christian duty, is unkind, is irrational judgment. The bitterness and cruelty of the persecution which they have suffered, and the extent to which the Established Church had been accustomed to carry their rigorous discipline, in putting down opposition, is at least, a palliation of the severity to which the Puritans themselves resorted towards their opposers. To have laid the foundations of a government on a basis so just and equitable as our own, some seem unwilling to allow is worthy of uncommon praise. It would indeed be easy, with an almost perfect model before us, to establish a wise and politic form of government, and adopt a just and equal code of laws. But coming as they did from a government where tyranny of opinion was exercised, and where little was left to the dictates of reason and conscience, can we wonder that they exacted an assent from others to articles which they themselves deemed just? Having been schooled in monarchical institutions, and imbibed monarchical ideas of justice, to have removed the odiousness of aristocracy, and so equalized both the blessings and burdens of society, is highly creditable to their integrity and wisdom.

On a careful and impartial review of their private and public policy, we find much more to praise than censure. And without wishing to justify every inconsistency or extenuate every error of the Puritans, still less with a disposition to indulge in a spirit of invidious comparison, if we turn back the pages of history and listen to the voice of reason and truth, we think we shall be justified in expressing the opinion that the luster of their virtues would not be obscured by a comparison with those of any of the early settlers of our country.

That spirit appears to us unpardonably illiberal which is ever eager to launch out into bitter invective, or willing to cherish so disrespectful a prejudice, as to detract from the rational and well merited praise which has been bestowed upon them. Nay, he is unworthy to share in the blessings which they have conferred upon us, who would depreciate their virtues, or speak lightly of the sacrifices which they made to bequeath to us the priceless inheritance of intellectual and moral freedom.

The truest patriot feels a stronger attachment to his home and the place of his birth than for other parts of his country, whose universal prosperity and happiness are dear to his heart. There are centered the objects of his warmest affections and his dearest hopes—there are clustered the tender and sacred recollections of his earlier days. Nor can he but feel a deeper gratitude for the blessings which his own immediate ancestors have conferred, than of those whose efforts equally entitle them to the grateful remembrance of mankind; for by them he has been taught the lessons

of wisdom and virtue, from them he has acquired that knowledge by which he is able to appreciate his own rank, and understand those rights in the enjoyment of which he may exult with an honorable pride. Nor is that feeling expected to be *national* when the descendants of the original settlers of a colony meet together to refresh the memory of their obligations, and to kindle anew the ardor of their patriotism, by a commemoration of their toils and sacrifices; but it chiefly interests those who have arisen to supply their places, and perfect those noble institutions which they founded.

We are apt to look too sternly upon the character of the Puritans, and too unforgivingly at their errors for the light and knowledge which they possessed. Many of their acts which have been held up to public reprobation, and which were indeed marked for a misdirected zeal, are worthy of the highest admiration; for they were dictated by upright and honorable motives, and an unbending and resolute determination to perform what they deemed the interests of religion and liberty required. We should be cautious lest in indulging too freely in a spirit of censure, we arraign them for faults for which ourselves are guilty. Nor does it need a microscopic eye to discover as flagrant deeds of outrage and violence which have been committed in our own times, as any which stained the early annals of the Puritans. And when these acts shall be weighed in the exacter balance of future ages, divested of all those peculiar circumstances which produced them, when posterity can see nothing save the naked act, they will perhaps reverse the sentence which we pronounce upon their deeds.

If we can see the hand of Deity in any thing which transpires around us; if we can discern tokens of his approval in any thing connected with human affairs, it is clearly seen in pointing the Pilgrim to these western shores, in sustaining them by his own arm in disaster, in giving them triumphant success! Since we ourselves, therefore, if not all modern Europe, are more indebted to the Puritans, for the advancement of civil and religious liberty, than to any other source, we would not complain that they have been undeservedly praised; for to have bestowed less were to arrogate too much to the wisdom of our own policy. We would rather forget those trifling errors which are incident to human weakness; and while we dwell upon the soil in which their bones repose, revere those virtues and principles which have contributed to make it free.

W. C.

MIDNIGHT REFLECTIONS.

"And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poisoned. 'Tis too late!"

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

As the wild autumn wind dispels the leaves
From the parental stem where green they grew,
So sorrow the afflicted heart bereaves,
And makes fair nature sadden to the view :
Again returning spring creates anew
The verdure of the forest, and again
Bids cheerful beauty bloom with living hue ;
So mirth at length annihilates the chain
Of sadness, and bids joy resume his old domain.

Such is the world, unqualified to feel
The lasting and unchanging blight of life ;
Their course a varied picture can reveal
Of checker'd joy and sorrow, peace and strife ;
Pleasure that heals, and grief that, like the knife
Of the assassin, levels at the heart :
With ecstasy or misery still rife,
Their tenor of existence cannot part
From its own nature—smiles survive and tears still start.

But there are those, a sad though gifted few,
Who learn in early youth that all is vain ;
Who find the oracle severely true,
That earth's alluring charms but lead to pain :
And, baffled of the end they sought to gain,
Forget to trust the future's smiling face ;
Or love the light that Hope's gay star would feign :
But grope their blinded passage through the space
Heaven hath assign'd below to man's poor, changing race.

They scorn to feed on that deceitful fruit,
Which tempts the eager eye, but mocks the taste :
Anticipation fastens at the root
Of their young life and lays its verdure waste.
That malady, an urgent, restless haste
To read forbidden lore of time to come ;
To learn the scenes in which their lot is cast,
To rend the veil that shrouds their future home,
But renders dark and drear the path through which they roam.

Is it an empty search, this quest of truth,
That spurns the tinsel glitter and the glare
Which the blind, fond desires of hopeful youth
Would throw round the unknown, and kindly spare

Its gloomy features? Yes! it is a snare
 Most fatal to its victim: real bliss
 And fancied are the same; the last less rare,
 But not the less ecstatic. Happiness
 Is traced in its effects, whate'er its nature is.

The melancholy thought that man is dust,
 That all his earthly schemes are mad and frail,
 May teach the wise to fix their hope and trust
 On a foundation that shall never fail.
 But he who will not come within the pale
 That safety offers, but prefers to share
 The passing breath of fortune's fickle gale—
 He learns that knowledge is the fount of care,
 And ignorance alone can quench his dark despair.

But let the hours creep on—I would not haste
 Their dilatory dullness, nor repine,
 That this untiring fancy still must waste
 Those sands which sleep doth claim; nor yet confine
 Itself to its own bounds; but labor in a mine
 Of disappointment, vainly coining still
 The phantom of its wishes; which combine
 To seek for gifts beyond the power of will—
 Ambition is too vast for this low earth to fill.

As the lone bird of the Helvetian mount
 In patience holds his vigil for the prey,
 And of the lazy hours keeps no account,
 But broods with satisfaction o'er the fray
 That shall the gasping warrior lowly lay,
 To feast the rav'nous hunger of his beak—
 So doth ambition wear the night away,
 And watch his quarry on fame's proudest peak—
 Mad search! the humble praise man's lying tongue can speak.

That man hath yet a pleasure in his grasp,
 Who, whatsoe'er his torture, still can feel,
 His fellow man could not create the asp
 That stings him—'tis this, only this can steel
 His heart to agony; proudly reveal
 His regal nature—he can calmly bear
 The curse, and love the wound that naught can heal,
 So 'tis peculiar to himself; and dare
 The fatal height, assured none else would venture there.

Whatever his defects, he still can say,
 "These are infirmities that none may share:
 Myself shall find a solitary way,
 The heavy burden unassisted bear.
 The weak dependent may prefer a prayer
 Unto his weaker brother, and repose
 In him a confidence: but I will spare
 My idle call for sympathy—disclose
 No pity, ask none, to relieve my secret woes.

" Thus should the noble spirit—shall the oak
 That stands in majesty upon the brow
 Of the high mountain, wrapt in his green cloak,
 And waving his proud sceptre, dread the blow
 Of the wild blast, and cull the shrubs below,
 To share the tempest and partake the war?
 No more will I impart my weight of woe,
 Passions' conspiracy—that fain would mar
 My peace and wring my bosom—be the world afar!

" And thus my mind is wrecked—and this is life—
 And I must drag a dull and listless chain
 Of blank existence, 'mid the toil and strife
 That mock mankind, and make their wishes vain.
 I fondly thought my will already slain—
 But still to fate it scorns to prove a slave!
 Nor can I curb my thought or cool my brain
 To reason—yet I would not meanly crave
 Aid of another; but in solitude the tempest brave."

THE FATE OF GENIUS;

OR,

A SKETCH OF MY FRIEND P—.

CHAPTER IV.

It was near the close of August, when I next visited those scenes sacred to the memory of the departed. As I turned down the road that led to his late dwelling, the whole prospect opened at once before me. The same hills, the same plain, the same sinuous rivulet, and the same smooth lake, were all once more full in my view. The neat but humble dwellings, the antiquated church, and the graceful shade-trees, were all still there—not emerging from a sea of fog, as before, but in the clear serenity of approaching "evening mild." As I went on, I passed near by that "loved retreat" to which my friend so often resorted, as did Plato to his cave, to muse on things too sublime, too holy to be viewed by mortal eyes. The same "bubbling, sparkling rill" came forth from its covert in those sacred shades, and crossing my path, glided along as musically and merrily as ever. But all else—how still! Not a breeze whispered of the delights of the green earth. Not a bird was singing his song of love. Not a cloud passed over the meadow. The leaves on the trees stirred not; and there was no sound of any thing that hath life. This silence, so universal, caused even the purling of the brook to star-

tle the thrilling and intense solemnity of my soul, as it had been the first sound that ever disturbed the great solitudes. "And is it so!" said I, but my own voice fell on my ear like the last groan in the chamber of death.

I passed on, musing as I went, on the strange mixtures of joy and sorrow which we meet with here below. And not only in the intellectual world were these; but, at the loss of her noble worshiper, all nature seemed pensive and sad—all but the saucy brook which babbled in my ear as if in mockery of wo. "Is it for this we live?" thought I; "and is this the end of all perfection?" and my eye fell involuntarily upon the western lake. The sun was rapidly sinking through the still air beyond it; and his parting rays were reflected in golden sheen from the calm surface of the waters. And I thought of the brightness which might have gathered, perhaps, around the dying student, beaming off from his soul into the world he was leaving behind, while to him it might be the glimmering dawn of a perfect and eternal day.

Again my eye rested upon the field of tombs—not of monuments, for of them there were few—a spot to which P— once directed my attention, remarking that the next time I visited S—, I should probably find him sleeping there. And I knew that he *was* now sleeping there; and as I passed on and drew near to the house, the memory of days which had before seemed like the full fruition of dreams, came over me with a chill to the soul. Ah! how our recollections brighten over the graves of our intimacy! How sensitive are our sympathies! And the departed—did his disposition ever appear so lovely before? his virtues so noble? his talents so brilliant? his manners so gentle and bland? Did his eye ever beam with so much tenderness, or his voice ever sound with so much sweetness? And all the varied associations of earlier, happier days—yes,

"Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss forever fled;
Lives in former times and places;
Holds communion with the dead."

But I am lingering too long: I must hie me to what was once the happy home of him whose image is pictured so vividly on my heart.

I was welcomed in by his sister,

—"With the difficult utterance of one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down."

She was his only sister; and if ever sympathy beamed forth from mutual eyes, then did our eyes—but I will not talk of *our* eyes;

in hers I read the feelings of a sorrowing heart. "Oh, if you had been here when my brother died," said she, after the first salutations were over, "if you had seen him and heard him converse in his last hours,"—she could not go on—she covered up her face and wept.

I soon learned, however, the particulars of my friend's death. It was as I had expected. His thoughts lost none of their activity, as the final day drew near. His associations did not become any the less ardent. Sometimes, indeed, he did talk of too great devotion to study; of errors in our system of education; of youths of feeble frame and constitution, sent to wither away and die in the cloisters of a university; of children urged forward to prematurity by over-anxious parents, like Jonah's gourd, that grew in a night and perished in a night. Sometimes he spoke of his *misfortune*, and wished me, his most intimate college friend, to be warned of the "rock on which he split;" but yet he thanked God, he said, for enkindling in him such a desire for knowledge; and he looked forward with joy to the time when his mind should become satisfied with its own fullness—when he should see and know with a perfect vision and understanding.

The day on which he died—but how shall I describe it!—like the one just passed, it was calm and beautifully bright;—but how can I paint the scene which that day revealed! The pen, the tongue, nay, language itself is insufficient to paint it! I see—but I cannot tell it!—I see him lying there—his eye-lids closed—one hand extended by his side, the other on his breast—the "mother who looked on his infancy," bending over him—his sister sitting by—each of them watching the movement of every muscle! I see the half-drawn curtains; the books and papers carelessly brushed to one end of the table, to make room for vials and cups of useless medicine. I see—but— * * * The saying had gone forth among the neighbors, that the student was "*struck by death*;" and one after another came in to witness the last convulsions of expiring nature. Oh! the cruel inhumanity of the heart that has a curiosity to gratify, in those moments of tremendous agony, when the cold arms of death are thrown, in a suffocating embrace, around his gasping victim; when the last dreadful thrill of sensitiveness is running through the frame, and the shivering heart-strings are, one by one, letting go their hold on life!

But my friend was not then *dying*. It was not fated for him, so unconsciously, so loathingly, to enter into the dark valley. His soul had lost none of its energies. On the contrary, it had seemed all along to be gathering new strength, in order to triumph the more gloriously over weak mortality, in the approaching hour of dissolution. It was only a half-sleep, half-stupor, that was upon him,—the partial rest of nature before the last dreadful

conflict between life and death. It was one of those brief seasons,—those “sabbaths of the soul,” when the current of the thoughts ceases to sweep onward, and eddies round and round awhile, and then flows off in a wider, deeper channel. But it did not last long: he revived again, and lived and conversed for several hours.

He had lain motionless and unconscious, until he was startled by the tread of some one; then turning his head, and opening his expressive eyes, he asked with eagerness,—“Is he come? is he come?” “Who come?” said one of those near him. “He that can understand a student!”—and a moment after, my name fell from his lips. Then recollecting himself,—“I was dreaming;” said he. “I saw a great mountain, which the sun always shines on—I stood on its summit—I saw through the whole immensity of space—I comprehended all nature’s works—I understood all knowledge—I looked down with contempt on the earth—I looked away upon other worlds, brighter than aught that poets ever feigned—I entered into the emotions of hearts purer—I felt the undying ardor of their young affections:—I saw no disappointments going like iron to the soul—I saw no hopes crushed—I saw no poison poured into the heart’s pure fountains:—I knew it was a happy place, and I wanted my friend—to enjoy it with me. I sent for him—I knew that he would come—but, but—I have been dreaming! wildly dreaming! I am not there! but I shall be—oh! this lingering life!

When the day was verging towards its close, his friends all standing round him, he desired to be so placed that he might once more behold those natural scenes, which have been mentioned as so extremely interesting to him, and, again, as awakening such thrilling emotions in my heart, on my late visit. He gazed long and intently. Then a momentary dimness seemed to have come over him. Thrice he grasped at vacuity—closed his eyes, and opened them again—glanced a look upon those standing about him; then, catching the last rays of the setting sun, he cried, in the ecstasy of a new joy,—“*light! light!*” and expired.

“Thus, o’er the eye did death exert his might,
And hurled the spirit from its throne of light;
Sank those blue orbs in that long, last eclipse,
But spared the smile that hung around his lips.”

Thou didst feel the impulse, and it was obeyed; thought I to myself, recollecting the words of my friend,—and I entered the chamber, so recently his, with a desolate heart. I lay down, but did not, could not, sleep. The silence around me was too deep, too solemn, just fitted to fix the mind the more intently upon its

object. The pale young moon looked in at the windows; but I thought not of gay love's romantic spirit; I thought not of the "bands of Orion, or the sweet influence of the Pleiades." The partial moonlight, only rendered the images of imagination more distinct and terrible. I saw my friend a student, like myself, "burning his midnight taper," his whole soul wrapped up in the pursuit of knowledge. I saw the hectic flush beginning to appear on his cheek; I heard the occasional cough; I saw him, his books all thrown aside, or taken from him, an invalid at home. I gave, and heard, the name of *friend*. Again, I saw an ashy paleness on his cheek; I heard the more frequent cough coming up in its hollow tones like a voice from the grave. And I heard him say—*"the rock upon which I split!"*

Again, I saw his pale emaciated form sitting in every chair, at the table, in every corner of the room. I saw him bending over my bed; my eye met his—a fixed, unearthly gaze. I inhaled his fetid breath. I felt his clammy hand upon my brow, and his fingers twining among my hair. I felt a power, like the incubus from which one cannot escape, crawling over my frame. I felt my blood growing chill with affright! I heard him ask—*"is he come?—is he come?"* I shuddered! I shrieked!—

Reader, I am no believer in dreams, or spectral apparitions; but—oh! the cruel obstinacy of my thoughts. I could not withdraw them! Even at midnight, the hour when sleep reaches near the soul of the vulgar world, my mind dwelt upon him—upon him, the noble, the generous, the talented, the unfortunate student, and upon the rock on which he split. My imagination conjured up the dread anticipation, that the sands of my own life might be thus gradually worn away by the suppressed ebb and flow of the full tide of human emotions. I thought intensely. I ran over, and over again, my hopes and my fears; and firmly did I resolve, never again to indulge those lofty and ardent aspirations which would demand the sacrifice of health, and life, perhaps, for their exercise.

We are often unable to baffle the gathering gloominess of our thoughts, in the tedious hours of a sleepless night; and, at such times, we look with intense hopes for the light of day to dispel our waking dreams. With what joy do we then hail its first gray glimmerings, as messengers sent from another world to relieve our tortured minds! And yet, how long do the moments linger, before the world is awake to life and action! Ah! a fit time is that

"To muse on the perishing nature of man!"

And if we have been keeping watch with a corpse ; if we have recently lost a friend, a friend whom we loved, how often do we say to ourselves, *sic transit gloria mundi* ! And then, with what interest do we look upon every thing left by the departed—the sad mementos of his worth, his character, his mind !

In the chamber of my friend, I could not wait for the sun. I rose with the earliest light, and spent those tedious hours among the books and papers, once his, which I found about the room. In one place were his manuscripts ; in another his classical books ; and on the table lay the Bible, which he always kept by him. He used to speak of that with reverence and esteem, as a book to be valued not only for its doctrines, but as opening the deepest fountains of intellectual enjoyment. Its precepts were just ; they destroyed no social tie ; they marred no real pleasure. This respect for the ordinances of religion, together with his occasional melancholy, will account, perhaps, for the sentiment of the following stanzas,—for my friend was at times—and who is not at times ?—a poet. I found them with a few other pieces in his portfolio ; and, from the date, I perceived that they were written just at the time, when his mind, partially forgetting his dry books, was beginning to fix itself, with absorbing interest, upon the rural scenery around him. I conjectured that they were written in his woodland retreat. They are an

“ODE TO SOLITUDE.

“ My spirit is with thee, fair maid of the mountains ;
My heart is at home in thy deep, winding dell :
My harp I have bathed in thy crystaline fountains ;
Through the green, waving woodlands its music shall swell.

“ I love thee, sweet maid, and the scene which enfolds thee,
Thy rocks, and the river which kisses thy feet :
The night-star of gloom to my vision unfolds thee,
And sorrow hath told me thy loneliness is sweet.

“ I love thee, Recluse, when the tempest is roaring,
The voice of whose rage is the spirit of song :
I love thy green temples, and thither, adoring,
I shrink from the world and the gaze of the throng.

“ With thee have I pleasure, when hoarse winds are sighing,
And send their loud wail through thy bosquets and bowers :
I woo thy sweet calm when the breezes are dying,
That bear on their wings the rich fragrance of flowers.

“ I love to be with thee, when sunset is gleaming,
And think of His glory who kindled its rays :
I love, in the light from the stars that is beaming,
To form on His altar sweet incense of praise.

“ My heart shall be with thee, fair maid of the mountains ;
 Though life be in gloom, thou hast pleasure for me :
 My harp I have bathed in thy whispering fountains ;
 The hills shall re-echo its warblings to thee.”

In looking still farther among his papers, I found a loose sheet of the diary which I knew he had long kept. The first entry on this, was dated about three weeks previous to his death, and ran thus : “ Felt somewhat melancholy this morning, while looking back upon hopes, once joyous, now broken, crushed, gone forever ! Recollected the saying, that ‘ every mournful thought drives a nail into one’s coffin ’—concluded, *ergo*, that my coffin must soon be *nailed up*. Feelings did not last long—am now, in the quiet of evening, looking forward to that deeper quiet which must intervene between me and a more glorious day. Long to look with a disembodied spirit’s ken, through the intricacies and mysteries of creation—am longing to go—and, yet,

“ To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
 Creeps in this petty pace, from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death !—*Out, out, brief candle !*”

These lines of Shakspeare, my friend often repeated, during the few days of life which were still left to him, dwelling with peculiar emphasis upon the last words—*out, out, brief candle !*

The last entry in his diary bore date three days before that of his death. It was written apparently with much calmness ;—spoke of his willingness to leave this world for a better ; of his undying love for truth, and his hope of soon drinking at its unveiled and everlasting fountains. He felt, like Manfred, that ‘ his soul was ebbing from him,’ and his body was being, ‘ limb by limb, destroyed.’ He would not have his life prolonged. He spoke of the sweetness and pathos with which the youthful White, when his strength and spirits were sinking under incessant toil, and the pulses of life were beating wearily, sung the song of death for himself. He saw the silver cord loosed, and the golden bowl broken. He saw him in the deep stillness of night, when there was nothing abroad to excite or to cheer his hopes, calling home all his thoughts and energies, and treasuring them up in his own soul ;—saw him bending over a burnt-down taper ;—saw him lay aside the book over which he had mused in vain ; and, in the hopelessness of sleep, beginning the dirge. He spoke of himself, —of his own expiring taper, and began—

“ THE STUDENT’S DEATH SONG.”

He wrote the title and wrote no more. *The song remains ‘ un-*

writ' and unsung. * * * The bell of the village church sent forth its deep, solemn tones on the clear air of a summer's morning—and it tolled *twenty two*. Three days afterwards—it was the Sabbath—when the same bell was wont to send forth its summons to 'come and worship,' it tolled again, and the villagers were seen marching with slow and measured tread, following a bier which was borne upon the shoulders of four, to the green hill of burial. Should you ever go there, reader, they will point out to you '*the student's grave*;' and upon the plain head stone you will read the name of ROWLEY PEMBERTON.

THE WON DESERTED.

"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

Shenstone.

CANTO I.

I.

WITHIN a green, secluded vale
That lieth towards the setting sun,
Where laughing brooks from hill and dale,
Their waters mingling, brightly run
In one broad stream, on whose still breast
The restless sun-beams ever dancing,
Irradiate the depths below—
A quiet ville you once might see,
So thick embowered with vine and tree,
'Mid fragrant flowers to feast the bee,
While birds among the branches glancing,
Warbled sweet music to the air,
That it appear'd no ills to know,
Untroubled by obtrusive care,
With every blessing doubly blest,
The home of innocence and rest!

II.

And it was blest; for one fair spirit,
And innocent as fair,
Moved through its shades, embodied light
So softly pure and purely bright,
She shed on all things there
A radiance like a vestal star
Through the dim night, alone and far!
Not from frail Eve didst thou inherit
Such graces of the form and mind,
Oh, loveliest of womankind!

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But a bright vision from heaven's courts
descended,
Of all its hues of love and glory blended,
Thou cam'st to charm awhile the wearied
heart;
Then, when we most admired and loved,
depart,
Leaving to cheer us amid life's wild storm
But the remembrance of thy vanished
form!
Too transient vision! Oh! I loved thee
well—
Would that another thy sad tale might
tell!

III.

Where Tweed's dark waters roll in pride,
To mingle with the ocean tide,
Still imaged in the glassy wave,
That doth their deep foundations lave,
The ruins of a castle frown;
Whose battlements with ivy grown,
Have braved for many a wasting age,
The stormy war—the inclement clime,
And e'en the ravages of time,
Nor yielded but to bigot's rage,
That in brief time destroyeth more
Than ages can again restore.
The founder of that massy pile
Was of those ancient feudal lords,
Who, gaining power by force or guile,
Maintained it by their own good swords,

And held unchecked for many a day
 With Albion's kings divided sway.
 Four hundred years his lineal race
 Made those strong towers their dwelling
 place,
 Till their unsullied banner fell
 Into worse hands than infidel;
 When Cromwell and his iron crew,
 With doubling drum and flag unfurled,
 That told their treason to the world,
 From cannon hurling fast and hot
 Against the walls their ceaseless shot,
 The castle took, its tenants slew—
 With frantic zeal the quick flames sent
 From battlement to battlement;
 That with their worshippers might die,
 The relics of antiquity,
 However time had o'er them thrown
 The hues of glorious ages flown—
 And left the darkened ruins bare
 To mourn in silent grandeur there.
 Still had they kept their wide domains,
 And under mild succeeding reigns
 Had flourished still in ancient pride;
 By Tweed's old ocean-beating tide,
 But that they joined Duke Monmouth's
 cause,
 And rose against the king and laws:
 For Monmouth met a traitor's doom,
 And Monmouth filled a traitor's tomb;
 And to avoid such thunder stroke,
 As thus had rent th' aspiring oak,
 The last brave scion of the race,
 Forsook his father's dwelling place,
 And made his home in foreign lands,
 And plighted faith with stranger hands;
 A daughter of Castilian line,
 Of ancient blood and charms divine.
 From these there sprung a son—the grace
 And honored pride of either race,
 Who saw, and loved, and sued, and won
 The fairest maid in Arragon:
 But storms arising in the state,
 With factions torn, and desolate,
 He turned, where Freedom's flag unfurled
 Streamed proudly o'er the western world,
 To rear amid the desert wild
 A lovely flower—his only child!

IV.

My race—but what can it avail
 To tell their high or humble tale?

Whether, enrolled from age to age,
 Their names shine forth on history's page
 In characters of living fire,
 Dazzling the eyes, that still admire;
 Or life's obscure vale along
 They trod unknown to fame or song,
 It matters not—since one and all,
 Wrapped in the winding sheet and pall,
 Were of the cold grave's silent throng,
 When she, the last, had given me birth,
 To dwell alone upon the earth!
 My mother—hush, thou rising sigh!
 She died of grief, as I must die,
 (Oh! would the long-wished hour were
 nigh,)
 And sought above that purer clime
 Untainted by the breath of time,
 Whose airs the spirit's bloom restore,
 Nor chance, nor change can blight it
 more;
 But left me on the tide of life,
 To struggle with the wind and wave,
 Yet never conquer in the strife—
 The sport of fortune—passion's slave:
 The tide of life; on whose dark waters
 Ne'er gleamed one ray of happiness,
 To guide my frail bark in distress,
 Save where, oh! fairest of earth's daugh-
 ters,
 My love! my light! thy gentle beam
 Shone brightly on its troubled stream—
 How soon, alas! it vanished like a dream!

V.

Frail, solitary, orphan flower,
 Unconscious opening to the light,
 I still might know one sunny hour
 Before the starless, stormy night!
 For he, who reared that tender rose,
 And watched its lovely leaves unclose
 With silent joy and pride,
 Transferred me to his blooming bower,
 To dwell one hour—one transient hour,
 In sunlight by her side!
 He took me in the home to dwell
 Of her, whose mournful tale I tell.
 As far as memory traceth back
 My strange existence's checkered track,
 I can remember her sweet face
 Replete with infant loveliness—
 The graces, that the bud adorn
 When half its beauties still concealing,

The half it doth display—
 The dawning radiance of the morn
 Above the eastern hills revealing
 The bright approach of day.

VI.

We were, by chance, alike in years,
 And o'er our souls like hopes and fears
 Shed softly-checkered light and shade;
 And nature, in her charms arrayed,
 Entranced our spirits with a spell,
 Like that, which, eastern legends tell,
 Enchanting power did often throw
 Round mortal minds for weal or wo.
 When frowning winter passed away,
 And laughing spring came o'er the
 mountains,
 Then hand in hand we loved to stray
 Wherever a flower its perfume breathed,
 Wherever a vine its tendrils wreathed,
 By woodland path or sunny fountains:
 And then I would build her fancy bowers
 And deck them with flowers—fair, young
 flowers,

Gathered from hill and dell—
 The fox-glove, nodding to the gale,
 The purple violet, chaste and frail,
 The blue-bell and the lily pale,
 With many a stone and shell;
 Nor wearied—for her gentle smile
 Did all my willing toils beguile.

VII.

Years passed away; and with them fled
 The power of softer things to charm;
 But nature's wilder beauties shed
 An influence of joy and dread—
 A silent awe—a pleased alarm
 Of deep and strange intensity,
 Engrossing all the mind and eye.
 We loved to gaze on the silent river,
 Reflecting the skies from its bosom ever,
 And far in the sunny world below
 Behold the light clouds come and go:
 Or through the deep, dark dell to tread,
 Where, dashing down its rocky bed,
 With giant, shadowy cliffs o'erhung,
 Its vexed and foaming tide it flung
 Into the whirling gulf beneath,
 That seemed its doom of instant death!
 We loved to see the hills afar
 With their blue distance hoary,

And rolling down his burning car,
 The bright sun set in glory.
 To watch the clouds in stern array
 With steed and chariot march along,
 And, dark'ning all the light of day,
 On to the battle throng;
 While from their ranks the lightning
 breaking
 Shone on their banners high,
 And thunder, the old mountains shaking,
 Re-echoed through the sky—
 Oh! this was joy, whose awing thrill
 Made e'en our throbbing hearts grow
 still!
 And oft, when summer's robe of green
 O'er all the world was thrown,
 And through th' unbreathing air serene,
 Deep silence reigned alone,
 We sat by some soft murmuring stream,
 And, wrapt in childhood's blissful dream,
 Thought, gazing on the calm, pure sky,
 In its unmeasured depths must lie
 The mysteries of eternity!

VIII.

Nor this alone our life; we held
 Deep converse with the mighty dead;
 The bards and holy seers of eld,
 Whose voices live, though they are fled,
 Until, in spirit, backward led,
 We saw before our eyes displayed
 The glories of the golden past,
 And empires glide with silent haste
 To cold oblivion's voiceless shade;
 And gained unto our souls a power,
 And wisdom from the days of old,
 By marking how each changing hour
 Did mortal's weakness and God's
 strength unfold!
 And often in the pensive light
 Sweet Cynthia shed o'er earth and sky,
 And the myriad burning stars on high,
 That watch the sleeping world by night;
 Or round the cheerful evening fire
 As Inez' care-worn, gray-haired sire
 Told us high tales of olden times—
 Of love's fierce passion quick to crimes;
 Of daring deeds of chivalry,
 And woman's faith that ne'er could die;
 The proud thoughts flashed from her
 kindling eye,
 Illuming all her radiant face,

And lightly and quickly went and came
 O'er cheek and bosom the flush of flame,
 As from her heart to her pale, white brow,
 The tide of feeling would ebb and flow,
 That burned in the veins of all her race;
 And I thought her beauties lovelier far
 Than e'er shone brightly a guiding star—
 To warrior in the ranks of war!

IX.

And thou wast lovely! Oh! no sultan, dreaming
 Of the bright Houries of his promised heaven,
 E'er saw one brighter to his vision seeming
 Than thee, fair spirit, lent to earth, not given!
 But to portray thy charms hath language power?
 Can feeble words thy vanished form recall?
 Nay, thy sweet image, oh! thou faded flower,
 Can only dwell in memory's silent hall!
 Yet memory is faithful, aye revealing
 To my rapt gaze each grace's heavenly ray—
 Thy airy step—thy white breast, scarce concealing
 Its transient musings from the light of day—
 Thy cheek and neck the rose and lily blending,
 With dark and curling tresses overhung—
 Thy gentle voice, soft tones of music sending,
 Or laugh, like echo the green hills among—
 Thy pale and chiseled brow above bright fountains,
 Whence the soul's light resistless ever shone,
 As 'neath the brow of morn, through opening mountains,
 The sun lights up the world from his "deep throne"—
 And, more than all, that sweet affection flowing
 Uncalled, unconscious from thy pure heart,
 And from thy face that mild effulgence glowing,
 Which mingled thought and feeling did impart!
 Oh! thou wast lovely, past all loveliness,
 As none could gaze on thee and not confess!

X.

Why fondly linger o'er each scene,
 Feeding on pleasures that have been,
 Have been, but now are past!
 Elysian dreams my heart beguiling
 With hopes, that once were fair and smiling,
 Too smiling e'er to last?
 Th' enchantress long from life hath fled;
 I cannot wake her from the dead!
 On! then—let madness work its worst,
 E'en though this swelling heart should burst!
 For then I'll slumber in the grave,
 With her I loved, but could not save!

XI.

I loved her—for I was not made
 To gaze on heavenly charms displayed,

Yet not one kindly influence feel,
 Through all my soul like music steal,
 Kindling to strange, ecstatic fire
 The chords of its responsive lyre,
 Or stir with soft, seductive breath
 Affection's deep and silent spring,
 Which lies within each heart concealed,
 Like living fount the snow beneath,
 An unknown or forgotten thing,
 All pure, but dark and cold and still,
 Nor stirs to human good nor ill,
 Unless sweet love, like south wind
 blowing,
 Dissolve the chill spell o'er it thrown,
 And bid its gushing stream revealed
 Well murmuring forth with gentle tone,
 And round the heart melodious flowing,
 Fling bright above it silver dew
 On flower and fruit of fairest hue—

Shedding o'er all such living bloom
 As glow'd in Eden's holy home!
 —There are, 'tis said, who cannot feel,
 As their cold breasts held hearts of steel,
 One single ray from love's bright urn,
 Nor yet one *kindling* ray return,
 Reflecting such a chilling light
 As from the sun the queen of night
 Beams down from her cold throne above
 On the pale flowers of her love!
 Oh! how can they to heaven aspire,
 That feel not love's celestial fire!

XII.

My love was passion; and my life
 Was one wild dream of burning bliss;
 None other passions woke to strife,
 None seemed to *live* but this!
 As in enchanter's magic glass,
 The mourner looks with earnest gaze,
 Unheeding all the things that pass,
 Of aspect strange in wondrous maze,
 Intent upon the form beloved,
 Faint rising in the distance dim,
 One hour reclaimed from envious time,
 As slow the wizard wand is moved—
 So, while love's magic influence
 Charmed every thought and every sense,
 And changed all things around me,
 'Mid earth's strange scenes and busy stir
 I saw—I heard—but only her—
 So strong a spell had bound me!
 In all my sleeping dreams by night,
 And waking dreams by day,
 Her light form hovered in my sight,
 And would not pass away;
 But of the shapes that ever came
 In all those dreams Elysian,
 Of heavenly hue or mortal frame,
 She was the brightest vision.
 Her presence threw a fairer grace
 Even o'er nature's fairest face.
 Was the clear sky of deepest blue?
 With her it wore a deeper hue.
 Were flowers lovely—waters bright?
 How brighter—lovelier—in her light!
 Her tones made all things else rejoice,
 And all things had for her a voice!
 'The wild birds' magic melody
 Seemed poured forth to her listening ear;
 For her the murmuring fountains broke;

For her the whispering winds awoke,
 And, as if she alone might hear,
 The vestal stars gave minstrelsy!

XIII.

Oh! loved she me? How could I doubt,
 When we were all unto each other?
 When we had dreamed our childhood
 out—

A sister and a brother—
 In the same scenes and peaceful home;
 Where she had loved with me to roam—
 Had read with me great nature's page,
 And, in our youthful pilgrimage,
 With me had knelt at knowledge's shrine,
 And old Castalia's fount divine—
 How could I deem she loved me not?
 It had been mockery—such a thought!

XIV.

There came unto our Eden home,
 From other lands, a wanderer,
 Wont the world's denizen to roam,
 Where'er sweet pleasure called afar.
 His was no common form or mien,
 That soon might be forgot, when seen;
 But he was molded with a grace,
 That spoke him of superior race;
 And on his brow there dwelt a pride,
 That well his secret thoughts could hide,
 While 'mid its high-wrought veins of blue,
 The intellect shone struggling through;
 And in his coldly careless eye,
 Sat resolution stern and high,
 That he, who met its haughty gaze,
 Shrunk back from its too piercing rays;
 And on his lip the wreath of scorn
 Bade the poor wretch go weep forlorn;
 And though his face did ne'er betray
 Of inward thought one transient ray,
 Strange shades would o'er it flit and break,
 Like shadows on a sleeping lake!

XV.

The old man, with a friendly hand,
 Welcomed him there, as from a land,
 Where he had spent his early prime,
 In ancient Castile's sunny clime;
 And many a fond inquiry made
 Of lands, where he himself had been,
 And scenes, which he himself had seen,
 Ere blooming youth began to fade.

And if, while many a tale he told,
Of wondrous scene and peril bold—
Of nature's glorious majesty,
Where mountains lift their heads on high,
Where rivers swell and ocean rolls,
Beating the ice-ribbed, sunless poles—
Of dangers dire and strange escapes,
Where death came near in fearful shapes;
If, listing these, with earnest ears,
The maiden's eye would fill with tears,
Her pale cheek paler grow,
What could this be but transient feeling
Across her virgin bosom stealing,
As cloudlets come and go?

XVI.

The stars are out on the silent sky,
Mute sentinels of eternity,
And soft, low winds are whispering round,
And sweetly the falling waters sound,
And boldly the mountains stretch away,
In light and shade, where the pale beams
play,
Of the mournful moon, now gazing down,
As long she hath gazed from her white
throne,
Aye witnessing through silent years,
The ebb and flow of human power,
With the bright smiles and bitter tears,
Attendant on each changing hour :
In silvered slumber all nature lies,
From the virgin flowers to the vaulted
skies !

XVII.

Why sits the maid in her lonely bower?
Is it because my hands have made
Its trellis rude and rural shade?
Why sits the maid in her lonely bower?
Is it because she loves the hour,
To steal from the merry hearth abroad,
And gaze on the glorious works of
God?
A sigh is heard and a rustling tread,
And the maid becomes as the voiceless
dead ;
A nearer step and a whispered call,
And the stranger at her feet doth fall.
Young Inez clasps him with folding arm,
Their flushed cheeks meet, with their
heart's blood warm,

And they swear to each other a sacred
love,
That danger and death shall never move.
They rise from their trysting, hand in
hand,
Look fondly out on the silvered scene ;
And he tells her of Castile's sunny land,
The land, where her father in youth
had been ;
Of his own bright home 'mid the vine-
clad hills,
Where blossoms the orange, and mur-
mur the rills,
Where lovely she'll bloom like the ver-
nal flowers,
Unfolding their sweets to the laughing
hours ;
And gentle smiles on her fair cheeks
play,
As the moonbeams o'er the waters stray :
Then hastily breaking a golden token,
They vow that their love shall be un-
broken—
Ay ! never shall slightly change or falter,
Till sealed by the oath at the holy altar !

XVIII.

I heard—a pang shot through my heart,
As it had been a barbed dart,
And rushed the red founts to my brain,
Then ebbed like lava back again.
Hurled from my hopes by such a stroke,
From love's enchanted dream I woke,
And found the vision flown !
With maddened step I sprung away,
And wandered 'neath pale Luna's ray,
All the still night alone.
But when the morning's earliest beam,
Stole softly forth on leaf and stream—
When damp, chill dews had cooled the
fire,
Which through my veins ran wild and
high,
So that I could heaven's breath respire,
With something less of agony,
I drew unto the cottage near,
Once more that gentle voice to hear,
To gaze once more in that dark eye—
Then hasten far away to die !

XIX.

With tresses loose to the dewy air—
 With snowy arms and bosom bare
 To the morning's breezy call,
 I found her the lovely flowers tanding,
 Above them fondly and gracefully bend-
 ing,
 The loveliest flower of all!
 She greeted me with that soft tone—
 How sweetly the accents fall!
 That large, dark eye upon me shone—
 Oh! who its power could tell!
 But an anxious shade stole o'er her face,
 As on my own she marked the trace
 Of bitter grief, and tenderly sought
 To know the ill such change had wrought.
 I took her hand within my own—
 The touch had thrilled a statue of stone!
 And told her in simple words and few,
 That I had loved her long and well,
 But now must bid her a last adieu,
 For ever and ever apart to dwell;
 For that she loved another more,
 As witnessed moonlight bower and
 vow,
 For that she loved another more,
 And could not love *me* now.
 The maiden stood as a statue stands—
 The flowers dropped from her faltering
 hands;
 The shadow deepened upon her brow,
 And ceased in her veins the crimson
 flow;

And bright drops fell from her long, dark
 lashes,
 As the first of a sunshine shower dashes.
 "Oh! say not so," at last she said,
 Her folding arms around me flung,
 While like a dewy bud her head
 Upon my bosom weeping hung:
 "Oh! say not so—I cannot bear
 The thought of life apart from thee,
 With whom my lot has been to share
 All things from early infancy.
 And if I've vowed a *maiden's* love
 Unsullied to another,
 May I not still a sister prove,
 And thou to me a brother?"
 "A sister's love! Oh! earth and heaven!
 My soul to rayless gloom is given:
 The golden chain is broken in twain,
 I ne'er may see thy face again!"
 I flung aside her flowing tresses,
 And wildly snatching last fond kisses
 From her pale cheek, in still despair,
 I left her a weeping monument there!

XX.

The world was all before me then,
 As once before the sire of men,
 When thrust from Eden's happy home,
 Around its wilderness to roam.
 But *he* had with him one fair spirit,
 Who might with him its woes inherit.
 While I had from my Eden gone,
 To wander on the earth alone!

?

THE WORLD.

THE world has had its ages. Well is it if they be not but the steps to its grave! It has flourished in infancy. And how bright were its smiles! As yet, it dealt not with the past nor the future. It was the present—the long present, like the summer's day, when nature seems to rest—in which the child breathed. But nature rested not; for she twined garlands round its early cradle, and bid bud and blossom there the rose. The child sang to itself. It learned its melodies from the birds and the bee. Then too were the louder notes. These came because it listened to the winds and the waves. Such were the teachings of nature! As the child grew, curiosity was the spirit which breathed so much of life's life into it. Cheerily passed this bright morning.

The early prattlings of the boy were taught him among noble scenes. The hills, the rocks, the mountains, listened to his early articulations, and the sound went up into the broad heavens, because no spirit was there to check his utterance. The far-off ocean rolled its crested waves, and the boy's eye sparkled when billowy dashing the waters would seek to climb where he was; and he clapped his hands, and shouted when back, back to their dark depths they hasted, ashamed. Here was the mountain torrent, and it bounded from rock to rock—far down, till it met the blue parent waters. The boy thought it hurried off as the peace-messenger, for he gazed on the ocean, and behold! ere long, it was calm. He laid him down on the bare summit to sleep. He dreamed darkly, and started from his sleep; for it seemed to him that some one had called him; and he wondered who it was. The sun came out from under a cloud, and the boy wist whether it was he, and tried to watch him, but his own eyes were dazzled. Again he bounded away, and looked around him, and found he was alone. Evening came. The sun sank to rest, and gold and crimson long marked the place where he pillowed his head. The boy wondered; yet he marked that star after star came forth. He thought they were sent to guard him, and again he laid down, and slept, and dreamed. It was the boy's thought, when he awoke, that the stars had been talking to him. So he loved the stars, for their voice had been peace.

The boy grew: but he lived not over again these joyous days. The age he had passed through was the age of poetry. He had talked with nature; but yet, alas! his thoughts had scarce wandered up to "nature's God." Dimly did he shadow forth the unseen country. How vain his imaginings were he learned not till years had rolled over him. They were this world's years—not the astronomer's!

The boy grew; and his beautiful thoughts and prattlings were changed—ah! how changed! Within his breast were fierce emotions kindling. He roamed the earth, and sought as his playthings, its rulers and its ruled—toys of life, and motion, and strength; sometimes, too strong for him! He set them up, and pulled them down. He watched them fight, and soon loved to look on their strife. He had learned to be cruel. (Yet not from nature.) He would fain know how to rouse men at his will. So the spirits which he called to him were evil, passionate; yet were they glad to come at his bidding. The songs, too, which he had lisped in his infancy, were strangely misapplied. For now, in the waywardness of boyhood, following his passion-will, misdirected, he sought to liken his sceptred playthings to what he had seen, when a child, so differently. Nature reflected to his mind the wrath of man. He looked on the mountain, the torrent, and the ocean, and his companion-instructor-spirits told

him that there they dwelt, and such as they. Thus were all these glorious scenes peopled with demons. They commanded him to "fall down and worship" them. He was powerless, and loved too much "the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them;" so he obeyed, and the strength of his boyhood was passed in slavery.

Chaos had well nigh again brooded over the earth. It had been foolish to hope that the boy would fare otherwise than he did. For he who summons "unclean spirits" has to rue much, which, in the thoughtlessness of his folly, he rarely considers. Though ready to come, they are not so ready to depart at his bidding.

Monarchies sprung up, flourished, decayed. King followed king into forgetfulness. Nation rose up against nation, and kingdom against kingdom. But the end was not yet. The spirit of the world rioted in war. Passion held on her course unbridled, tumultuous, terrific. Another age was soon to pass away, yet leave deep-marked its traces.

The boy grew; and as intellect expanded, he would vainly attempt to charm to rest his miserable, foolish, multiform belief by the music of young philosophy, the splendor of art, and the again misapplied spirit of poetry. But the "vanity of the world" was too strong for him, when he had almost burst his fetters. He became superstitious as the last resort against his own thoughts. Then found he an anodyne for his soul.

Barbaric riot and wild superstition dwelt within the breast of the boy advanced to manhood. He had lost the philosophy of his belief. Imagination had made the gods of his worship savage, bloody, implacable. His desire was to be like them. Fearful things, too, had his toys become; for they served the gods whom he worshipped.

It was in the passing-time from boyhood to manhood that light, for a while, shone upon him and within him. It was light from heaven, glorious; but yet he, upon whom it beamed, was too degraded to bear its fullness and its joy. Soon was the brightness of its rays fated to be dimmed. For they came struggling through thick clouds, and among the clouds closed. Yet as the world's years hurried on, would light come again and again, until it was evident that manhood was becoming thoughtful. Was he to live on, and recover from his leprosy? His passion-spirits were affrighted, and consulted for a mightier effort. Superstition led the van, and her deckings were of the light which she intercepted, or caused to be reflected, colored, from her. Long did she triumph over the strength of manhood, and she shouted to her sister spirits that the victory was won. Unaided, the world would have been vanquished forever. But angels, borne upon the wings of the light, and shining all brightly

with the effulgence of heaven, came to the contest, and glittered in the sun beams the "sword of the spirit." Manhood, too, seized as his defense the "shield of faith," and joined eagerly in the contest. The battle raged violently, but not long. Hope came as the harbinger of a better day. Superstition had built monasteries and fashioned solemn temples, and thought to hide in them the glorious light. Sad for these was this warfare; for the foundations of the earth were moved. The earthquake was abroad. Its low murmurings long forebode mighty convulsions. Hark! that shock! It has started every old grey-beard from his cell. Haggard and affrighted, mark how they hurry back to their oratories, to say over their "Ave Marias!" Foolish men! A giant spirit is struggling for freedom, and in his next effort, the walls of your dwellings fall, clattering, crashing upon you. Haste away! else ye perish ingloriously, covering your *missals* with your heart's blood.

The world looked on and learned a lesson; yet learned it but imperfectly. As manhood was advancing, he thought to carry forward the fixed laws of justice by persecution. It was an evil spirit which came to him, clothed in the garb of an angel of light. And she prevailed over him for a time. Superstition's worst ally had walked the earth, hand in hand, with her mistress; but alone she was shorn of more than half her power. Manhood was coming to maturity. His thoughtfulness told him that truth needed not the aid of cruelty; that it had innate power enough for its own support and permanency. (Would that the world would always remember this! Then how majestic the onward rolling of life's river!)

He sat down, and began to listen to the teachings of liberality. She bid him study the history of the past; for much instruction was thus to be gained. The diamond was in the mine, covered up with earth, and wanting only to be brought to light. She tried to mark out to him the limits, beyond which, on this side, there is bigotry, and on that, careless indifference. For the world it was a hard lesson; and we wot that hardly yet has he learned it. Full many a time, starting from error, has he run far beyond truth. The spirits which formerly ruled him are yet about him, though their power is not exercised so openly, nor, perhaps, so strongly as before. The broad river, obstructed in its course, rolls back its waves; yet how long is it before the waters swell beyond their banks, and find other channels? See to it, then, spirit of the world! that thou art not seeking other ways by which to indulge prejudices and passions which erst ruled thee so powerfully.

The next temptation which assails thee, is to reject all belief and all precedent, and to trust thy bark on the boundless sea of liberty, without one guiding star to shape thy course. Thy play-

things have taught thee lately what thou canst become when God and God's holy laws are both despised. The sunny fields of France have shown thee thy greatest danger in embryo. Wilt thou profit by the lesson?

Ω.

ION AND ZÖE.

ATHENS AT SUNSET! o'er her chaste palaces
The "dewy twilight lingers." Her baths, and spires,
And pinnacles, fling back the sun's last rays.
Hushed now the sophist's soft and winning voice,
The measured tramp of armed bands,
The market place's busy hum.
Hark to the lover's lay—the whispers
Of the Grecian girls, beside the cool, clear
Founts, their beauteous forms reposing,
And gaily dancing through the star-lit bowers.

Beneath the lattice of his love, young Ion
Stands, and with the melody of the light
Guitar, blends sighs and vows of tenderness—
The nightingale forsakes the blushing rose,
And fluttering upon the olive-branch,
His warble stills—fearing to lose one strain!

I.

The murmur of rills,
The music of leaves,
The lay of the hills,
The breath of the breeze,
The spirits of air,
And nymphs of the wave,
Whose azure-gemmed locks
The crystal grotts lave—
In the Archon's hall,
In the Satyr's grove,
Their song is all
Of thy Ion's love.

Zωη μου, look out!

Nay, never fear—

Zωη μου, look out!

Thy love is near.

Zωη μου σας αγαπώ

Σας ομνύω.

II.

The silvery light
 Of my lustrous sword,
 That radiance bright
 O'er the battle poured,
 And lumined its gems,
 Tipped with golden flame,
 Has dimmed with the breath
 Of my Zōe's name.
 The Fauns of the vale,
 And the cliffs above,
 All whisper the tale
 Of thy Ion's love—thy Ion's love.
Zōē μου, look out!
 Nay, never fear—
Zōē μου, look out!
 Thy love is near.
Zōē μου σας ἀγάπῃ
Σας οὐρίω.

See! see! the casement swings—all timidly,
 And bashfully, the lovely girl looks down
 Upon the minstrel dear. Now, now, she smiles!
 Her teeth are bright as is the gorgeous dawn,
 When piercing through the darkness of the night.
 She moves! as in the East's soft-waving breath
 Flutter the graceful branches of the Myrbalan!
 Fair Zōe holds within her hand a wreath of flowers,
 Of blooming and budding flowers, newly plucked,
 A gift of love for Ion.
 The chaplet falls—'tis in a moment caught,
 Pressed with a thousand kisses to his heart.
 A gentle sigh—a merry laugh—and then—
 The casement closed.

APOPHTHEGMS, APHORISMS, &c.

In considering the complex variety of circumstances which mold the character of human society, it has often occurred to me that much more consideration is due than is generally given to what may be styled the small coin of literature, viz. the maxims, proverbs, adages, aphorisms and apophthegms in current use. I may have over-rated this influence; but whether it be so or not, the subject cannot be despised as trivial. Every philosophic observer of men and things is aware that causes apparently so insignificant as scarcely to arrest the eye of the sciolist, are often connected with grand and imposing results.

Without challenging, therefore, an undue consequence to these "*απη παροιμια*," let it suffice to say, the opinion expressed of their importance at least deserves examination. It must ever be true, that the *many* cannot ascend by the steps of a reasoning process, to first principles, and deduce their rule of action for specific cases. *Their* opinions must be taken from those whom nature, by the gift of superior parts, has designated as leaders; and it may be assumed as a maxim, that of those writers and speakers who have to do with the multitude, they will commonly be most successful, who embody their sentiments (whether of truth and wisdom or their counterfeits) in a form the most pleasing and easy of apprehension. How often has sophistry foiled the strokes of logic by a pointed saying! How often has the disputant, who would yield nothing to an argument, been silenced by an apophthegm! How often does the judgment stand balanced in painful hesitancy between two opposite courses of conduct, until the remembrance of some accredited maxim turns the beam! Every man's experience will supply examples of this kind; and if closely scrutinized, they may probably convince him that such weapons are chiefly brought into requisition in order to force a passage for error into the hearts of men.

And the phenomenon is not more certain than its philosophy is obvious. It belongs to our nature to admire beauty in all its forms; hence it is that a poetic simile or a bold figure of rhetoric, by inducing a pleasant surprise, lulls our vigilance, and steals a march on the judgment, ere we are aware of it.

To bring these observations to the test, let us take an example. The ingenious author of *Lacon*, combating the idea that the general tenor of a man's writings may be safely taken as an index to his moral character, says that "if the devil were to write a book, it would be in praise of virtue." Very possibly it might; still the apophthegm does not prove the author's position. To show this, let the appeal be made to facts. Who, then, after reading their works, could hesitate to pronounce Cowper a devout and humble Christian? or Moore, a libertine? or Byron, a proud, rebellious spirit, spurning the restraints of religion, and hugging to his breast the galling chains of sin? Had the sentiment that "virtue is slavery, and vice the only freedom," been imputed to Byron in a distinct proposition, he would doubtless have repelled the charge with indignation. But could any one at all familiar with his writings—even in the absence of other proof—doubt that this principle was the grand rule of his life?

Again: "Quaint expressions, flourishes of wit, and labored periods," says Matthew Henry, "only serve to gild a bad cause; the gold of a good one needs them not." Is this true? Does it comport with our notions of the fitness of things, that truth should jog along in a homely farm-wagon, while error rides royally in a gilded chariot? Adopt this policy, and it will soon be

found that the native beauty and dignity of truth are ineffectual to save her from neglect and obloquy, while error—the painted harlot, glittering in gold and jewels,—will dazzle the eyes of the unthinking crowd, and lead them captive at will.

Take another to the same purport. “Truth,” says the adage, “is *most* adorned, when *unadorned*.” Could there be a more ingenious paradox? First, the mind is arrested by an apparent contradiction, but immediately, by an effort of memory, bringing into view some case which seems to verify the sentiment, it is seized at once and reposed in with undoubting confidence, as a universal proposition.

Now the adage is true, taken in its *true* intent. In speaking and in written composition, simplicity is certainly an excellence. But in saying this, it is not intended that words should be rigidly held to their literal, naked meaning. A composition may abound in figures, and yet be as truly and effectively simple, as if it had not one. Yet how often is this adage perverted to the defense of a coarseness and threadbare poverty of style, which disgusts every reader of refined taste or of the least sensibility to literary beauty!

Still, garish ornaments become not truth. The remarks just made are not designed to shield from censure that class of writers who (if I may borrow an illustration from the arts) would dress the Apollo of Belvidere in the costume of a dandy, or the Venus de Medicis in the tawdry finery of a courtesan. I only mean to intimate that there is such a thing as making “truth visible in the form of beauty;” as arraying her divine shape in apparel which, so far from hiding her exquisite symmetry and grace, will set them off to even better advantage, and, instead of repelling even the most fastidious, fix the gaze and charm the hearts of all.

The examples cited will serve to illustrate the subject. It might be interesting, in pursuing it farther, to inquire into the nature and extent of the influence of the numerous proverbs and wise saws in use among the common people. But I will wait to see how this tit-bit is relished, before I offer another.

PHILO-LACON.

EPILEGOMENA.

WELL, reader, with cheerful step we haste to greet thee, and serve up for thy keener appetite our usual desert. For the omission of this treat in our last, we have an abundant apology in the fact that we could more than satiate thy hungry cravings by so rich a *thanksgiving* dinner. To every New Englander we are sure this variety was twice acceptable and every way appreciated. And to all others, a good dissertation on a custom so ancient, and endeared to every American by so many associations, could not but be welcome.

But without further preface we must on;—so readers, one and all, without the least reservation, we most heartily wish you *all the pleasure* that can be derived from the remaining *holidays*.

And how are they passing with thee, reader?—didst thou listen to that splendid performance of Beethoven, Christmas eve? It would have done honor to the "Handel and Hayden." And then the array of sparkling beauty in our galleries! Ha, ha! we wish Christmas would come every week.

For reflections suited to the close of the year, we refer our readers to

THE LAST NIGHT OF 1838.

WHAT potent charm hath this unusual hour,
Which hangs a pall of gloom around the heart?
What magic spell—what overwhelming power,
That bids all light and mirthful joy depart?

Why ceased so suddenly that raging storm?
Why changed the roaring winds their fearful note?
And moaning now, as if in grief forlorn,
Come, like sad dirges, from the hills remote?

Ah! well may nature feel the mighty power—
Well may the mind be filled with saddest gloom;
For this is lonely contemplation's hour:
Now stern reflection summons from the tomb,

The long forgotten deeds of by-gone days,
The sins and follies of our early youth;
And memory slowly threads the mighty maze,
Expelling darkness by the light of truth.

We've reached a goal in life's sad pilgrimage;
Another year is hasting to its end;
And many a troubled thought and dire presage,
O'er its dark grave in solemn silence bend.

All nature too with man doth sympathize,
With mournful black she hangs the erst blue sky;
Now rolling clouds on clouds majestic rise,
And deeper yet the folds of darkness lie.

The portent of this hour creation feels,
Prophetic of the final end of time,
Through every part the saddening influence steals,
The earth, the air, the sea, to mourn combine.

But human thoughts the future troubles not,
The past, the dreadful past, doth chill men's hearts;
To some hath disappointment been a lot,
To some disgrace, or keen affliction's smarts.

Perhaps ambition's flame has seized the soul,
And fired the mind for glory and renown,
Or the warm heart has owned sweet love's control,
Firmly in strong affection's fetters bound.

But honor's devious paths are paths of pain;
O'er steep ascents—through dismal vales they lie.
But few do glory's radiant temple gain,
While most are left to wander and to die.

And soft affection is a tender vine,
 That yields and bends to every passing gale ;
 Till round pure friendship's tree its shoots entwine,
 E'en then, alas, too oft the prop proves frail.

As now we gaze from this high eminence,
 This lofty mountain in the path of time,
 The winding way we've come beholding thence,
 Scanning with tearful eye the varying line ;

So when we tread eternity's vast shore,
 Will life's whole journey rise at once to view ;
 Then searching truth its sunlight rays will pour,
 And unchained memory light her torch anew.

G.

We most heartily sympathize with our readers, in imprecations upon the printer, for not fixing his types closer, and giving us more room. Our splendid article, upon which we had so much prided ourselves, is cut down to these two or three square inches,—and wishing our readers delightful New Year's calls, and a pleasant vacation, we are compelled to close with only a very brief sketch of a scene in a late editors' meeting.

All were present. Phaon had thrown himself back in his chair with his usual air of consequence. Fadladeen had got the better of Morpheus, and was sitting with eyes and ears distended, as if apprehensive of some gathering storm. Boniface was carefully conning over some manuscripts, to detect the authors by their chirography. Tubal, with more than usual restiveness, began muttering about the small number of notices to correspondents in our last, and inquired the cause.

Og (always on hand for a rencontre) promptly replied, "that this had been accurately ascertained, and that it was not from the fact, that there were but few communications, but that Fadladeen yielding to his indomitable propensity,—*"of sleeping of course,"* interrupted Tubal,—*"no, of filching,"* continued Og,—*"took some half dozen poems which have not been seen until since our last meeting. Whether he meant to transcribe, and present them as his own, or because he was so captivated with their excellence I cannot determine."*

During this exposure, Fadladeen looked any how but the white man, and was about to commence his defense, when Boniface moved that a few stanzas be read from each, that we might decide on their merits, and, above all, discover the taste of our critic of critics. The president called to order, and commenced :

"Traveller in ———."

"It was a dark and dismal night,
 Nor ought of moon or star was seen ;
 The wind was raging in its might
 As ever has in December been."

"Majestic !" cried Phaon,—*"what a description ! Homer and Milton outdone ! Surely Fadladeen has a taste beyond cultivation."*

"Ode to my Tobacco Box."

"No wonder he hooked that," cried Tubal.

"When Raleigh first this heavenly poison found,
 He little thought 'twould spread the earth around,
 Still less that I the Muse of love should woo,
 To sing its praises while I sing of you ;
 But so it is—time on its fated course,
 Is always going like a carman's horse,
 Though rather faster."

"That's a fact," roared Og,—*"and it has outstripped the author. His communication would much better become the dark ages."*

The remaining business was transacted with closed doors.

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ROGER WILLIAMS.

"To be, and not to seem, is this man's maxim."

THERE are men, who praise those, while living, respecting whom, when dead, they are silent or speak only for the purpose of traduction. On the contrary, there are those, who not only concede nothing to the merits of others, while living, but are even active in disparaging their character; and upon the same persons, when dead, they are forward in the bestowment of praise.

The motives which prompt to these opposite courses of conduct, are obvious. A sense of obligation for favors received, a dependence upon the patronage of others, a knowledge of only the better traits of their character, or a viewing their principles and measures, only in the light of the present, and not proving them by time and trial, often induce to the expression of real or professed opinion of the excellence of living men. But death weakens the sense of obligation which binds the beneficiary to the benefactor; it breaks the stay upon which the dependent has rested for support; it unveils the darker, and before unseen, traits of character; and time and trial often shew the unsoundness of principles, which were before thought valid, and the folly of measures, which had been esteemed wise. The reasons for the entertainment of a favorable opinion have ceased to exist; and those of an opposite kind have now taken their place.

On the other hand, a jealousy of increasing power, and a wish to check its advance; an envy of present greatness, and a desire to lessen or obscure it; or a dislike of new policies and principles, which have not yet been ratified by the public approval, prompt men to depreciate the worth of their cotemporaries. When, however, those, who have thus been vilified, have run their career, and the grave has closed over their remains; it has also closed over those baleful feelings, which found a residence in the breasts of their detractors. Jealousy has closed her green eye to open

more. Envy has ceased to rankle. That line of policy, and those principles, which seemed pregnant with evil, have gained the approval of all. Those, who have survived them, look back upon their career, forgetting all that was wrong and remembering only the good; and a returning sense of justice, prompts them to make amends for their past neglect, by meting out a late but full measure of praise.

That spirit, which bids us readily acknowledge those excellences, which we think we discern in our fellow men, cannot be too highly commended: and when, upon a further acquaintance with their character, either before or subsequent to their decease, when, after gaining an admission to its more hidden recesses, we discover that we have been deceived, and that what before appeared fair and beautiful, is only the exterior of the sepulchre; that frankness of feeling and independence of mind, which, in disregard of seeming inconsistency, prompt us boldly to avow the change in our opinions, also commands our sincerest admiration. But who can commend that monopolizing littleness of mind, that would check rising talent, lest it should encroach upon its own precincts; that malignant envy, that would obscure the splendor of another's name, that it may increase the relative brightness of its own; that slavish bowing to popularity, that would reject the most exalted principles and bring odium upon their author, because they have not yet received the approbation of the multitude? And, when the subject of such deep wrongs has passed beyond the pale of man's influence, how much can we praise those who have endeavored to repair their deeds of evil,—to appease the manes of the noble man,—by erecting to his memory a monument of posthumous fame?

We may, then, be permitted to trace some of the lineaments of Roger Williams' character, which, however agreeable to the eye may have been the original, and however faithfully it may have been drawn by later writers, was by his contemporaries too often portrayed in faint and unattractive colors.

That he was one of those, who, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, differed from the English Church, on some points of doctrine and discipline; who, consequently, incurred her displeasure and suffered by her persecution, and who, finally, for the enjoyment of liberty of conscience, were driven to seek a then wilderness land, is too well known to need repetition. It is equally unnecessary to add, that he first disembarked and settled upon the shores of Massachusetts, from whence, on account of his peculiar civil and religious opinions, he was subsequently banished, by the public authorities, and compelled to fly to a region, which, under his auspices, came afterwards to be recognized as Rhode Island.

The extent and variety of his literary acquirements, the conspicuous position which he held as one of our early American writers, and the intrinsic value of his writings themselves, seem to require that we should first bestow a passing notice upon him as a man of letters. This obligation is strengthened by the consideration that his superior education contributed, in no small degree, to increase the usefulness and prolong the continuance of his valuable labors. He was a scholar by charity. The precocity of his genius recommended him to the favor of the celebrated Sir Edward Coke, under whose patronage he was permitted to enjoy the advantages of Oxford University. Upon the completion of his studies at that institution, he commenced the study of law, which, however, was soon laid aside to make way for a branch more congenial to his taste, that of theology. After taking orders, he was allowed, on account of his obnoxious puritanical notions, for a short time only, to discharge the duties of his sacred office; though in that short time, he acquired the reputation of being a popular and successful preacher. There are reasons to suppose that he wrote nothing for publication, before his departure from England. The first work, which he produced, as an American, was a treatise respecting the invalidity of the English claims to the Indian soil. It contains evidence of a mind original in its conceptions and bold to think, and advances doctrines whose soundness few, at the the present day, will be disposed to question. This treatise was soon followed by a philological work on the Indian languages, which evinced learning and genius on the part of its author. It attracted the favorable notice of the learned in England, and, after the lapse of two centuries, is considered as a work of such valuable original research as to warrant its republication. This was succeeded, in order, by three other large tomes, bearing the quaint, but significant titles: "The Bloody Tenet," "The Bloody Tenet Yet More Bloody," "The Hireling Ministry None of Christ's." These last mentioned books embody those great principles respecting toleration and the separation of church and state, which it was the grand object of the author's life to establish; and they are there stated with a clearness of order, and fortified with a severity of logic and a strength and elegance of expression, which would do honor to the more polished writers of a later age. The last work, that came from his pen, is the report of a public controversy, held between himself and some of the emigrant Quakers of New England, upon the orthodoxy of their faith. That some of the warmth, excited by the discussion should appear in the written report, is allowable, and cannot be considered as detracting from its general merit, characterized, as it is, by fullness of thought and force of style.

Not the least valuable evidence of the variety of his information and the value of his thoughts is to be found in that extensive cor-

respondence, which he maintained with the leading men of the adjacent colonies, particularly with the enlightened Winthrops. In an author's published works his thoughts appear under the restraint of method, and dressed up, as it were, for show ; but in a friendly, epistolary correspondence they come out in an every-day garb and wear a natural look. His letters treat, in an easy style, of a great diversity of topics, and are embellished by frequent classical quotations and allusions. Indeed, his knowledge of language was of no common kind, or he never would have been selected, by Milton, to impart to himself a knowledge of the Dutch, in return for instruction in other tongues, with which the bard reciprocated the favor. If we compare the general style of his writings with the modern criterion of correctness, we shall find much that is faulty. For these faults, however, the author is not censurable, but the age in which he lived. He unfortunately caught his style from the English standard, when that standard was just upon the eve of a thorough purgation and renovation. Had he left his native land thirty years later, we should observe in his writings less which we would wish to alter. Yet, with all his imperfections, his periods have been favorably compared with those of Bacon and Milton. His tone of thought is, for the most part, pure and elevated. The convictions of a powerful mind are first clothed in the attractions of an active and vigorous, though chastened, imagination, and then boldly spread before us. If he neglects the subordinate parts of a subject, it is because he is satisfied with having presented to us the prominent and commanding points. He had one of those happily constituted minds, which are alike fitted to busy themselves with details and unimportant particulars, or to comprehend, illustrate and apply great principles ; and, whether he is engaged in pointing out the derivation of an Indian word, or in wielding gigantic arguments in the defense of religious liberty, he appears equally at ease, neither having, in the one case, a subject too small, nor, in the other, one too vast, for his comprehension.

That Williams, with so gifted and well furnished a mind, should have been capable of holding some erroneous opinions, which have been ascribed to him, would be almost incredible, were it not true, that men of the loftiest intellect and the most ample information have been known to entertain views most inconsistent with the dictates of sound reason. Happily, however, those opinions were of such a character that none felt their influence but himself. They were interwoven with his personal views of religion, respecting which a few words may not be inappropriate ; for they are the views of one whose principles emancipate all religion from the shackles of human authority, and surrender it to the dominion of conscience alone. He early experienced a change of heart, and, while yet a boy, cherished a confident hope

of salvation. After his arrival in this country, he declined uniting with the church at Boston, because they were unwilling to confess the sin of having communed with the English Church. In this place he advanced an opinion, which, as it was then, so is it now deemed untenable: that an oath is a part of God's worship; and that for civil purposes it cannot be taken by an unregenerate man, without violating his own conscience and transgressing the sacred law. Afterwards, a colleague of the minister at Salem, his doctrine of religious liberty drew upon him the hatred of the neighboring churches, and he was persecuted from the place. A colleague of the pastor of Plymouth, a fearless advocacy of the same doctrine was productive of the same results, and he was again compelled to retire before a rabid persecution. Received again at Salem, the barbed darts of persecution were hurled in upon him thicker and faster than before. Finally, summoned before the General Court, by the sentence of a blinded and bigoted magistracy he was cruelly banished. Having found an asylum upon the Narragansett shores, he was baptized by a layman, then himself administered this sacrament to others and gathered the first Baptist church in America. After a membership of four months, his investigations led him to the erroneous conviction, that since the days of the apostles there had existed no ministers authorized to preach to the unconverted; that he himself had been baptized by unsanctified hands; and that it was incumbent upon him to close his ministration and dissolve his connection with the church. This done, like Cromwell and Milton, he remained to the close of his life unconnected with any religious society. Cherishing these errors, he was yet tolerant of the opposite views of others. With these few blemishes upon his christian character, it was in all other respects pure and untarnished. He entertained the fundamental truths of Christianity with a firmness of belief that was never shaken. The impulsive warmth of his own feelings imparted to the virtues a living energy, and kept them in ceaseless action. He was a man of the purest morals, consistent in conduct and opinions, forward in the discharge of the kind offices of life, richly deserving, and is rapidly gaining, a better name than many have been disposed to allow him.

Not among the least of his claims to be honorably mentioned by those who live after him, is that example of disinterestedness, untiring zeal, and inflexible integrity, which is presented in his political career. The contentions for royal prerogative, which he had witnessed under James I, made him a confirmed infidel in the doctrine of divine rights, and inspired him with a love of popular government. His scrupulous observance of the rights of the people was signally manifested in the first political step which he was led to take in America. Being by right of purchase sole owner of a great portion of his own state, having an opportunity to establish a

proprietary government, to enrich himself and gather into his own hands the reins of political power, yet by instituting an equal division of lands, and by conferring equal political privileges, he generously sacrificed all these advantages to the cause of democratic principles. He was not covetous of power ; and, when he might have drank deeply, he put from him the "tempting beaker" of dominion, choosing rather to share his domains with others upon an equality of rank and privilege, than be counted their superior in aught but native worth. When new accessions of territory and population made it expedient, both for the preservation of internal quiet and the prevention of aggressions from without, to obtain from England a formal recognition of their governmental privileges, Williams was selected by his fellow citizens, as the best fitted to perform this delicate and important business. His representations before the Foreign Committee, seconded by his personal friend Sir Henry Vane, enabled him to accomplish the object of his mission, and he returned bearing the first charter of Rhode Island. When, at a subsequent period, a powerful faction arose, who by artful misrepresentations succeeded in obtaining from the mother government an independent title to a part of the colonial soil ; and who threatened to divide the territory, and subvert the existing government of the state ; he was again deputed to visit the English court, and, by the aid of his former coadjutor, he gained the favor of the Council of State, and again were his efforts crowned with success. The intrusive title was annulled, the faction divested of its power, and the angry tones of discord hushed to rest. It was while he was absent in the performance of this service that his integrity was put to the test. A request came from home that he would have himself appointed governor by the English authorities. His influence with Cromwell and the leading members of the Long Parliament was amply adequate to the procurement of this appointment ; and nothing was wanting on his part but a willingness to submerge the interests of his constituents in his own, by elevating himself to office, and subjecting them in his successors to the authority of royal minions. That honor, which it would have been the height of imprudence to have conferred upon him in this manner, was twice given him by the suffrages of his fellow citizens. It is emphatic evidence of the confidence reposed in his political principles, that he once held the office of representative and repeatedly that of senator in the legislature, and was twice elevated to the supreme magistracy of Rhode Island. With him politics were not a trade, in which the dearest interests of his fellow citizens were bandied about to increase the gains of the trafficker. He considered his talents to be a trust for which he was responsible ; and that when the exigencies of the state called for their exercise, he could discharge that responsibility only by

obeying that call ; and that he could faithfully obey that call only by forgetting himself and consulting for those who had sought his aid ; and that thus, and only thus, would he be able to secure that best of all rewards, the reward of an approving conscience. Well, if all who have to do with the public weal would, like Roger Williams, aim at the obtaining of that rare reward !

If, however, we would contemplate that which constitutes the peculiar glory in the life of this man, we must consider him as having been the first to conceive, assert, and establish, in its full extent, the grand doctrine of **FREEDOM OF CONSCIENCE**, a doctrine which will immortalize his name, and has already ranked him among the moral emancipators of the world. The unsuccessful attempts of Queen Elizabeth to shape the consciences of her subjects to a given pattern and give them all a symmetrical and workmanlike form, had been related to him in accurate detail ; he had himself witnessed and experienced the endeavors of the Court of High Commission to accomplish the same object ; and he had marked that signal failure, which attended their efforts, and which might have been expected to attend efforts to effect, what was in its very nature impossible. His experience of the evils of compulsion in matters of belief, and his conviction that a resort to it is not enjoined upon the christian, determined him, therefore, to resist, in its very inception, any attempt in this country to erect a tribunal of intolerance. The early manifestation of an intolerant spirit early elicited a bold assertion of his favorite doctrine. The assertion of this doctrine roused a fierce and irresistible opposition. That opposition, in all its power, was yet inadequate to awe the fearless and conscientious reformer into a retraction of his opinions ; and an unwillingness to retract his opinions drove him to wander in a wintry wilderness, where for months he knew not " what bread or bed did mean." But by an unseen hand he was guided through the mazes of the desert ; the savage was touched with compassion for his sufferings and gave him protection. And there, on that spot of Indian hospitality, he became the founder of the first state whose institutions were based on the principle, that man is responsible for his religious belief, not to his fellow man, but to his God, and that the arm of civil authority exerts an illegitimate sway whenever it attempts to rule the conscience. Nor was this principle emblazoned on her archives in specious and equivocal language, capable of being tortured into a conformity with the belief of its expounder. Nor was it set forth in univocal and unqualified terms and not enshrined in the hearts of her citizens. On her soil might the Catholic or Protestant, the Jew or Pagan, profess his own creed, and worship after his own manner. Rhode Island became the ark of religion, into which men of all persuasions might retire for safety, while the waters of intolerance were sweeping with destructive violence over the rest of

creation. The exalted principle of her founder, recommended by the success of his experiment, has, like the coming light of the morning, spread from state to state, from government to government, until now, the world round, there can be found no people on whose institutions it does not shed its brightening and cheering influence. To him is due the praise of having announced, for the *first time* and in its *broadest sense*, a principle in the partial support of which Taylor and Locke have acquired unfading honors. To have been the first to announce such a principle—a moral gem, as it were, plucked from a heavenly casket,—was alone sufficient to have rescued from oblivion the name of any mortal; but, also to have translated that principle into practice, to have brought it to promote the interests and the happiness of his race, to have made it the center around which he gathered a flourishing political community, far transcends the common fortune of great men and gives additional strength to his claims to immortality.

When, then, we call to mind those noble spirits who have now passed from the earth, and recount their claims to grateful recollection, ought we not to dwell for a moment upon the name and the character of ROGER WILLIAMS?

Z. Z. Z.

THE ARBOR CRADLE.

THROUGH a twinkling grove I was wending my way,
 At the time when the trees wave in richest array,
 When, 'neath a cool arbor o'erhung by the vine,
 Where its full purple clusters with roses entwine;
 Where the sparrow delighteth her frail home to place,
 And its leaf-shaded bowl with blue eggs to grace;
 I found a sweet infant, whose cheek's healthy red
 Had pilfered its blush from the flowers round his bed;
 Whose soft little mouth was enwreath'd with a smile,
 With the smile of a heart too young to know guile.
 His lips were just parted, as if to inhale
 With easiest breath the rose-scented gale;
 His hand a rich cluster was clasping with care,
 Which vied with the delicate curls of his hair,
 And the folds of a mantle supported his rest—
 Oh, none but a mother arrang'd that nest!
 I thought—and hid myself just in the grove,
 To wait when the fond one should come to her love.
 A moment but pass'd, when I saw, peeping through,
 A lovely young female advancing to view;
 With tremulous hand the branches she parted,

And over the child a look of love darted.
 Her dress was a mother's, loose laced at the breast,
 Her step, like a fairy's, afraid to molest
 The innocent sleep of her darling first born :—
 Just then came a fly, slowly winding his horn,
 And circling around, as if choosing a place
 The sweetest to rest on, alit on his face ;
 But though very gently his path he pursued,
 On the cheek of an infant a fly's foot is rude ;
 So the sleeper awoke—see ! he opens his eyes !
 And the glad arbor echoes his rapturous cries.
 I write not the rest that I saw in that grove,
 For my lyre has no tone like a mother's deep love.

“NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.”

A SKETCH TAKEN FROM REAL LIFE.

“*Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
 Regumque turres.*”

“Dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return,” is the bitter curse which has gone forth against us ; and the rich and poor, the high and humble, alike lie down beneath it. Wealth, talent and influence, though they may ward off a little sorrow from our brief being, cannot bribe death, nor close the opening grave. Youth, friends, and social ties form no shield from the destroyer ; indeed, they often seem to be but lures to beckon him to his victim. Strength cannot resist, beauty cannot soften, amiability cannot conciliate him. From our cradles onward he is a constant source of terror to our imaginations ; and when at last the dreaded struggle comes, however favorable the circumstances, and however strong the attachments of life, we must yield and perish !

But the terrors connected with our own dissolution are but a small part of what we have to endure from this king of terrors. Long ere the currents of our own existence feel the venom of his dart, our hearts feel the effects of his ravages. With a cunning and terrible alchemy he frequently converts “the human love within us,” the purest and most prolific source of earthly enjoyment, into a deep and bitter fountain of anguish. There are affections which seem to be left to poor human nature as the wrecks and relics of that nobler nature which sin demolished ; and their calm and generous exercise furnishes perhaps the fairest and truest picture of Eden's purity and bliss which a world of

passion and pollution can exhibit. It is with such affections that death is continually interfering. He cannot quench them; happily sometimes if he could; but by taking away the object upon which they have fastened, he can, and, alas! how often he does, turn them to gall in the stricken heart that nourished them! Surely, it is something more than a pretty fancy, it is solemn truth, when the poet says,

“A few flowerets of Eden we still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all.”

It needs not the pen of romance, or the poet's fancy, to illustrate such sentiments as these. Every day's existence affords a thrilling commentary which he who runs may read. Who has not seen the young, the strong, the talented, perchance the gay, laid away in the tomb? And who has not seen that tomb bedewed by the unbidden tear, or witnessed over it the workings of that gigantic grief to which tears are denied? Nay, who has not himself stood by the bedside of a departing, or the grave of a departed friend? Who has not borne in his own spirit some memorial of the “sting of death?” Yes, the records of his handy-work are inscribed upon every monument in every church-yard, and engraven still more deeply in the sad memory of those who mourn.

It is not from a paucity of such examples that the following sketch is written; but a tale of truth may not be utterly without interest, though it treats of a subject so trite, and exhibits a catastrophe so common. That it is a tale of truth more than one lacerated heart now testifies.

“Now S. tell me whether the associations of my childhood alone have cast over these fields the magic which covers them; or has nature really clothed them with a richness and beauty she gives to few of her works? Have I painted my own sweet valley too gorgeously to you; or is it decked, in its native charms, more ravishingly than painter can copy, or imagination conceive?”

It was in the summer of 1835 that I spoke thus to a young companion, who was passing for the first time through the place of my nativity. We had just emerged from one of those rough, alpine regions, which in some parts of New England hedge in the fairest valleys that a summer's sun can shine on. Far to the south a landscape spread before us, which almost realized the beautiful fictions of Fairy-land. I will not attempt to describe it as it is not essential to my story; but the long, even vale, stretching away in the distance as far as the eye could reach,—the gently swelling hills which rose up on each side, as if to shut out the rudeness and bustle of the world,—and the Housatonic, bright as a thread of silver, pouring along its waters, which had danced and sparkled but a few hours in the sun-light since they first

burst from their parent fountain,—these and a thousand other beauties made me proud of my birth-place, and generally secured for it the admiration even of such as had no household gods enshrined there.

“And there,” exclaimed S. when we had proceeded a little on our way, “there is a bower in your Paradise, in which a man of moderate desires might be content to live and *die*!” He pointed to a neat white cottage, surrounded by maples, which spread their long and leafy arms around and over it, as if to cherish and protect it. “Where could a man find a more shady spot for the noon of life; and in its eventide where could he catch glimpses of his last sunset with more satisfaction than from beyond that velvet hill in the west, and through the ‘tall green trees’ that crown it?”

This was said in a playful manner, and probably faded from his memory as soon as uttered; and it would never have recurred to mine had not more recent circumstances called it up with a freshness too vivid.

* * * * *

During the fall of 1838, I spent a short time in that same valley. S. in the interim had honorably concluded a college course, and was just settled in a reputable and lucrative employment in one of the New England states. At the close of a day in the last autumn a stranger called and informed me that S. was sick about two miles distant, and wished to see me. I instantly obeyed the summons, and was startled as I found myself guided to that same little cottage to which I have already referred. Association, quick as thought, recalled to my remembrance the expression which, three years before, he had carelessly dropped. Was it superstition? was it folly? I trembled lest that expression might prove but the foretelling of his own destiny; and though I knew nothing of the nature or the probable results of his indisposition, yet, in spite of myself, I crossed the threshold with sad forebodings.

Though there was nothing in his appearance to preclude the hope of ultimate recovery, there was sufficient promise of present, severe, and perhaps long-protracted sickness. His flushed features, his parched lips and glazed eye, all told what was at work within; and the burning fever of his hand as I grasped it, seemed almost to scorch me. I learned from him in few words, that disease was raging in the place where he dwelt, and that he himself had been threatened with an attack. Partly with the hope of promoting his recovery, and in case that hope should fail, partly with the desire of casting himself upon the nursing of friends instead of strangers, he had left his new home in quest of an old one. He had accomplished about half the journey, when, worn out by the effort, and crazed by the boiling blood in his veins, he

turned into this inviting habitation, and its inmates, with a generous hospitality, had made him welcome.

"I hoped," said he, after these explanations had passed, "to have been able to reach home; but this fever has proved itself stronger than I, and it must run its course here. My friends are expecting me, however, and you will confer a favor by informing them with as little alarm as possible, both where I am, and what is my condition."

The home of which he spake, was in his native town, indeed, but it was not the home of his parents; nor did he allude to relatives when he spoke of friends. His only surviving parent, and in fact all his near kindred, were too far distant to be applied to in an emergency like the present. He had no relatives in New England, if we except that relationship which reciprocal love engenders, and which truly constitutes a closer, holier bond of union than even the ties of consanguinity. It was the home of his *betrothed*, a young and beautiful girl, who had grown up with him from infancy. Their very cradles had rocked in unison, and all the days of a sunny childhood had been spent in an intimate companionship. It was probably in these halcyon days that their mutual faith was plighted; and the mutual affection which had so early a birth had "grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength."

It was to her that I now communicated the fact of my friend's illness, and it requires but a feeble imagination to conceive the effect which the intelligence produced upon her; the anxiety, the uncertainty, the mental debates and conflicts of impulses and opinions which it awakened. The very terms of the letter, so carefully chosen to allay fears, were skillfully made to minister to them. Watchful apprehension and jealous affection discovered a hidden and terrible import in the guarded language before her. He might be far worse than was represented; and the communication she had received might conceal from her the real truth, through a mistaken unwillingness to excite her alarm. Perhaps he was dangerously ill,—he might die,—yes, he *might die*,—and should she tamely wait in the home of their youth for his coming, she might never hear the sweet music of that voice, nor see the soft beaming of that eye again!

Thus argued her fears with an hundred tongues; and her affections were scarcely less clamorous. Was he not sick, whatever might be the result of his sickness? Was he not sick among strangers, who at most could feel for him only the common sympathies of our nature? Even if he recovered would he not need a friend's watchfulness around his pillow, and a friend's converse to cheer the tedium of his confinement,—a friendly heart to sympathize, and a friendly hand to relieve? And where was the friend who could go? His mother, the "angel of his childhood,"

was in heaven,—sisters he had none,—father and brothers were far away, not dreaming of his necessities. Who was there then to go but herself? herself, the nearest, and by far the most interested friend, whose assistance could now reach him. Who but herself ought to go? herself, whose destiny had been linked with his from very childhood, and was to be so till death?

On the other hand, against all these suggestions, pleaded the sensitive delicacy of a female heart. She was not his wife; except in the little circle of their mutual friends it was not known that she was to be so. And would she be allowed to perform, for an intended husband, those offices which, were he a real one, would be considered her most sacred duty? Were she to lay aside the unobtruding reserve of her sex,—were she, unasked, (for she had not been asked,) to seek a lover among strangers, even for so holy a purpose as to minister at his sick bed, what would the world say? that busy, meddling world, that jealous and unfeeling world, which so untiringly pursues, and so restlessly persecutes all who violate its own arbitrary rules? If he should recover, and especially should his illness prove a slight one, would not such an open manifestation of her interest, her *love*, awaken the ridicule of the unthinking and excite the surprises of the reflecting? And might not even *he*,—the question made her hesitation long and painful,—might not even he consider the step indelicate and officious?—But again the thought recurred, what if he should not recover? and she felt that the reproach of her own heart, should she suffer him to die alone, would be more intolerable than the gravest rebukes and the keenest satire of the world she feared. Again and again did her mind call up these and a thousand kindred suggestions;—again and again did she go over with these and a thousand similar arguments, till at last affection triumphed over her scruples and her fear, and she left her home and came to attend him. Happy, thrice happy is it for herself that she thus decided. Had she lingered but a few days even, the delay would have poisoned her peace forever.

She came; but how can I describe the scenes she witnessed? why attempt to describe them? Suffice it to say, his disease assumed a fearful and uncommon malignity, which puzzled the skill and baffled all the efforts of his physicians. And to increase the mournful interest of the case, within four or five days after his first attack, delirium, that frightful concomitant of fevers, asserted its empire over his mind, and in varied and terrible forms maintained an almost unbroken dominion till death broke its charm. Often, in the stillness of the night, his wild screams would startle the sleepers from their slumber, while the utmost strength of his watchers was required to restrain his fierce and frantic exertions; and at other times he would lie for hours, his active mind teeming with the most fantastic and incongruous

ideas, and the unmeaning gibberish of insanity, falling unceasingly from his lips.

Through all these sad scenes, that affectionate and devoted girl, like a ministering angel, hung over the sufferer, anticipated his every want, and performed every office which duty could claim or love prompt. Morning, noon and midnight still found her at his bedside; and regardless of her own health, forgetful even of her food and rest, her whole soul seemed fixed upon the unhappy invalid; every thought was of him, every effort was for him. And it is hard to determine which of the two was the most melancholy object of interest,—*he*, powerful in strength, noble in intellect and young in years, thus crippled and wrecked by a relentless disease,—or *she*, with the bright promise of her young hopes disappointed, the fair buddings of her young affection blighted, and the ‘spirit’ itself, which should have helped to ‘bear her infirmities,’ ‘wounded’ and sickened by the horrors around her.

But sad as was this condition, her cup of woe was not yet full. As if to add the last and bitterest ingredient, there came upon him, during the latter part of his sickness, that feature of insanity so familiar to those who have noted its thousand changing phases, so heart-rending to affectionate friends, and so repugnant to nature itself,—I mean that feature of it which seems to turn the love of the victim into hatred, and excites in his mind the fiercest hostility against those whom, in health, he cherished with the deepest tenderness. At her first coming he had greeted her, and, indeed, till the unhappy change to which I have alluded, he had uniformly treated her with all the kindness and affection which her own fond heart could desire; but in the capriciousness of his delirium, he conceived an antipathy against her, which was never fully allayed. Often, when driven from him by his unconscious and mistaken ravings, did she go away and weep till the fury of his thoughts was abated, or their current changed; then she would steal back tremblingly to his bedside, and watch him and wait upon him till his reawakened attention forced her again to retire and weep. And as the prospects of his recovery faded away one by one and were hopelessly extinguished, it was affecting to see with what intense anxiety she watched the wanderings of his intellect; how fondly she nursed the belief that he must once more be recalled to a recollection of the past, and how perseveringly she labored during his hours of comparative calmness, to bring again to his mind her own image as it once dwelt there. Alas! poor girl! This last, this little consolation was prayed for and waited for in vain! But why pursue these painful details further.

It was in such a condition as I have described, that I left him on the evening of the tenth day of his illness. After a night

which anxiety rendered restless, I arose with the dawn and proceeded once more to that little cottage, around which such intense interest began to gather. I entered unbidden, as was my custom, and ascended the stairs. The door of the sick chamber was closed, and there was an awful and portentous stillness within, that made my heart recoil. Was he dying? or was he dead?—I softly raised the latch, and the tale was told! My friend was there alone. His marbled features were settled in the last slumber; his “limbs were straightened for the grave,” and the winding sheet was around him.

Spreading gently over his face the covering I had removed, I turned away and left the apartment. The first person I encountered in the passage, was the crushed, stricken, widowed being who was left behind,—*widowed*, even before she was a bride! As I approached, she covered up her face and wept aloud! It was a grief I dared not chide, and knew not how to comfort. I took her hand and whispered the words of assurance and consolation, which the volume of truth reveals, and without whose sustaining, cheering, animating influences, the burthened spirit would sometimes sink too low for relief. “E. ‘shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?’ Remember, ‘whom He loveth, He chasteneth.’”

“Oh!” exclaimed she, in a voice stifled and interrupted by convulsive sobs, “oh! if he could only have known me! I have lived upon the hope that I should once more be recognized—that I should once more hear his own kind voice address me! Now that hope has left me, and *my heart is breaking!* But hush! hush!” she continued, as I startled at the excess of her own sorrow. “Oh! help me,” and she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, with an expression of mingled submission and agony, which it was sickening to witness, “help me to bear this terrible chastisement—to bear it *all* without a murmur!”—

* * * * *

At his own request, we buried him in his native town, and by the side of his mother. It was in the decline of the third day from his death, that the neighbors and playmates of his early years gathered in the little church-yard, to pay the last tribute of respect, and perform the last duties to the remains of the departed. Never shall I forget the breathless silence and the unearthly solemnity which settled down upon that assembly, as they stood uncovered around the coffin, while the man of God spread forth his hands and prayed. So trifling did the world appear to us,—so near and visibly did death approach us, that it actually seemed as if we could catch, through that open grave, a glimpse of eternity! Many doubtless went away to dissipate the solemnity and forget the warnings; but there was *one* who retired from that spot with a worm at her heart, which will feed upon it till it is consumed.

Thus "died and was buried" a young friend for whom I felt a sincere esteem, and one whose life was full of promise to the world. All his circumstances pointed him out as an improbable victim, and some of them were such as to render his death uncommonly melancholy. He was in the greenness of his age, having seen but little more than twenty-three years. In physical strength he was unrivalled; and in heaving the bar, and wielding the bat, and many other athletic exercises, I have seen him bear away the palm from an hundred. His mind was strong and vigorous, as his competitors in the intellectual arena will willingly acknowledge; and his feelings were kind and sensitive, as many whom he has assisted in sickness and relieved in distress, will gladly testify. He was bound to existence, by the tenderest ties, whose rupture has left many hearts sad, and one bruised, bleeding and desolate.

* * * * *

During the last vacation, I stood once more by the grave of S. At its head was a neat marble slab, bearing his name and age, and underneath the simple inscription,

'NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.'

It had been erected by her whose youthly love lies buried there; and most beautifully and touchingly does it express that faith which looks through the clouds and darkness of the present, to future "glory and immortality." D.

THE INDIAN BRIDE.

INSCRIBED TO A. C. D.

"In passing through Lake Pepin, our interpreter pointed out to us a high precipice, on the eastern shore of the lake, from which an Indian girl, had, many years ago, precipitated herself in a fit of disappointed love. Such an instance of sentiment is rarely to be met with, and should redeem the name from oblivion. It was *Oolaita*.—*Schoolcraft's Journal*.

O'ra bleak and barren Oolaita's height
The moon-beam's soft and glimmering
light

Was glancing mild but cheerily;
And, peering through the shaggy dell,
Like fairy footsteps gently fell,

Dancing so blithe and merrily,
Upon the leaping, rippling stream,
That back reflected many a gleam.
A blooming maid, an Indian bride,
Sat lonely by the current's side,

In lonesome silence weeping.
Her tresses dark, a raven's hue,
Disheveled in the night breeze flew,
Her tawny shoulders sweeping.
She wept a cherished love rejected,
A lover's falsity detected,
The plighted oath not shielding—
She'd sworn revenge, but ere a dart
Should pang, though false, a loved one's
heart,
Her own betrothed hand wielding.

She gave herself a sacrifice,
 To expiate dishonored ties ;
 On faith's pure altar casting
 A victim offered up by love—
 A monument that long may prove
 A woman's love, how lasting !
 A moment now she lightly scanned
 The silvery stream and rolling sand
 Beneath the dim light gleaming,
 Then upward turned her sparkling eye,
 And, while she marked, fast flitting by,
 The light clouds, lightly streaming,
 A plaintive air she murm'ring sung,
 Till soon in wilder accents rung.

The clouds before the wind,
 How fast they 're flying ;
 The breeze upon the hill,
 How fast 'tis dying !
 Man's vow to maiden's ear
 Is yet more fleeting ;
 Before *another's* smiles
 Sooner retreating.
 Love to the bride !
 Sooner retreating.

The bubble on the stream
 Lightly careering,
 Is man's constant faith—
 Constant in veering—

Another's crafty wiles
 Ever alluring :
 By her confiding love
 Never enduring :
 Love to the bride !
 Her troth not ensuring.

On whom shall woman trust !
 Who shall deliver
 From the love-nurtured hate
 Of her deceiver ?
 In the grave there is rest !
 There the ties sever,
 And hushed will be her wail
 Ever, forever !
 Happy the bride,
 Ever, forever !

Her song had ceased ; and wildly then,
 As once she muttered o'er again
 The closing lines, around she gazed,
 Her slender form erect is raised—
 An instant more, in wildest plight
 She scaled a steep and dizzy height,
 And headlong leaped far, far below
 Where Oolaita's waters flow.
 Let those who scoff at woman's love,
 And dream her fickle, prone to rove,
 Remember Oolaita's tide
 And ne'er forget the Indian bride.

THE DOOMED.

AN ENGLISH LEGEND OF 1620.

"Henceforth, let all young men take heed,
 How in a conjurer's book they read."—*Southey*.

"In our owne times Sathan hath bin busie with divers persons, and in the time of our forefathers the devyls were wont to plaie strange pranks with men."—*Witchcraft Unveiled*. 1640.

It was midnight—still, solemn midnight ! Autumn had clothed nature with her holiest and most beautiful garments, and a silent melancholy overshadowed the field, the valley, and the stream, covering the former with its russet robe of brown, and crystalizing the latter with her fresh and invigorating breath. The mild

moon had gone to bathe in the Atlantic—the multitude of lesser lights shot forth their silver radiance through the dark-blue depths as in emulation—and the wind rustled through the sere foliage, shaking the leaves in myriads to the earth, and sighing as if it were mournfully chanting the requiem of the season.

At this time, a muffled figure might be seen entering a dense forest in the most beautiful part of Sussex. As it penetrated farther into the intricacies of the wood, where the aged oaks, wreathing their huge gigantic branches into a thousand fantastic forms, darkened the path, its cloak fell back upon the shoulders, and disclosed the features of a young man apparently entering his twentieth year, with a face regular, handsome and well complexioned, upon which was seated a deep melancholy, which seemed its habitual expression. He was of a middle stature, and although of a slight frame, seemed capable of enduring the greatest fatigues. For an hour he journeyed on—now ascending the steep hills—now diving into the deep and delicious glens—now gliding along the banks of the streams, until a gorge in the distant mountain was descried, through which his path lay. “I am not deceived,” he murmured, as with quickened step the pass was approached.

As he stood in the opening, a lovely scene was spread before his eye. On the right of the quiet valley, scooped out amid the dark-blue mountains, there stretched a beautiful circular lake, black with its depth, a mirror in which were accurately reflected the features of an old ruin, situated upon its margin. The pile was vast; the right wing had crumbled to the earth; the left preserved an indistinct outline of what it once was; while the main body of the building stood as firm as when first erected.

He neared the spot; soon passed the threshold; and stood in a spacious hall. It was roofless. Decay was fast claiming what little remained for its own. The ivy hung in rich festoons from the top of the walls. Shrubs grew luxuriantly upon the bastions and battlements. The owls and bats, affrighted at the clank of his step, deserted their haunts. He crossed the hall and entered a large chapel. The dim light was sufficient to reveal indistinctly its high altar—its tall images—its profuse tapestry—its gigantic railings—its massy candlesticks—its chairs of sculptured stone—and its ponderous baptismal font. Noiselessly he glided over the marble pavement of the principal nave, and passed through a private entrance upon the left of the altar, into a long corridor. Groping and stumbling he proceeded onward, and, when patience was almost quite exhausted, arrived at the door. His hand touched the heavy bolt; of its own accord, it flew back; and the ponderous iron-studded portal grated fearfully on its hinges, as it swiftly swung open.

What visions burst upon him ! There was an illimitable hall, lighted with the dazzling glitter of a colossal chandelier of "one entire and perfect chrysolite." The floor was of the most beautiful mosaic, from which arose porphyry columns with gilt capitals, supporting a vaulted, circular ceiling, incrustated with a deep-blue fretwork, studded with silver stars. The walls were of exquisitely carved black oak, and inlaid with tortoise-shell and mother of pearl. On one side there was a large mirror in a most beautiful frame of the purest white and gold arabesque. Opposite this was a recess, hung with tapestry of white satin, wrought with wreaths of roses, in brilliants and rubies ; in the center, stood an elegantly chiseled marble table, upon which lay a wand massy with gems and jewels.

By this table sat the Genius of the place. Oh, she was beautiful ! Her luxuriant auburn hair, drawn off a broad, clear forehead, fell in many ringlets over each shoulder, which but for their transparency you would have given to Itys. Her large, lustrous eyes were of the deep rich blue of the evening sky. The light pencil of the eye-brows, and the long, dark lashes, which fringed the vein-traced lids, were all perfect. A sweet but determined expression played about the lips, in which the blood lay sleeping like color in the edge of a rose. Her countenance was pale, save when, excited by some secret cause,

—"The eloquent blush
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That we might almost say her features thought."

Oh, she was beautiful ! Like the rising of the Italian suns, always enchanting, never the same.

Her garb was Eastern. Around her head was a band of pearls fastened with an aigrette of diamonds. Her robe was of pale blue satin trimmed with silver, and fastened around the waist by a most beautiful Bruscan scarf as a girdle, in which gleamed the brilliants of a dagger's hilt. Ever and anon the soft, finely rounded arms peeped forth from the loose hanging sleeves. Her trowsers were of white Damasque silk. Her small, snow-white feet were beautiful as if most exquisitely sculptured of the finest Parian marble.

The stranger crossing the hall, soon stood by her side. Then that fairy one, kindling with a dignity of youthful beauty, and unconscious stateliness, sternly said ; "Who is this that unbidden intrudes upon my solitude ? Unwelcome guest ! What do you seek in this my enchanted realm ? Quick, speak quick, I wish to be left alone to my gloomy reflections."

"The rumor of your fame," he replied, "reached me remote from this place, and curiosity prompted to seek you that I might learn through what different scenes in life I must pass. I fain

would behold the events of years which now are remote and obscure. Draw aside, I entreat, the veil from the future, and let me be satisfied."

She gazed earnestly for a moment upon his countenance, and then "her sweet voice came like the distant sound of a harp, in the evening, on the soft-rustling breeze of the vale," saying; "Stranger, thy destiny is a fearful one. Seek not now to trace your path among the rocks and quicksands of life's tempestuous sea. The blasted hopes, the unmerited disgrace, the haughty insolence, and the heart-rending injuries would cast a midnight gloom over your remaining years."

A proud curl of the lip was his only reply.

That sweet voice came again more entreatingly. "Do not permit an insatiable curiosity to bring a blight upon your young, pure heart. The treachery, which you would behold, will cause suspicion, 'the fiend's best, most persevering servant,' to be fastened upon your dearest and best friends, and thoughts of the catastrophe will steal upon your happiest moments, embittering all their joys. Stranger, for your sake—for mine—retire."

"Lady, mine is no girl's heart to be frightened at the least trace of a shadow of danger. You have but excited my curiosity the more. Delay not longer its gratification."

She seized her wand and with it pointed to the mirror upon the opposite wall. At this signal, that instrument of her art fixed the gaze of the stranger. He approached it. There were uncouth forms and indistinct scenes all blended promiscuously in wild confusion, but the longer and more fixedly he gazed, the outlines became more distinct and definite. There was a vast and crowded saloon; at one extremity was raised an ivory throne, upon which sat a prince, by whose fiat the destinies of a mighty empire were swayed. Upon his lofty brow, which seemed more noble from an impress of deep thought, shone an imperial diadem; in one hand was a scepter, in the other, a seal; his eye beamed proudly as it ran over that large assemblage; and when he spoke, it was with the conscious power of one who is "born to command." He was surrounded by men of elevated station, upon whom fortune had lavished in profusion, her choicest treasures; yet ever and anon the countenances of all would lower with a bitter sneer; and then searching looks and flashing eyes were fastened upon him, as if they would penetrate his heart's arcana, and drag to light something for condemnation.

A flush suffused the stranger's countenance, and as he turned away in scorn, a broken murmur of hate and pride escaped him. Again the fairy one pointed with her brilliant wand to that magic glass, saying, "Stranger, look yet again, you have not witnessed all!"

He turned—he gazed—the scene was changed. There was a dense, motionless crowd, every countenance of which glared fiercely—a scaffold hung in black, surrounded by bands of soldiery—a priest—an executioner leaning upon his axe—anon, the solemn toll of a heavy bell—a procession issues from the gate of a tower with a slow and measured tread—advances along a narrow and dim passage—reaches the foot of the scaffold—divides—a muffled form ascends—lays his head upon the block—it is severed from the body—the executioner, seizing it by the hair, shows it all bleeding to the gaping crowd, shouting ; “ *Here’s the head of a traitor !* ”

Good God ! Why sprang that stranger away so suddenly ?

He has seen the severed head—has looked upon the victim’s brow—has, at a glance, recognized the well known features—and then from his pale and tremulous lips burst forth the awful cry—“ **IT IS CHARLES OF ENGLAND ! O, GOD ! IT IS ME !** ”

The king leaned for support against one of the columns ; all his scorn and pride had vanished ; the thick perspiration rolled in heavy drops from his marble brow ; and his pale lips grew still paler,—

“ It was a dreadful moment ; not the tears,
The lingering, lasting miseries of years,
Could match that minute’s anguish—all the worst
Of sorrow’s elements in that dark burst,
Broke o’er his soul, and, with one crash of fate,
Laid the whole hopes of his life desolate ! ”

He leaned long in silence ; the agonizing conflict still raged fiercely in his breast ; and when at last he spoke, it was with a great effort that he faintly said ; “ Lady, I thank you for this convincing proof of your magic power. You have left a lingering and a haunting pang within my heart, the deadly sting of which time can never mitigate. Yet I blame not you, but that fatal curiosity, my worst fiend, and that superstition, of whose gloomy and severe dominion this is a gift.”

He looked upon that young, mysterious girl. She seemed unconscious of the presence of any one. A deep, deep melancholy was seated upon her countenance. Could it be sympathy simply for him ? No. The expression was too intense ; the spasm of extreme terror, which stole over her frame, declared too plainly, that

“ Now Hope’s expiring throb is o’er,
And e’en Despair can prompt no more ! ”

The solemn silence, more awful than the howl of the tempest, seemed to recall her to the present, and, noticing the fixed gaze of the king, she summoned all her powers to the task, as if ashamed

of the temporary weakness, and said, although the words flowed languidly; "King, dark and stern is your destiny. Yet you would read it, although warned of the consequence, that your life's cup would be drugged to the brim with miseries. Yet my destiny is darker, sterner still. In the morn of life my sun must set. These were conditions of my magic power; that it should cease when once I had read the fate of a king; and that I should not survive my art. The fatal vow is yet upon me, and now I must die! All my noble aspirations for immortal fame, all my glorious dreams of unlimited power, all the hopes, which this heart has so fondly cherished, and life, to which I have so closely clung, must now perish! Yet I will not waste away, King, with long and lingering pain in the cold and withering embrace of death. I have a resource left, which will sunder more quickly all the vain ties which bind me to this lovely earth. My existence ceases with yon bright, ever-changing mirror."

She ceased. A troubled tint played fearfully upon her pale cheek, and a bewildered light was on her brow. She seized her massy, jewelled wand, and hurled it at the mirror. It was shattered into a thousand fragments. There was a crash of thunder, louder than an earthquake. That young and mysterious girl was no more!

The king stood alone amid the wrecks of power and beauty. The hall was wild and desolate, and prostrate on the marble pavement—all her power fled—lay that fair and gifted one! *Wo for the Doomed!*

Reader! As you follow Charles through his political career, does he not seem to be ruled by a strange fatality?

Yet time, that soother of all earth's miseries, and the dazzling glitter of royalty, with its honors and its joys, gradually blunted the keenness of his feelings, and soon caused the remembrance of that awful night to be only as one of the wild dreams of youth.

But, during his confinement in Holmby-castle and Hampton court, free scope was allowed the imagination to roam back to the halcyon days of early years, and then it was that the prediction of that fairy sibyl came vividly to mind, with the horrid consciousness, that now he stood on the "*very verge of doom!*"

THE WON DESERTED.

CANTO II.

I.

Thou art around me, ocean ! It is well !
 Thoughts like thy billows in my bosom
 swell !
 It is most fitting, I become thy child,
 Who am thus tost with tempest all as wild.
 Without—within, there is henceforth a
 strife,
 May ne'er depart but with departing life !
 Spread wide the canvass !—let each
 “snowy wing,”
 Waft me from her I love, as from a thing
 Most hated : for when hopes have turned
 to air,
 Stronger than hatred, is the stern despair !
 O waning moon ! why sadly gaze on me ?
 Mourn'st thou, pale vestal, at my misery ?
 Mourn'st thou to see my hopes and joy
 decay,
 E'en as thy glories wane and pass away ?
 Ay ! thou didst see the lovers in the
 bower—
 Perchance thou seest them at this very
 hour !
 Hark ! dost thou hear their softly whis-
 pered vow ?
 Swell, ocean billows, and ye wild winds,
 blow !
 Bear me from all I've loved, and still
 adore,
 To some far off inhospitable shore,
 Where human face * * *
 Why have I loved her ! Why resigned
 my soul
 To such deceitful being's soft control ?
 Why did I love her !—
 —How like music still
 Thy gentle voice upon my ear doth
 dwell !
 How doth thine eye reveal the spirit's
 light !
 How is thy face with heavenly radiance
 bright !

O ! my poor heart ! thou cheated, fond
 believer !
 O ! fairest maiden ! thou too fair de-
 ceiver !
 Yet through the days of infancy and
 youth,
 Thy love was guileless, and thy heart
 was truth,
 Till came the wanderer, with beguiling
 tongue !
 Be *he* accursed !—'tis *he*, hath done the
 wrong !
 Would he werē with me on the vaulting
 wave !
 Or he, or I would find an ocean grave !
 Yet dost *thou* love him ! Oh ! then let
 him live !
 Though grieving sore, I would not thou
 shouldst grieve !
 Bear me thou ocean, to some land away,
 Where all unknown may rest this wea-
 ried clay ;
 Or when the tempest walks upon the
 deep,
 Whelm me oh ! darkly to eternal sleep !

II.

Such were the thoughts, that pierced my
 bosom's core,
 As flew our bark the foaming waters
 o'er.
 There had been storm abroad upon the
 main ;
 But ere we sailed, it slumbered there
 again ;
 And naught might tell the elements their
 rest
 Had broken, save the ocean's heaving
 breast.
 How like my wo ! Its sudden storm was
 past ;—
 But grief's strong billows still rolled wild
 and fast !

Yet, as the trembling moon with lessened
 rays
 Did softly silver o'er the evening haze,
 And kiss, with peaceful smile, each bil-
 low's brow,
 Rising to greet her in their ceaseless
 flow,
 And far retiring, dim the distance through
 My native land fast faded on the view,
 Fond recollections to my memory stole,
 Bringing a sad calm o'er the troubled
 soul.
 Again our sweet home smiled; affection's
 chain
 Grew bright and brighter;— Inez there
 again
 Passed careless with me childhood's sun-
 ny hours,
 Gath'ring by bank and stream the early
 flowers;
 Again o'er ancient oracles we hung;—
 And soon—the stranger came with win-
 ning tongue;—
 And then—the ocean roared around me!
 —fast
 The vessel flew upon the winged blast,
 Bearing me far from each beloved thing!
 Yet did I check the grief, again would
 spring,
 And with my lute, that long had lain un-
 strung,
 Though erst its notes on gentlest ear
 were flung,
 Now in the ear of *Night* this mournful
 strain I sung.

III.

TO INEZ.

Farewell! farewell! I ne'er may see
 Thy lovely form again!
 Despair doth urge me on to flee
 Across the bounding main!
 My life hath been a dream at morn,
 And thou its vision, heavenly born!
 How were my dreamings vain!
 Reality's awakening light,
 Dispels in air their fancies bright.
 Yet, while I grieve thy love hath made
 Another's heart rejoice,

I pray *his* love may never fade,
 Nor *thou* repent thy choice.
 May thy young life no sadness know;
 Mine be the deep unchanging wo,
 And sorrow's mourning voice!
 That thou wert pained, the sad belief
 Would crush me with a heavier grief!
 How lovely wert thou, gentle flower!
 Oh! still I see thee near,
 And still with all its heavenly power,
 Thy soft voice charms my ear!
 Thou lov'st alas! another—yet,
 My soul, my soul, can ne'er forget—
 Thou art as ever dear!
 Though all forgot by thee, I never,
 Thine image from my heart can sever.
 For he, that long hath cherished love,
 A secret, sacred flame,
 Can ne'er from his devotion move,
 But worships still the same.
 Though cold his idol, still he bows,
 And in his heart, with changeless vows,
 Adores the much loved name!
 The vestal fire still burneth there,
 Upon the altar of despair!
 But now I leave my native land,
 To cross the waters wide;
 I would not see another's hand
 Claim thee his promised bride!
 Nor yet with my vain love would bring
 A shadow in thine early spring,
 To darken life's bright tide;
 Around me roars the deep, dark sea—
 Farewell! farewell! to joy and thee.

IV.

The land was gone: the swift bark flew
 As if my cause of grief it knew,
 And thus would bear me far apart
 From things, that could so cloud the
 heart.
 But ah! nor change of scene or clime,
 Nor yet the silent lapse of time,
 E'er sweet oblivion brings
 Unto the heart, that loves to dwell
 Upon its very cause of ill,
 And to its sorrow clings!
 Beneath the high moon's queenly ray,
 Full many a league was sailed ere day;

And when at last the regal sun,
 With mighty and majestic motion,
 Rose from his rocking couch of ocean,
 His burning race to run,
 Oh! glorious was the sight, I ween,
 Of heaven above and waves below,
 Bathed in one universal glow
 Of living light between.
 Alas! it could not cheer the breast
 With grief's eternal gloom oppressed!

Thus many a day and night we passed,
 Till Albion's white cliffs at last
 Far o'er the waters shine:
 "Land! land!" the eager sailor's cry,
 And joy in every heart beats high,—
 In every heart but mine!
 And yet it was the land, which long
 Hath been the most renowned in
 story;—

The land of chivalry and song,
 And learning's proudest glory:
 Yet marvel not—to sorrow's eye,
 How vain is all earth's pageantry!
 And London's busy world appeared—
 I passed it careless by,
 And many a castle hoar, that reared
 Its ancient turrets high;
 But with a mournful pleasure strayed
 Within those massive ruins' shade,
 Where long did dwell, in feudal pride,
 Fair Inez' race, by Tweed's dark tide.
 For there was harmony between
 My ruined hopes, and such a scene!
 Five hundred years of glory shone
 On that stern pile of blackened stone;
 Five hundred vanished joys appeared,
 To mock my sad heart, lone and seared!
 Dismantled were the ivy'd walls—
 Deserted were the regal halls—
 Wild weeds were growing on the hearth,
 And where the festal board was spread
 For revelry and joyous mirth,
 Dust marked the curious stranger's
 tread:
 And through each ruined chamber's
 gloom,
 Reigned silence of the voiceless tomb!
 Thus do all human hopes decay!
 Thus passeth earthly power away!

V.

Son of eternity! unwearied Time!
 Thine is dominion o'er our mortal
 years!
 Still with unsparing wing, from clime
 to clime,
 Beauty and bloom, thou turn'st to dust
 and tears!
 O! bearer stern of trembling hopes and
 fears,
 Shaking the breast with grief and pas-
 sion's gust,
 Still must the heart consume with
 carking cares,
 The crown with canker and the sword
 with rust,
 Till all things earthly be commingled in
 the dust!

Crowned with a garland of the things
 that were,
 How hast thou breathed on me thy
 withering breath,
 Till my torn heart stands desolate and
 bare,
 As leafless oak upon the blasted heath!
 No hopes fresh foliage round it green-
 ly wreath:
 For oh! its fount of blooming life is
 dry!
 This mortal frame thou scarce canst
 change by death;
 But the immortal spirit ne'er can die—
 Time! though a part, thou canst not be
 eternity!

VI.

An aimless mind is ill at ease:
 Its present pleasures cannot please;
 And thus it ever vainly turns
 To others, that alike it spurns.
 From Albion's time-honored isle
 I passed where brighter climates smile,
 And hailed full many a land, whose name
 Hath filled the sounding trump of fame:
 The home of science, sunny France;
 And Spain, renowned for love and lance,
 And beauty's dark-eyed daughters;
 And Florence, that by Arno's stream,
 Hath come and faded like a dream;
 And, rising from the waters,

That now no more her sceptre own,
Proud Venice on her marble throne !
Then mighty Rome before me rose,
That triumphed o'er a thousand foes,
And through long ages reigned afar
From th' Orient to th' evening star,

Now in majestic wo ;
And classic Athens, met my eyes,
Beneath her own unclouded skies—
She was become the spoiler's prize—
Time brings the mightiest low !
But how could mournful scenes like these,
Bring to the mourning spirit peace ?
They only more bedimmed the eye
With tears for mortal vanity !

VII.

Away from the busy haunts of men,
To nature's wilds I turned me then ;
For there, I deemed, such sad decay,
Would not surround me day by day—
Besides, that I no more could brook
On female loveliness to look.
Oh ! fair, indeed, are England's maids ;
And quickly to soft love persuades
The light of Spain's dark eyes ;
And lovely is th' impassioned hue,
Struggling the neck and bosom through,
Caught 'neath Italian skies ;
And lovelier still the cheeks, that smile
On many a sea-girt Grecian isle !
But all these only brought to mind,
Her, who their every charm combined,
And had to strangers' hands those charms
resigned !
Through many a scene of fair and rude,
The still domains of solitude,
For weary months alone and slow,
I traversed realms of the orient clime,
From Nilus' flood to where sublime
Throned Lebanon mocks the hand of
Time,
Crowned with eternal snow.

VIII.

The air was hushed : the noontide sun,
That thrice his annual course had run,
Since I forsook my native shore,

Shot down on the desert his sultry ray :
By mortal hands reared long ages before,
By Time overthrown as are countless
more,

A city in marble ruins lay.
Weary and faint my limbs I laid
To repose in a lonely column's shade.
Then o'er me stole a troubled slumber
Of mingled visions without number.

IX.

Dim, fleeting all, and undefined,
Leaving no impress on the mind,
Those images like shadows passed,
Save one, that might not be effaced.
Again in silent, musing mood,
Within the portrait hall I stood,
And, as in childhood's careless days,
Seemed on the stern, old forms to gaze,
Five hundred years had there arrayed ;—
Each hero's animated shade
Of Inez' honored race.

But from all these I turned away
Unto the sainted face
Of her, who bore me ;—though alas !
I never saw it lit with life :
Her spirit into heaven did pass,
When entered mine this world of
strife !

And as I marked each pensive ray
Of waning beauty beaming there,
Preserved by artist's studious care,
While ever the voice of Inez's near,
Made music's melody to my ear,
A sudden shadow, as of night,
Darkened the terrace window's light—
I looked—the stranger met my sight !
His presence grew a deeper gloom,
Till midnight seemed to fill the room,
Veiling the faces there that frowned.
But, as amazed I looked around,
Methought my mother's face assumed
The brightness, it had worn before ;
And then—more living rays illumed
Her growing features o'er—
God of my fathers ! is it true ?
A being of light comes forth to view ?
How sad, yet spiritually fair,
Were her pale face and pensive air !

X.

Mournfully, oh ! mournfully
 She gazed on me with a look of love,
 That only beams from a mother's eye !
 Mournfully, oh ! mournfully,
 For a moment then to speak, she strove,
 But all I heard was a gentle sigh ;
 Then turning she waved her thin wan
 hand,
 As beckoning me to follow near ;
 And I, as it were enchanter's wand,
 Could not but follow her though in fear.
 'Twas strange, methought, in the hall
 below,
 There shone no torch's accustomed
 glow :
 'Twas strange—but I followed her form
 of light,
 As it noiselessly glided through the
 night !
 By the door of a most familiar room,
 She stood for a moment amid the gloom—
 Then vanished like sunbeam in a tomb !
 I lifted the latch : why flickering shone
 One mourning light, all dimly alone ?
 I gazed around : why bended him there
 The aged father in silent prayer,
 And the mother in wild yet mute despair ?

XI.

Oh ! pale as the lily beat down by the
 storm,
 On the couch lay lowly and wasted the
 form,
 Whose image had haunted my mem'ry
 for years !
 I strove to speak—my voice unuttered
 died !
 I strove to move—all motion was denied !
 But Inez heeded not ; her soul and mind
 Seemed to a stirless grief resigned !
 The vital flame was flickering faint and
 low ;
 The hectic spot upon her cheek was
 glowing
 Like blood-red rose by marble tomb-stone
 growing ;
 And ever large and slow,
 Down her long lashes slid the silent
 tears—

While sadly with ancestral custom vying,
 Attendants chanted o'er the dying
 A solemn hymn,
 As hour by hour, the lamp of life grew
 dim !
 Thus all unconscious did she seem to rest,
 Her spirit passing with that melody :
 Till heaving suddenly a long, deep
 sigh,
 And wild unclosing her yet lustrous
 eye,
 As she from some dark dream of pain
 were waking,
 She drew her feeble hand unto her breast,
 And thence love's severed, golden em-
 blem taking,
 Thus to her sire in accents half un-
 spoken :
 " Give it D'Alverne—it is his own love-
 token,
 And say my love in life—in death"—
 She never spoke again—her heart was
 broken !
 Then followed a change,
 How sad and strange !
 O'er the fountains of light a shadow
 came—
 The spirit forsook the quivering frame,
 And Inez, without or motion or breath
 Lay low in the still, cold beauty of death !
 Then faded the vision. My dream no
 more
 Gave definite images as before ;
 Though some thing there was in my
 troubled brain,
 Of a shroud and a bier and a sable train ;
 And the mournful tone of a tolling bell
 Did seem on my slumbering ear to dwell,
 While dimly I saw that train gather
 round
 A grave sunk low in the damp, cold
 ground,
 And heard that sound so heavy and dead
 Of clods falling down on the coffin like
 lead !

XII.

Awakened by that fearful sound,
 With sudden cry and shuddering chill,
 I hastily rose and gazed around ;

The mid-day sun still brightly shone
On ruined arch and column stone,
Reflecting back its dazzling light ;
And the heavens above were blue and clear.

Yet a strange, oppressive sense of fear—
A certainty of impending ill
Hung round my spirit like a night.

Was that dread dream thus sent to say,
Her life was ebbing fast away ?

Oh ! might I see her ere she died,
'Twere one bright ray on life's dark tide !

With trembling haste I urged my way
To where the nearest haven lay,
And, as none sought my native land,

Entered a light barque bound for Rome.

The winds awake—the billows foam ;
Low bends the strained mast like a wand ;
The good ship dasheth on her course,
As through embattled ranks the horse—

And soon to destined port we come,
And in th' imperial city stand.

No curious eye on her I bend,
But hence, without or guide or friend,

My sad and lonely way I wend
Across the mighty range, that bounds

The realms of France and Spanish
grounds,

From Inez' relatives in Spain,
Some tidings of her fate to gain.

XIII.

Long had I toiled a rocky way,
That steep among the mountains lay,
Till at the last I reached a height,
Where burst upon my startled sight,
The sternest scene my roving eyes
E'er saw in nature's varied guise.

Though hurried on by anxious love,
I could not but one moment pause

And gaze around, beneath, above,
As that wild scene upon me rose.

The path, which scarce my mule could
trace,

Wound close about the shaggy base
Of rocky mountain rising high,

In icy grandeur, to the sky ;

While dark a thousand feet below

From precipice's beetling brow,

Sunk down a chasm's fearful gorge ;

So reeking with the murky breath

Of roaring cataract's vapor surge,
Dim through whose rolling wreaths were
seen,

Huge hanging woods of evergreen—

It seemed the dread abode of Death !

And all around as far and wide,

As vision stretched on every side,

Bright pinnacles arose,

With no green tree or misty cloud—

Wrapped only in the glittering shroud

Of everlasting snows !

Alike unmelted there they gleam,

'Neath solar ray and moon's pale beam :

Alike unchanged still brightly lie

Through days to us or foul or fair—

When the burning summer glows,

Or when the stormy winter blows,

Soaring into the cold, thin air,

High and eternally !

But in the darkling dells between,

Gloomed forests of primeval green,

That ne'er have faded since the time,

Earth joined the planets' choral chime ;

But ever still majestic wave

Sternly o'er *living* nature's grave !

Silence reigned there. Inanimate voice

Was none, save the distant dying noise

Of the falls beneath ; and living breath

Dwelt not in those " icy halls " of death,

Save one lone eagle's startling cry,

As he wheeled above through the pale

blue sky !

It was a scene as wild and rude

As God e'er made for solitude !

XIV.

Long time I stood in silent awe,

Forgetful of that form and face,

My dream had given to death's em-
brace.

A sudden sound ! I turned and saw

Another all untrembling gaze

From that deep gulph's o'ermantling
verge

Upon the vapor's billowy surge,

Tossing beneath the sun's steep rays.

He, too, seemed by the scene entranced.

I hailed him ; and we both advanced

Along the path with friendly greeting,

As joyed in such wild place at meeting

A human form. But pleased surprise

Changed to cold caution, when our eyes
Met darkly! 'Twas the hated stranger!

One moment viewing with fixed eye,
That calm, cool gaze and forehead
high—

"And art thou met, accursed ranger
Of sea and land," at length I cried,
"That lur'dst with false vows of love,
To thy cold breast, my gentle dove,
And hast beguiled her for thy bride?"

With scoffing scorn D'Alverne replied;
"I won her love—enough for me!
But as for nuptial vows—she's free,
And might still make a bride for thee,
If that thou love her still!"

"What, miscreant, hast thou dared to
steal

Her heart, yet with no holy seal,
Sanction her yielding will?
And was my dark dream all too true?"

"I ever deemed thee dreamy boy,
Fond of each flower and each toy,
That met thy childish, wondering view,"
Said he with bitter sneer;

"And for the maiden, whom you mourn—
The *love* was all her own concern;
A false priest finely served *my* turn!
Dost not thou see it clear?"

"Ay! all too clearly for thy life,
Forfeit by villainy and wrong.
Prepare thee, wretch, for mortal strife!
Thou'st cumbered earth too long!"

XV.

Then quick my sabre forth I drew,
And forth as quick his falchion flew,
In sunbeam flashing bright;
And foot to foot, and breast to breast,
We on each other sternly pressed,
In dark and deadly fight!
Calm was his eye, though in it sate
Rankling vengeance and sullen hate;
For he had learned in fiercest strife,
To battle with as cool a hand—
O'er wrath to keep as cool command,
As if it were for sport, not life!
Nor yet was mine a childish skill:
But, that the cause of all my ill,
Should taunt me with insulting look,
Was more than my mad soul could brook.
Not long could such a conflict last;

My blows were showered too rash and
fast

For such a guarded fiend;
So when with sabre's sudden dart,
I thought to pierce his venom'd heart,
He struck it to the wind!
I heard—but saw not, as it rung
Adown the cliff;—but fiercely sprung—
D'Alverne's bare blade with one hand
grasped—

His throat with one arm closely clasped:
"And think'st thou thus to 'scape thy
doom?"

This gulph—this gulph shall be thy
tomb!"

D'Alverne's pale brow grew black as
night:

"If I must die," he fiercely cried,
"Thou livest not to boast I died"—

Then closed with equal shock.
Rage and despair gave tenfold might:
Long time we struggled to and fro,
As raging billows come and go,
While yawned the dread abyss below,
Till trode he on the treacherous snow,
And fell upon the rock.

Then through the gathered cloud of
years,

Of darkened hopes and gloomy fears,
And wo and grief and bitter tears,
Triumph like sunlight broke!

With bended knee upon his heart,
I tore his grasp of death apart;

"Now look thy last upon the sun—
Thy race of villainy is run!"

But even as I spoke,
From peak to peak above my head,
A rainbow's glorious hues were spread,
Spanning th' abyss of fear;
And all was hushed so tranquilly,
It seemed the abode of Deity!

Then on my list'ning ear,
God's "still, small voice" did warning
steal,

To break not there life's sacred seal,
But hush my bosom's strife.

One moment I forbore to throw
Him o'er the chasm's beetling brow:

"I dare not *hence* thy dark soul send;
Lo! see the bow of mercy bend!

Beg, miscreant, for thy life!"

"No!" gasped D'Alverne through
clenched teeth, "never!"
"Then take thy flight from earth for-
ever!"

And with the word I hurled him down.

At first a muttered curse arose;—
Then—silence! Like a senseless stone
He sinks, till darkly round him close
The rolling mists—he's past my sight!

No living voice—no dying screech,
Came to my ear on that far height,
Which scarce the cataract's roar could
reach!

XVI.

Oh God! how doth the heart grow chill
Upon a deadly deed of ill,
Which hath untimely sent a soul,
Forth unto its returnless goal!
My aching eyes intensely bending,
I watched D'Alverne's dark form de-
scending,

With bent knee and hushed breath.
Then o'er my shuddering frame did
come

The dampness of the earth-cold tomb—
A chillness, as of death!

Oh Inez! to thy injured shade,
That sin-bought offering was paid!
Yet what avail! It could not save
Thy form from mouldering in the grave!
Yet what avail! Could deed like this
Increase thy soul's celestial bliss?
May heaven my darkened spirit free
From guilt incurred through love for
thee!

Else can I never live and love
With thee in cloudless climes above!
Lo! now I see thy form divine,
Among the shining myriads shine,
Whose brightness aye more brightly
beaming,

Comes through the golden portals stream-
ing!

My sands of life are nearly run;
Slow beats my pulse—my heart more
slowly;

This bitter task is nearly done;
Soon will the hand that writes lie lowly!

Then as his cage the lark doth fly,
With trembling wing, to meet the day,
My soul from this mortality
Shall joy to flee away

To thy far clime's serener light—
A cloudless day, that knows no night!

XVII.

Few words remain. The setting sun
Had shed his last smile on the world,
And o'er the east, slow sweeping on,
Night her dusk wing unfurl'd.

I wound along the verdant vale,
That leads unto my childhood's home;

All things familiar seemed to hail
The exile from his wanderings come.
Still sung sweet songsters in the trees,
That waved their green boughs to the
breeze;

And glassing blue the skies as ever,
Still brightly slumbered on the river:
Yea! all things smiling met my view,
As when I bid them last adieu,
Save the old mansion. Such an air
Of mourning sorrow lingered there,
Suspense into conviction grew,
That my dark, desert dream was true.
The vines, erst wreathed the windows
round,

Lay torn and trampled on the ground;
No softly budding plants appeared;
No flowers their gentle heads upreared:
They'd faded—faded all away,
And silence reigned with mute decay!
I asked an old man, who the while
Did feebly bend him to his toil:

"Old man, with age and sorrow weary,
Why looks thy home so sad and dreary?"
The old man mournfully replied—

"'Tis not my home. All they have died,
To whom this house did once belong.
Earth's glory is an empty song!

Here lately lived an aged pair,
With one loved daughter-of a form
And face and spirit, bright and fair,
Stranger, as e'er in life's rude storm
Hath perished. But a wasting grief,
Springing from deep, neglected love,

Fell, like the chill frost from above,
 Withering branch and leaf!
 She faded away, like a waning moon—
 The parents to her, were gathered
 soon!
 Daughter and mother and sire are gone—
 Lo! yonder is their memorial stone!

XVIII.

It was a green and grassy grave,
 O'er which the weeping willows wave,
 Sighing in whispers, faint and slow,
 For her, that coldly sleeps below;
 Grieving such loveliness, alas!
 To the dark earth should early pass!
 The shades of evening gathered round;
 I flung me on the dewy ground,
 And all night long her low roof wet

With tears of deep but vain regret!
 But a few feet beneath me, night
 Wrapped her, who was my spirit's light.
 I called in anguish on her name—
 My cries unto the winds were given!
 No answer from the mute turf came—
 Perchance she heard in heaven!
 The loveliest plants that spring from
 earth,
 But spring alas! to quick decay,
 And flowers—from their gentle birth,
 How soon they fade away!
 Oh! many a flower I've reared with care,
 Her lowly grave above;
 But aye, as they've begun to bloom,
 They've faded slowly on her tomb!
 But the loveliest flower that's withered
 Was she—my early love! ?

TOLERATION—ITS NATURE AND INFLUENCE.

“Circumspice.”

“A SPIRIT of perfect toleration,” says a great man, “is the noblest innovation of modern times.” It is the last and greatest triumph of reason over the grosser attributes of our nature, the proudest boast of a modern and more comprehensive system of philosophy, which has as its basis, the purifying and regenerating spirit of true Christianity. Look at man in every situation, in which he has been placed; open the volume of the world's history at what page we will, and the conviction humiliating and melancholy as it is, must force itself unbidden upon us, that the principle of intolerance is closely inwoven with his nature. Impressed with the truth of these reflections, and finding their strong confirmation in every thing we have yet known of mankind, we may be able to estimate in some degree the importance of the stupendous reform which is now accomplishing in the common mind throughout Christendom, diffusing those principles of mutual forbearance and tolerance towards conflicting opinions, which are worthy co-heralds with the light of civilization of the ultimate triumph of mind.

Preconceived notions, whether resulting from a partial examination, or, as is more frequently the case, from the force of mere animal habit, are proverbially the most firmly seated, and of course the most difficult to eradicate. Were these opinions re-

ceived at a period of life, when the mind was by its legitimate exercise capable of discerning truth, and not unconsciously imbibed before reason had snatched from the hand of Imagination the power of swaying the mental energies, we might congratulate ourselves upon the tenacity with which we held principles early embraced. If the only evil resulting from such an education of the mind were an unconquerable and inveterate obstinacy of attachment to early opinions, which would destroy comprehensiveness of thought and preclude all liberality of views, we should have ample ground of complaint. But there is an evil of far more momentous magnitude, which is the natural consequence of taking principles 'on trust,' or forming them by a partial and perverted use of reason. We refer to that pride of opinion, which begets towards the sentiments of others, an uncharitableness and illiberality, which is generally in an inverse ratio with the amount of knowledge we possess, and with the extent of investigation, we have bestowed upon them. We naturally think our own opinions, no matter how they were formed, are right, and not satisfied with the consciousness that we are in the right; and every one else in the wrong, we must exhibit towards those who differ from us, a spirit of intolerance, by way of confirming us more strongly in our own views. Candor in investigating the doctrines of others, a desire to embrace truth, wherever we find it, and a due allowance for opinions conflicting with our own, are of all others, sentiments the most difficult for the natural mind to acquire. To change radically this state of the mind, and to gain an admission and unshaken power for these ennobling influences is the highest and most arduous task of philosophy,—a task, we may add, which is too often hopeless and unsuccessful. For the reason is not only to be convinced and guided by the pole-star of truth, but, what is far more difficult, prejudice, which has gangrened our mental constitution, must be rooted out, and our pride of opinion, which has been the nurse of so much complacent self-conceit must be abased before the simple power of right and justice. When the mind is thus re-organized, then will the terms impartiality and unbiassed judgment, so common in the mouths of bigots, be something more than delusive cant and become what they really are, the most sternly significant of realities.

If we trace the rise and progress of the principle of intolerance, we shall find it most clearly developed in that state of society where the common mind has been least under the influence of civilization, and of course to a great extent, incapacitated for comprehensiveness of thought or liberality of views. To its influence, in our conception, can be traced chiefly, the state of the common mind during what are generally called the dark ages in Europe. Men of that day seem to have quietly settled down in the opinion that they had reached the acme of human advance-

ment, and their motto in every department of action seems to have been, 'there can be no reform, and there shall be no reform.' This sentiment was not only widely prevalent in matters of government, but their views of philosophy, of religion, of every subject in fact upon which mind could exert an influence, seem deeply imbued with the same bigoted spirit. Such was the melancholy state of the common mind for a period of six centuries, and it presents a picture assuredly humiliating enough to the pride of our nature. But if the review of this era can win so little of our admiration, surely that which succeeded it—the era of the discovery of printing and the revival of letters—must excite our deepest wonder, and call forth the tribute of our warmest gratitude. It was then that freedom of thought assumed the place of illiberal dogmatism—that the spirit of toleration touched the dead waters, and gave life and energy to all that would come under its healing influence. As a consequence, mind rose anew and vigorous; the incubus, which had weighed it down for ages, was thrown off, and it stood forth to vindicate in its might and majesty its lofty prerogative. A spirit of free inquiry went abroad; truth was once more the end of the philosopher's aims; religion was purified of the dross with which the general spirit of the age had defiled it; in short men thought for themselves, and as must always be the case where thought is free, a spirit of mutual forbearance and courtesy towards conflicting opinions, was gradually infused into the minds of the people.

We have made these remarks as introductory to the discussion of a question, in which we have always taken a deep interest, and which involves the principles of toleration we have been endeavoring to unfold. We refer to the course of public opinion in this country, in reference to the Roman Catholic religion and its adherents. Any one who reflects upon the state of society here, must be readily convinced, we think, that public opinion is a tyrant, as remorseless in its decrees, and as able to exact obedience to them, as the haughtiest despot the world has ever borne with. If then, this power be directed against any particular set of men or any particular set of opinions, those men and those opinions are placed under the yoke of a proscription, which is more galling, because every attempt to relieve themselves brings down an opposition the more determined and the more resistless. It is needless, on the present occasion, to institute an analysis of public opinion; suffice it to say, there is as little regard shown to truth and justice in its composition, as there is an exhibition of these qualities in its operation, after its power has become consolidated and absolute. An enlightened public opinion is the best, perhaps it is the only influence which can rightly control society under a form of government like ours; but when that power acts blindly, when its energies are ignorantly misdirected, it becomes a tremendous

agent, not of good but of evil, not the corrector of abuses in the social system, but the remorseless tyrant over individual mind and the right of private judgment. It is then the concentration of the spirit of intolerance in its worst form, and exercises all the functions, which that spirit employed in the darkest days of its history.

Suggested by these reflections, the thought has not unfrequently occurred to us, while listening to discussions concerning the Roman Catholic religion within these walls, that should a professor of that faith enter this institution, and observe the spirit in which these discussions were carried on, he would be impressed with sentiments alike of surprise and mortification. He would be painfully surprised, because amid halls of science and learning, where every pursuit should tend to foster true liberality of sentiment, where the blessed influence of Christianity should diffuse a comprehensive charity, he would find that the spirit of the fire and the faggot was not yet extinguished. He would be mortified, for he would discover that his most holy faith, that faith which he had lisped in his infancy, and which he had been taught to look upon as the revelation of a great and good God, was made, in the mouths of ignorance and bigotry, a by-word for scorn. Against the prevalence of such a spirit, which would single out any one Christian sect, and hold it up before the world as "the mother of abominations," we can never cease to exert our feeble voice.

In the first place we conceive it to be a very bad policy, totally inadequate to compass even its own unworthy ends, to fasten in the public mind sentiments of intolerance towards any Christian sect. This consideration has an additional weight, when we find such sentiments existing in a country such as ours, and in the breasts of Protestants. The very fact that a man is the advocate of Protestant Christianity, should of itself be a sufficient reason, that he should exhibit no dogmatic interference with the religious views of his neighbors. The very existence of Protestantism, it should be remembered, can be traced to an overweening desire, on the part of certain ambitious Churchmen, to exclude from the breasts of the members of their own communion, any sentiment of tolerance towards conflicting views; and the very moment that such a spirit infuses itself into the ranks of Protestants, the seeds are sown which must beget corruption, decay, and death. Look at the era of the Reformation, and we find every subject of complaint concentrated to one point, the usurpation of the Church over the right of private judgment. Look abroad now, and wherever we see the same principle developed, we find in a proportionate degree the evils which then attended its influence. Hence every attempt made by an ascendancy to gain despotic power, redounds to its own failure and disgrace,—

a fact, which it would be well for very many zealous persons to bear clearly in mind.

That public opinion in this country is strongly arrayed against Roman Catholics, is a position which we presume no one will be inclined to dispute. The ignorant, the weak, the irresolute, have chimed in with the general clamor; and the echoes sound far and wide over the land. It must be naturally inferred, that under these circumstances this sect is placed in a situation greatly embarrassing, suffering all the evils which can result from a hatred as morbid as it is intense. The causes of this prevailing sentiment it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, clearly to trace. They are so closely inwoven with the frame-work of our minds by the magic effects of association; they have their origin, to so great an extent, in the power of early habits and education; in short, they have become with us so like a part of our mental constitution, that any attempt to root them out, seems doing an act of violence to the laws, which govern our being, and distorting our faculties from their legitimate field of inquiry. Under such circumstances, we can arrive best at the truth in this matter, by examining whether this state of public feeling cannot be resolved into something very like ignorance of the real nature and tendency of the Roman Catholic doctrines. It would, it strikes us, be crediting one of the grossest libels on human nature to suppose for a moment, that any set of men, no matter how degraded or superstitious, could profess a belief in a religion, which to them was a reality, composed of the mass of inconsistencies and absurdities, which some very active Protestants are pleased to call the fundamental doctrines of the Catholic faith. The very zeal, which is shown by some good people to make Catholocism synonymous with every dark and revolting iniquity, openly promulgating doctrines so distilled in the alembic of hell, as to make men their own self-murderers, is enough to startle any candid inquirer, and make him ask himself, whether a religion, thus characterized, could ever find a response in the heart of any man, who had not actually taken leave of his senses. It is one of the most remarkable results of the present state of public feeling in this country, that men actually believe that Catholics really are what they are represented to be by their enemies. In many minds, the mention of this sect of Christians awakens no other associations than those connected with the grossest impurity and licentiousness, the worst forms of despotism and persecution, or the most odious hypocrisy and priestcraft. Of course, minds thus educated are by far the best judges of the real tendencies of this form of faith. To them investigation is needless; they see intuitively, and without the possibility of error, the true bearings of the whole subject; and they should be immortalized in the hearts of their countrymen, for having portrayed in such vivid colors the dangers which threaten us from the spread of Christianity.

To come back to the sober truth on this subject, there is one general principle, which should always guide us in our estimate both of the Roman Catholic and every other form of Christianity. There are certain great fundamental doctrines which are admitted by all ; but there are certain other minor considerations, which have been the subject of controversy among the ablest minds that the world has ever produced ; and these very minds, having no other object than to arrive at truth, have reached very different conclusions. Now, if these great men have differed so widely among themselves on points of faith purely speculative, ought we not to have some sentiments of charity, and not only of charity, but of respect, towards men of inferior abilities who have adopted opinions which have been enforced by the utmost resources of genius and learning ? This view of the subject, we conceive, will infuse into our pride of opinion, that leaven of candor, which is indispensable to a due appreciation of the opinions of others ; it will save us from those asperities of feeling which the bitterness of controversy so often engenders, and more than all, it will make us feel that we should neither despise the understanding, nor impugn the motives of those, who differ from us in their religious opinions. Of one thing we may be certain, that just as soon as a rising sentiment of anger obscures the light of reason in our speculations, we are in no situation successfully to pursue and attain truth. In this view of the subject, a proficiency in theology is not necessary to understand the peculiar views of the Catholics ; all that it concerns us to know, is that their creed is but one of a thousand, which are adopted by as many different sects of Christians, all agreeing on fundamental points of doctrine, but differing to a greater or less degree in matters of inferior importance.

The inseparable connection which exists in many minds, between Catholicism and political degradation, which makes, as it has been well expressed, "every Catholic a dragon inflamed with a thirst for political power," is a subject of greater importance, and will, of consequence, claim more of our notice. The origin of this sentiment it will not be difficult, perhaps, to trace. Men are apt to look back on the dark ages in Europe, and ascribe the perpetration of every crime, which can result from the power of unloosed passion, in the absence of any other great source, to the direct influence of the Church. Now, there are two theories in relation to the state of Europe during this era, which we shall lay candidly before our readers, and they may take their choice. The one is, that all the crime and bloodshed which disgraced Europe for so many centuries, was the result of the ambition of the Church, which fomented quarrels and disputes among the different states, in order that its own power might be consolidated and extended. The other is, that this state of affairs was the natural consequence of that ignorance and barbarism, which brooded dark over men's minds, from the downfall of the Roman empire to

the middle of the fifteenth century ; and that these causes produced the general spirit of the age, which would have sunk far deeper in the night of barbarism had it not been for the feeble influence of Christianity. To the influence of the Catholic faith, it is contended, we owe all that was excellent in the history of that era,—a high-minded and ennobling spirit of chivalry. Of these theories a choice can be made. For ourselves, we prefer the latter. It is far more consistent with the habits of our reasoning to suppose, that the influences which always do produce barbarism and mental darkness, produced it then, than to distort our faculties so far as to believe that a religion, whose very essence is purity, could have been so far prostituted, under any circumstances, as to bring about such a state of things. We do not mean to say that the Church in this era was pure ; we do not wish to deny that there have been ambitious popes and worldly priests. They were but men, and is it not far more reasonable to suppose, that they were infected by the general spirit of the age, than that they were the authors of this state of public feeling ? We should recollect, too, that during this period, the Church was connected with the State, and doubtless, as has always been the case, the fruit of this unnatural union was highly injurious to both parties. In addition to this, when we call to mind the nature of the Christian doctrines, so humbling to pride, so abasing to self, we certainly cannot wonder that they should have exerted but a feeble influence over the men of the middle ages. It seems at least a most unnatural perversion to say, that the ministers of these doctrines should, by their general diffusion, have acquired an influence over the common mind, which could mould it at their will.

Many, who adopt the first theory to which we have referred, suppose that a persecuting spirit is a peculiar and cardinal doctrine of the Catholic creed. But to show that it was not the effect of these principles, but perfectly coincident with the spirit of the age, we have only to say, that the very same opinions on this subject were held by the early reformers. Luther and Calvin both thought all Arminians should be put to death. Calvin acted out the principle, and John Knox boldly declared, “that the idolator” (i. e. the Catholic,) “should die the death.” The martyrdoms of Servetus and Joanna Bocher, the sacking of the convents in England under Henry VIII, the very tolerant spirit which the Parliament of Great Britain have always shown towards dissenters are beautiful commentaries upon that comprehensive liberality of the Protestant religion, upon which men descant with so much self-complacency. Let such men read history, and they will find that Christianity under whatever form, whether Catholic or Protestant, has, like every other institution, imbibed the spirit of the existing age, and that its history has been to a great degree that of the era in which its influence was exerted.

Men are apt to look upon the Reformation, as upon some great battle-field, where principles which were hereafter to guide the human mind, were decided in a day. Nothing can be more fallacious than to ascribe to causes then actually existing, any great revolution. In fact, we do not clearly see that any new principles—save that the mass was idolatry, and transubstantiation an absurdity—can be ascribed exclusively to this era; and we suspect that if the early Reformers could hear themselves ranked as the vindicators of civil and religious liberty, they would repel the charge with sincere and honest indignation. In respect to one principle, at least, which we have referred to, that of toleration, it would be difficult to say whether Protestants or Catholics were at that time most zealous in disavowing it. The truth which forces itself upon our examination is this. Christianity, as such, has never inculcated the doctrines of political profligacy, spiritual despotism or unbounded immorality, which have been charged upon her visible Church. They are excrescences which the hand of civilization and reason have now removed; and it is absurd now to mistake the body for the essence, to lose sight of the spirit because it was once wrapped up in vile and polluting vestures. Men have not been wanting, it is true, in the zeal of sectarianism, to maintain that there are peculiarities about this form of Christianity which make it dangerous at all times to civil liberty; but their inferences result from a mistaken notion of its spirit, which to them seems always shrouded in the mysticism of the middle ages. The fact, that now, wherever perfect toleration exists, this form of faith is diffusing the best and purest influences on our fallen nature, must force every candid mind to the conclusion, that this sect stands upon a perfect equality with every other, and should be so regarded by the voice of reason and justice.

We are, as we have before hinted, not sufficiently advanced in theological studies to discourse learnedly upon the mental oppression under which Catholics have so long groaned. Religion being with every one a matter of choice, it seems to us a little strange, however, that men bear this yoke so quietly and so submissively. If it be believed, that the yoke is imposed upon them by their receiving creeds of human authority, they are in the selfsame condemnation with every Protestant sect; and in such good fellowship we are sure we can leave them, without the necessity of raising our voice to rescue their character from unworthy imputations.

The present, it may readily be conceived, is not a proper occasion to enter into a systematic defense of the peculiar doctrines of this proscribed sect. We have endeavored merely to present some general principles which may guide reflection on this subject, and infuse a spirit of candor into its investigation. In doing this we have followed the dictates of our own experience, and exhibited frankly the causes, which have converted in us a spirit of unbending intolerance to our present views of the subject.

We need not speak of the importance to us, as Americans, of looking with an eye of watchful distrust upon the dissemination of the seeds of religious rancor among our people. Yet we cannot conceive that man possessed of the proper feeling on this subject, who is willing to think hardly of his neighbor's opinions without a sufficient examination, and yet censure an exhibition of the spirit. We would far rather be a bigot from ignorance, than from an obstinate repugnance to any change in our opinions. In the name of Liberty, let not her sacred name be defamed in this her temple, by the denial among her votaries, of her cardinal and distinguishing excellence. Let every man examine for himself in a proper spirit; bearing with him the advice of the Roman sage as his motto, "*Nil falsi audeat, nil veri non audeat dicere.*" "A fair field and no favor, and the right *must* prosper." J.

 TO A STAR.

Thou sparkling eye,
So beautifully gazing down to earth!
How lovely is thy lustre beaming forth
From that clear sky!

The fount at night,
When no rude breath o'er its calm bosom blows,
Mirrors thy beauty, sentinel of repose!
A gem of light!

When the fierce sun,
Springs forth at morn, dost thou far back retire,
And linger there, beyond his with'ring fire,
Till day is done?

Thou dost not leave
In heaven's high em'rald vault thy resting place,
But watchest him, through all his burning race,
Night, morn and eve!

Oft at this hour,
From my lone chamber have I stolen, star!
To view thy form of loveliness afar,
And feel thy power!

Bright star, how long
Hast thou beheld in those deep fields above,
The myriad suns, that blaze and worlds that move,
And heard their song?

Thou dost not tell,
The mysteries of thy heavenly sisters there!
Thou, like a seraph's eye so bright and fair,
Lone star, farewell!

L.

ETCHINGS OF DEMIJOHN GOSLING,

Cavalier servientè of rogues, father of eleven children, citizen of the world in general, inhabitant of Goose-neck Hollow, G. N. H. L. M., etc. etc.

BY HIS EXECUTOR, APPLE-TREE FILLPOT, ESQ.

I ALWAYS hated fine things; you never can touch them. A new silk dress, an *a la mode* coat, and a biography of a very great man, are the greatest bugbears that ever demanded the curses of Balaam. High heeled boots and a strut, is, to my mind's eye, the plainest sign-board in the world, hung out in capitals: "Chambers in the attic to let; enquire at the tailor's." Rogues are generally the tallest men in community—their height enabling them to look into the pockets and affairs of their neighbors. Even Dr. Johnson, pasteboard and buckram aristocrat as he was, was obliged to let out the truth when he confessed that it is in low life—at the bottom of the heap—that you meet with the standard of greatness. Demijohn Gosling was begotten, swathed, and suckled, as all the Goslings had been before him. "He certainly looks like his father," ejaculated Aunt Patsey, as she tucked up one side of his flannel case—a case that had been used eight times before for a similar purpose; "the same eyes"—she looked at the father—"yes, and I do declare, the same family nose." Reader, do you know what family, prefixed to any feature, means? It is only an intimation, by one of the most flattering adjectives that ever took the arm of a noun, that providence has put an awkward label upon a particular string—line is aristocratic—of creation. Imagine then for a family nose, a tin dipper, bent three times each way, and at length terminating in a *moderate* hook. Miss Glorianna Fitzgreaves Marvin, who lived in the large white house in the distance, dropped in from a morning call upon Miss Singleton. "Ah! how pretty the little thing looks: it is so innocent, and it does look so like its mother." The fact is, that the gossiping Aunt Patsey and the romantic Miss Marvin, were neither wholly mistaken. The thing inherited the most awkward parts of both father and mother, looking, as it lay in the half-barrel, which originally holding "mackerel, No. 3," was now used to cradle the seedling Goslings, like some of those doughy representatives of men, that children often make upon Christmas eve as propitiatory offerings to the jolly Santa Claus. We would wish as veracious biographers, to render the likeness of Demijohn familiar to the world; no more to be mistaken in a bookseller's window or when stamped on medallion, than the physiognomies of Napoleon or La Fayette. The most charac-

teristic feature which the world saw ushered into being, along with Demijohn, were two enormous ears. These "hanging ornaments and handsome volutes of the human capital," were expanded into a size, which bore the same proportion to the main building, that the wings of a modern house do to the intervening part.

It may be well, on this head, to refute a calumny sometimes uttered by his enemies—for all great men have their enemies—that the crown, from which radiated sundry long, black, sea-weed looking hairs, had been pushed out of its place by a sudden rise of the bump of firmness, which in a storm of conjugal wrath, appeared, like a promontory, to break off the waves. This libel, Demijohn believed, was got up by his political opponents about the time of a warm canvass to defeat his election; although Mr. Smith, who edited the "Goose-neck Hollow Emporium and Mercantile Intelligencer," assured a friend of his, that the three columns of editorial which appeared weekly, for a month before the election, "did not refer to the capital of that gentleman, and that whoever asserted it was as mendacious as he was malicious." The more natural apology for the current scandal is, that Mrs. Gosling, who went through the duties of barber upon the heads of her offspring, having naught but a pair of sheep-shears to perform her task, could not, by reason of the aforementioned ears, reach but one spot of the back part of the head; which spot being the extreme part of the occiput, formed a convenient nucleus, around which the hair *naturally* arranged itself.

Concerning the habiliments of Demijohn Gosling, we have but little to inform the world. He had no affectation of *ton*, and therefore expressed no preference for particular colors. The material of his pantaloons, usually corduroy, was too compact and substantial to need straps to draw out any knee curvatures. No plaited linen covered a breast, open to the inhabitants of Goose-neck Hollow. His shoes he always wore rounded at the points, behind which points there spread two feet, which the owner was wont to boast could not be surpassed for size in all his constabulate. These two circumstances, the area of his foot and his round-toed shoes—Demijohn never wore boots—were sometimes of great service, enabling his customers to track his progress from place to place.

Young Demijohn, like most eminent officials, early evinced a predilection for the post to which his fellow citizens afterwards raised him. A constable's pole! it seemed to him the very wand of royalty. With what admiration did the little ragged urchins of the village follow the bearer of it, as, seated in his sulky, he flogged his venerable nag until he fairly volunteered a trot. Into what commotion did he throw those hereditary hangers-on of the tavern—those only representatives of true independence who can

look a tailor in the face without thinking of his bill—as he drove up to the *best* hotel in the village, and ordered the ostler “to give Fiery about one third of a quart of oats.” All this Demijohn witnessed, and he felt every particle of ambition within him irresistibly drawn around a constable’s rod. “Yes, I believe I am destined for this ’ere office,” said he, and he turned homeward, inwardly repeating, “seize the goods and chattels,” to every hovel that exposed a hat or an old coat in the place of a window, and to every vagabond who sat on the steps of his slovenly home, whittling in the sunshine or mending an old fire-lock. Every thing now bore witness to the intensity of his ambition. Puss, that had occupied the corner so long, regularly turning about three times a day, that she had become a sort of a clock to good old grandmother, was put into ‘durance vile;’ grandmother herself, almost distracted on account of the absence of tabby, had well nigh lost her wits by a clap upon the shoulder, and a voice in the imperative mood, thundering in her ear, “you are my prisoner.”

On being reproved for these wayward doings, Demijohn would take down from a nail of his memory, one of those pieces of logic, which every one keeps by him, and which is perfectly conclusive, at least to himself. “This world,” said he, “is nothing but a box of hooks and eyes: one set of men, them’s your officers, ministers, lawyers, doctors and constables, are the hooks; another kind, them’s your rogues and good citizens, are the eyes.” This volley of small shot was followed by an artillery-like explosion. “To all men to whom these presents may come greeting—I arrest you, Mr. Gosling, in the name of the State,” and he had nearly dragged the astonished father to the closet, ere he was stopped by a shrill cry, “Demijohn, I say, Demijohn Gosling, it is your father.” It was clear, that “our hero,” had talents of a decided order; and his claims to the office of constable were canvassed in a full caucus of the Goose-neck Hollow politicians for two hours. At length, after an “eloquent and impressive” address by squire Wreakham, it was determined, that the name of Demijohn Gosling should be placed on the ticket.—And now the morning of election dawned. Demijohn felt the awful nature of his situation, and as a kind of corollary, put on a clean shirt collar. With a piece of new tallow, he prepared his toilet, at once upon his shoes and his head—not upon the latter, however, until Mrs. Gosling had given a fresh clip to the circle on the back part, which “like the owner” had begun to rise in the world. As a knight sallies forth from castle gate, attended by the winding of horns, the waving of colors and the yelping of dogs; so did Demijohn open with the door, a full tide of domestic, canine and feline eloquence. That was a great day for the Goslings, and Demijohn felt, like Mr. Cooper in Europe, that he was not the representative of himself alone, and, that the eyes of the world

were upon him. He did not go directly to the polls, but with a politic wariness which we would commend to all candidates, he went as *near* as he could, without seeming to be there. Then he stopped, conversed with his friends about every thing except the election; asked and answered questions, blushed at himself, "the observed of all observers," in fine, attended to any thing—but the polls. At length the increase of the crowd warned him to take care of his dignity by a slow retreat, which he effected, to a horse shed. The rest of the proceedings of that day—how the strife waxed hot among the Goose-neck Hollowites—how *our* ticket succeeded, how Demijohn put off his collar at evening to save it for the next election, how the sun went down, as though a constable had not been chosen; are not these written in the chronicles of the Gosling family? We believe not, but they should be. We ask no apology for dwelling so long upon this eventful era of his life. Indeed, we have it from a source not apocryphal, that the village poet would have embalmed the memory of this contest in verse, under the title of "Goslingiad," illustrated by an approved and sufficient quantity of notes, accompanied, of course, by a short biography of himself, had it not happened rather unfortunately, that he was "gathered to his grandmothers" ere he had completed the second volume.

The traits in Demijohn's character, like the colors upon the door of a carriage shop, were mottled; now a shade of green running off into a faded yellow; here a tart red, mellowed by the frost of age or office, into a subdued claret, while here and there was dashed a spot of pink and blue. He was a great lover of nature. He loved fountains of water, rimmed with a chasing of green grass and pied flowers, and shaded by weeping boughs, that hung enchanted by the music of fairy feet, tripping in mazy circles upon the dappled sward, and dipping their tiny butter-cup goblets into nature's chalice. Such an one bubbled up near his dwelling, and often would he drive his two geese and three ducks to its mouth, and having waited till they had finished their drinking and bowing, take up a stick or a stone, and drive them back to their coops. Forests, too, were his delight, and in the poetic, iris-tinted month of August, might he be seen, gazing upon that glorious counterpane of mosaic—and waiting for Dobbin to rest. His ear was attuned to the bass part of the scale; and the cawing of crows, the hooting of owls, the full chorus of bull-frog symphony, and the grunting of young porkers, were sure to enlist his attention. Mr. Gosling was a literary character, although he never read the reviews or quoted Shakspeare. Neither have I ever found among his papers, any thing, that treated of "democracy," or "our country"—those public commons where young genius commonly fences off a kind of white bean patch of luxuriant glory, and raises patriotism and figures, that blossom

on long, skyward poles. Nor can it be strictly affirmed, that Demijohn was a man of letters; for—it might have been an odd freak of genius, or a love of hieroglyphics—it has never been ascertained, that he wrote his name, but always preferred to put down a mathematical plus, while he employed an amanuensis to write on each side of it, “his mark.” It matters not what authors were his favorites; he was alike familiar with all the great masters of our tongue. He once made a catalogue of his library, and the arrangement of it displays the ingenuity of his mind. Having marked certain characters, such as stars, crosses, etc. upon the back side of his books, consisting of a dozen and odd, he entered the same on a blank leaf of the Almanac. Here again, there was reference to the corresponding months, and a regular system of reading was thus introduced, highly beneficial to his mental culture. An agreeable variety was the consequence. The Comic Almanac, succeeded by monthly rotation to Doddridge’s Sermons, and Mother Goose’s Tales, enjoyed a lunar reading, equally with Webster’s Spelling Book. Who will doubt, then, that Demijohn was a literary man? He was more—he was an antiquarian, skilled in old legends and ghostly tales, which he would tell to the great astonishment of all the young Goslings. They, too, bore witness to every beholder, how the taste of the father had become ingrained into their composition. Sleeveless coats, studded with a variety of brass, iron and horn buttons, hats that fickle fashion had disused, and trampled upon as she left, jackets which bore an odd resemblance to the bodies around which they were buttoned; these it was the delight of Mr. Gosling, to show to the world most conspicuously upon the persons of his children. The smoke which was often permitted to escape into the room had given to their complexions a dingy bronze, and the *tout ensemble*, which was thus furnished, would have gladdened the soul of Jonathan Oldbuck himself. Demijohn’s children were of that kind, which are ever finding something, and Demijohn of that class which never lose any thing. Hence it happened, that his pockets were always filled with jack-knives, *sans* blades, or with blades of half the usual length, rusty spectacles, nails of every size, pieces of horse shoes, linch-pins, together with a diversity of hardware and cutlery.

But there is one feature in this remarkable personage, that his future biographer who shall sketch his full length portrait will not fail to mark with rouge. Demijohn Gosling was extremely fond of cold victuals. Whether this peculiarity was caused by his being born in December, whether it was a ‘family’ trait, or whether it was not due to his “official habits” is yet *sub cultro*; certain it is, however, that his taste was gratified to the full by Mrs. Gosling, who was of that class of wives that dislike every thing but gossip and an easy chair. It grew into a settled opin-

ion in that family, that turkeys and that species of the animal creation, were not made to eat—"it was too bad—yes, it was sinful." "The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat" was a maxim which Demijohn every day inculcated upon his hopeful ones; and lest their juvenile understandings might not derive from it the legitimate deductions, he was wont to afford them subject-matter to discuss and digest. Oh! it was a goodly sight—that group at dinner. No smoke, reeking from fowls supinely laid in china, clouded the vision or hurried the gourmand through the decencies of grace. No huge roast burdened at once the plate and the stomach, and inspired a wish for the storage-room of a dromedary. No napkins were needed to protect broadcloths and satins from the horrors of sauce and desserts.

No *pinions* were seen high circling in air,
 No *drumsticks* walked off to the daintisome fair;
 No gruntlings in gravy were dipping their noses,
 Or getting erect stood still on their—*toeses*!

Reader, that is poetry; but we could'nt help it. Wait till we get down from the clouds, "the highest heaven of our poetical invention," and we will jog on together in our sometime wont. There are some subjects which refuse the didactic stiffness of prose and endue themselves naturally in the *ore rotundo* of rhyme—such an one is a cold dinner.—But alas! like his favorite dishes, Demijohn Gosling has disappeared from the face of the world. Odoriferous is his memory, even like unto a new-mown field or a fresh-cut pine apple. The following tribute to his ashes we extract from the "Goose-neck Hollow Emporium and Commercial Intelligencer." It may be well to add, that unlike most notices of this kind, it is penned by one who knew the subject—that it does not contain so much indiscriminate eulogy, but sketches the definite traits of his character, will be greatly apparent.

"OBITUARY."

"Died at his residence, in this town, on Monday the 12th inst., Demijohn Gosling, Esq. A statesman and a philosopher, he united to his many distinguished public services, domestic virtues of a rare order. In his political life no one can deny that he has not been singularly upright and honest; and though unfortunately we have been compelled to differ from him in regard to some measures of government, we can no longer withhold the admiration, which we have long felt, for his independent talents and fearless assertion of his acknowledged opinions. As a father and husband he combined in himself all the virtues which adorn humanity. Kind, amiable, and gentle, he has left to his afflicted wife and children, the legacy of his fame and high deserts. His

native state has lost in him an able and efficient functionary. Let her then bedew his ashes with her tears; let her erect a monument over the spot where his bones repose, and let her cherish the memory of one who has done so much to dignify and render illustrious her annals.

‘ Micat inter omnes
Julium sidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.’ ”

It is hardly necessary to add, that honors pursued him to the grave, as they usually do all great men. He was elected soon after his death, an honorary member of the “Goose-neck Hollow Lyceum,” and life member of the “Mechanics’ Association;” from the former he derives his title of G. N. H. L. M.

Reader, should you ever visit the birth place of Demijohn you will doubtless pause—awhile your dinner is getting ready at the best tavern in the village—at the spot where he rests in peace. Brown is the slab that rises above his head, and marred by no courtly rhymes and sycophant compliments. Underneath a constable’s pole is noted the following, according to his own request:

<i>Demijohn Gosling,</i>	<i>Dr.</i>
For wife, children, board, lodgings and office,	\$76 27½
	<i>Cr.</i>
By death, coffin, tombstone and services,	\$76 27½.

Demijohn Gosling, went out of the world with his books “squared;” can as much be said of all heroes?

MODERN LATIN ANTHOLOGY.

No. I.

THE Greek Anthology has long been justly admired, and almost every procurable scrap of it has been dragged into broad daylight, and clothed in an English dress. The spirit-stirring sword-song of Alcæus, the two remaining odes of Sappho, the Danae and Perseus of Simonides, and various other choice *morceaux* from the old Grecians, have been translated, and re-translated, times innumerable. I suppose, that the three above mentioned, rejoice in some fifty translations apiece; some of them most noble ones too, such as Bland’s and Elton’s, and many whereof the less is said the better. The ancient Latin Anthology too, though not worn quite so threadbare, has received its full dues at the hands of Professor Wilson and others. Is it not

then rather singular, that little or no attention has ever been paid to a collateral branch of literature, somewhat less fragrant it is true, but still redolent of the parent stem? I mean the Latin Anthology of the sixteenth century, or rather to speak critically, of the first half of that century, and the last few years of the preceding.

"Singular!" methinks I hear some one say, "not at all; what similitude can there be between the pure Augustan 'well of *Latin* undefiled,' and the corrupt and barbarous dialect of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries." Perhaps most sequacious reader, thou art a freshman, or possibly thy memory leadeth thee back to a far distant period, "long time ago," when thou *wast* a freshman; and thy ideas of modern Latin are intimately connected with a certain small volume, "*Excerpta Latina*" by name. If so, no one can sympathize with thee more heartily than I do, being myself "*non ignarus mali*." But do not, I beseech thee, judge of the poet by the historian; for the multifarious barbarisms with which the "*lingua divina*" was inundated during the middle ages, were in a great measure confined to the prose writers. Remember, too, that this was the era of the discovery of America, the reformation, the revival of science and the arts; in short, of Europe's thorough awakening from the sleep of centuries, and that the Latin tongue felt the purifying and renovating spirit of the age and was freed from most of its corruptions.

Indeed, it might naturally be expected, that the period in question, should furnish a very respectable Latin Anthology. The distinguished statesmen, philosophers and artists, who then flourished, afforded abundant material to the epigrammatists of the day, who pressed all tongues into their service; and it is not surprising, that the Latin, still at that time a spoken language, and so admirably adapted to the purpose by its sententious brevity, should have been frequently resorted to on such occasions. But it is time to let some of our moderns speak for themselves.

Beza made the following epigram on Luther.

Roma orbem domuit; Romam sibi papa subegit
Viribus illa suis, fraudibus iste suis,
Quanto isto major Lutherus, major et illa
Istum illamque uno qui domuit calamo
I nunc Alciden memorato Graecia mendax—
Lutheri ad calamum ferrea clava nihil.

Rome the world conquered; her the pope o'erawed,
And she prevailed by force, and he by fraud;
How much than both was Luther greater still,
Who conquered both with but a single quill.
Go lying Greece, Alcides praise again!
His iron club is nought to Luther's pen.

Maximilian, emperor of Germany, laid the foundation of the house of Austria, by marrying the heiress of the house of Burgundy. This occasioned the following distich :

Bella gerant alii, tu felix Austria nugas,
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.

'Tis thine to wed, O Austria ; let others thrive by wars,
Venus presents thee kingdoms for others won by Mars.

Margaret of Valois, queen of Henri Quatre, seeing one day a poor man upon a dunghill, said to her attendants, " Pauper ubique jacet," the poor man rests any where. The man, who happened to be a scholar, replied to her no small astonishment,

In thalamis hæc nocte tuis regina jacerem,
Si verum hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet.

If that were true, which thou hast said,
This night, fair queen, I'd share thy bed.

The works of the great painters, furnished frequent subjects of encomium. The chapel in which the funeral obsequies of Michael Angelo were performed, was decorated with a variety of paintings ; among these, was one representing a group of young artists, consecrating their works, as it were, to the memory of this great master, with this inscription :

Tu pater et rerum inventor, tu patria nobis
Suppedites, praecepta tuis rex inclyte chartis.

Father and founder ! monarch of thine art !
To us, thy sons, thy precepts still impart.

The following verses which were thrown into the grave of Annibal Caracci contains a beautiful conceit :

Quod poteras hominum vivos effingere vultus,
Annibal, heu cito mors invida te rapuit !
Finxisses utinam te, mors decepta sepulchro,
Crederet effigiem, vivas et ipse fores.

Death snatched thee hence, O Annibal, in envy of that skill,
That could the living likenesses of men depict at will.
O hadst thou but thyself portrayed, the ruthless fates deceived,
Had placed thy likeness in the grave, and thou wouldst yet have lived.

CXXX.

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NO. 5.

**THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY AS CONNECTED WITH A
NATIONAL LITERATURE.**

THE remark is not uncommon at the present day, both in our own and foreign countries, that our highly educated men are, as a mass, opposed to the true influence of free institutions. This unhappy perversion of sentiment, instead of being discarded with the thousand ephemeral prejudices, which have clouded at various times our political horoscope, but which have sank successively beneath the horizon, seems to be casting a broader and deeper shadow over the literary mind of the nation. Lowering, as it does, our character as a people, in the eye of the world, cramping that high influence which we should exert over all the civilized nations, and blasting our hopes of a native, powerful, original growth of mind, but few seem willing to wake up to a full conviction of its ruinous tendencies. Democracy has never yet been painted to the world in its own proper colors; but long enough have its fair proportions been distorted by the narrow, bigoted spirit. Far too long has a free government been depicted to the other nations, as wholly uncongenial with high attainment and lofty thought; as raising up a people of low and sordid affections; as cramping the noble aspirations of genius; as blunting the finest emotions of the soul; as chaining down the high toned spirit, and lifting up to wealth, to power, to distinction, the low, the mean, the grovelling; as defrauding the useful mind of its just rewards; in a word, as reducing all the social relations, all the characteristic features of human nature, all hope, all effort, every spring and object of action, to one dead flat, unrelieved by a single rise or fall.

The prejudices, thus productive of such unhappy results, spread from mind to mind with fearful rapidity, and, once rooted, cling with vexatious tenacity. They lurk in the daily pursuits of the

scholar, in the influences which are brought to bear upon the formation of his early character. Accustomed, as he is, to study the anatomy of government "rather in repose than in action," he is struck with a species of awe and bewilderment at the "wondrous strange" spectacle, of a whole people, gathering together its energies, and rushing forward in the paths of reform and improvement with all the zeal of individual enterprise. He lifts his eye from the silent study of past nations, and beholds himself hurried on a mountain torrent, through regions almost of dreams. With a natural timidity, he dreads dangers where none can possibly have an existence. Perhaps he learns from history, that commotion in the ancient republics was the sure precursor of their downfall, and exaggerating dangers, forgetting the age in which he lives, regardless of the growing intelligence, the far reaching power of thought which time has brought to the light, he joins with all his might in the cry, that "something is rotten in the state of Denmark." Moreover, it has been a foible of the literary class in every age and civilized nation, to *wish* to discover something to complain of, either in the government instituted over them, or in the character of the people among whom they live, or in the common weaknesses of human nature—and men have always been willing to grant them a greater or less indulgence. Perhaps this spirit had its first origin in a burning thirst for the beautiful and perfect, producing a nervous restlessness under existing abuses. Instead, however, of prompting them to look for the accomplishment of their fond aspirings in the onward advancement of man as a social being, it has, (except in times of tremendous excitement,) induced them to turn a regretful eye to the days of earth's youngest, freshest genius, as if there was to be found the sunny childhood of human nature. It has engendered wonderful systems of philosophy, by which the world, as by a miracle, is to be reformed and exalted—such a system as Locke had the boldness to offer as a constitution for the Carolinian republic, or such as the more imaginative and metaphysical Shelley would have called into vogue, to render the earth a poetical paradise, or such as we see in actual operation, attended by all its evil results, in what may well be styled a nation of scholars. We are told that, buried in the depths of the German libraries, are systems of legislation fraught with the noblest democratic sentiments; yet there must they continue to moulder, until the people are roused from their studious lethargy—until the spirit of an active race "shall embrace the cold statue, and start it into life, and youth, and beauty."

The influence of these prejudices upon all the social relations in our own country, creating unnatural jealousies, arousing vain apprehensions, rendering a large proportion of the national intellect worse than useless, raising up questions of little or no importance, and spending on them the powers of popular thought, are

all of them topics of the deepest and liveliest interest. Upon these, however, it is not our present purpose, and might be improper, to dwell at all. We turn to a subject more general in its bearings, concerning the scholar and philanthropist, as well as the patriot, and closely inwoven with all our prospects of future glory. *These prejudices tend to crush the formation of a bold literature.* Why, it has often been asked, have we no national literature?—a literature marked by some distinguishing feature of its own? Some have answered, because we speak the English tongue; others, because we are yet too young; others still, because the greater portion of the national talent is turned to the arena of politics; but most have asserted, that it is the effect of our form of government and the character of our people, which hold out little or no encouragement to literary genius. We know not where we shall better look for the cause, than in the prejudices of our own educated men, which lead them to reason down with calmness all spirit of nationality, and to cling to the old systems of thought, and the old standards of excellence, which are far from being allied with democratic sentiment.

A literature, to be worthy of the title, *national*, must flow from the habits and feelings of the people. It must be the outburst of their own master emotions, in the fervid gush of minstrelsy—the exhibitions of their own glowing patriotism, in the lightning flash of eloquence—the powerful workings of their own reason, in the deep tones of philosophy. It must be the free intermingling of mind with mind upon all topics of interest or importance. Therefore must it be, like the splendid process of crystalization, the work entirely of nature; whether those crystals shoot up at once, or in rapid succession, into gems of radiant light—pyramid or prism in dense forests of sparkling beauty—all must be the spontaneous effusion of nature, regulated alone by nature's laws. Vain is it to hope ever to obtain a national literature, which does not breathe our common sentiments, which does not embody our common history, our common hopes and fears, which does not embalm the names of our ancestors, with the great principles they fought to sustain.

And yet, in the true spirit of a free and noble people, do some of our politico-philosophers discover the latent spark of a future and fierce conflagration. On that "*feverish excitement*," of which we hear so much at the present day, beneath which all the interests of social life have flourished in richest luxuriance, do our men of letters ground their darkest forebodings of future misfortune. Though strongly contrasted with that torpor which has always been the attendant of despotism, they seem to regard it as the very spirit which is in time to come, to subvert the fabric of our liberties, and elevate some popular favorite to rule the lawless passions of the mob. That excitement may, on occasions, be

carried to excess, or that it may at times be turned into improper channels, no candid mind would wish to deny ; against these injurious tendencies, we should be earnest in opposing a strong barrier ; but it is not becoming to cherish a prejudice against the spirit itself, from its possible exuberance. That excitement, and *continued* excitement is as necessary to success in national as individual effort, that it has been the constant companion of liberty, and liberty the foster mother of science, and art, and literature, we conceive to be truths deeply traced upon each page of the world's history. We have sufficient evidence of this in the old republics of Greece, a bright constellation mirrored in the dark ocean of ignorance heaving its sullen waters around them, and in the brightest of the bright, the far-famed "fierce democracy" of rock-girt Attica. And when we behold these republics sinking beneath the shade of their own insignificance, as they resign their right of independence ; when we perceive all the glowing enthusiasm of genius, swept into darkness along with their liberties ; and when, on the other hand, we behold the gorgeous vision of the Roman commonwealth, swelling up from the garden of the earth, with the glory of her heroes, and the pomp of her triumphs, magnificent as the approach of day, and then perceive all fading away "like a school-boy's dream"—her soldiery, no longer able to find excitement in the din of battle, rushing to the bloody shows of the circus and amphitheater, we must be compelled to cherish that spirit which keeps the attention of our people alive, upon all topics concerning their personal happiness and political security. What constituted the difference between these renowned republics, and the nations that slept the death-sleep of despotism near them ? What gave to the mythology of the Greeks that tasteful elegance, which gives a charm to vaguest superstition, while the mythology of Egypt remained dark, bloody, repulsive ? Was it any advantage of soil and climate ? or was it a precedence in the cultivation of letters, which rendered the former people so vastly superior to the countless hosts of Persia and Assyria ? Yet both the climate and soil of the latter were famed to be far more attractive, and Cadmus introduced into Athens the Phenician alphabet, in which were to be couched the choice productions of the muse of Parnassus.

But more especially in tracing the progress of free principles in *modern* times, do we find them kindling along their path a blaze of enthusiasm, until in rainbow splendor it spans the heavens from east to west. All are acquainted with the degeneracy of the human mind after the downfall of the Roman empire, and the firm establishment of papal dominion. Cloud mounted on cloud, darkening its horizon, gathering in revolving blackness, until the last star was blotted from the firmament, and the world was wrapt in the deepest midnight of ignorance. Every refinement of torture, every stratagem of malignity, which could excruciate the body

or debase the mind, was called into earnest and constant requisition. All knowledge was locked up in the walls of the convent; all wealth was monopolized by a sordid and blood-thirsty priesthood; the wings of genius were clipped, and the worst passions of the human breast inflamed to their intensest glare. It is only in contemplating the gloomy depths into which the human mind has at times been plunged, that we are enabled to realize the priceless-blessings which we ourselves are enjoying. The night of the middle ages is one from which the mind shrinks back with instinctive horror. And what was it other than a high and noble enthusiasm, kindled on the altar of Italian liberty, which roused the continent to life and action—started the human soul from the almost dreamless slumbers of centuries—brought the sombre palaces of the feudal times, with their turrets and battlements courting the sky, in thunder to the earth—tore the fetters from the freedom of the press, and taught the mind of man to rise up in all its native majesty.

“ Or quai pensier, quai petti
Son chiusi a te, sant' aura, e divo ardore ! ”

In turning to our country, we may expect to find the tendencies of this spirit more fully exemplified. We are aware how liable the mind is to be borne away in the contemplation of such a subject—to be borne, perhaps, beyond the region of truth. We are fully conscious, that excess of prosperity may be as injurious to a nation, as it may be to an individual, and that the injunction of the poet is universal in its application :

“ Aequam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis.”

But when we contemplate the glorious spectacle our own country presents,—the glorious example she has set to the world; when we perceive the high capabilities and lofty attributes of human nature, as freed from the shackles of slavery,—the giant mould of a nation's character,—the sublime unfolding of a nation's energies,—the rapid progress of a free people in all that can constitute national or individual happiness; our flag loved and honored on the remotest shores,—our name a synonyme for all that is great or enviable in a people, we feel that we cannot too highly esteem that liberal policy which has thus rendered us so distinguished among the nations.

While this may be regarded as the mere rhapsody of a heated fancy, we still insist that there is a useful lesson to be learned from these two contrasted pictures in human history; there is much in them to endear our own free institutions to our hearts, and to make us beware of cramping, in the slightest degree, the great principles which breathed forth in our own and other revolutions,

that mark the various stages of man's progress towards refinement and happiness. But while we feel justified in assuming these as truths too clear to admit of any, the least hesitation, we think also that powerful arguments are here presented, to bring us to the firm conviction, that this government and country do open the noblest vista, down which the inspired eye of genius has ever gazed, for mental effort and mental advancement. Laying entirely out of view the barriers removed from before the cultivation of letters, and the 'encouragements offered, we shall merely speak of that spirit itself, which "breathes the breath of life" in every channel of human exertion, into every topic of human thought. That spirit has, indeed, so far desolated the world with revolutions, the darkest and bloodiest, throwing into dire confusion all the elements of the political atmosphere, in order to create from them a new and purer, which might reach through its ubiquity the lowest recesses of society, call forth latent worth wherever it might have shrunk from the frown of oppression, and teach the humblest to make use of those powers which God has given him. This great work has now passed through the first and most difficult stage towards its final and glorious completion, and the spirit which inspires it has assumed a wholly different tone and complexion, *for now the human mind is free*. It can think and act for itself. A free press is thrown open to the world. A nation's intellect stands out to view in its giant yet beauteous proportions. The struggle is now between mind and mind—no longer between body and body. The nation's hero is to be no longer the blood-stained warrior, reeking in his glory, but he who shall wield with greatest power the scepter of truth; who shall exert the mightiest and best influence; who shall impress his name the deepest on his country's institutions; who shall give birth to ennobling thoughts and creative principles.

And this spirit alone should give to our literary productions a striking trait of original force and energy. We find that the literature of every civilized people, tracing back to the farthest epochs of history, has always been marked by some one prominent feature in their own character. The exquisite taste of the Athenians, which displayed itself in all their arts—their statuary and architecture, as well as in the graceful intricacies of their mythology—also makes its appearance in the natural simplicity and elegant sublimity of their poets, philosophers, and orators. Without stopping to designate, we may say, that the same is observable in the literature of modern nations—of Germany, Italy, France, and England. Now what should be the leading feature of our literature—bold, native, original? It should, in a single phrase, be fired with the spirit of a free and proud people, a people of immense energy and boundless resource, thinking, and as they think, *acting*—exulting in having realized the bright dreams of the ancient poet, and still pressing forward to the goal of national

perfection ;—*it should be filled with noble excitement.* Its every "thought" should "breathe," its every "word" should "burn."

Could we draw a symbol by which to represent it, it should be a statue of gigantic dimensions, every muscle, firm and compact, fashioned for strength and activity ; its feet should be set upon the constitution ; in its right hand should be held forth the declaration of independence ; the trump of liberty should be placed to its lips, proclaiming aloud to the world the solution of that great problem of centuries, **THAT MAN MAY GOVERN HIMSELF.**

We might go on speculating, without a definite limit, upon the character of our national literature, but we desist. That the democratic principle should, in its influence upon the human soul, unfold hitherto latent powers and emotions, produce new and vivid combinations of thought, add unknown grace and vigor to every movement of the mind, give to all its struggles and outpourings a distinguishing characteristic of nationality, will not, we imagine, be deemed a subject of doubt. And under a government original in its nature, original in its operation on social character, original in its settlement, and original in its relations to the world, certainly there must be ample materials afforded to the inventive genius, all enlivened by that spirit, that Promethean fire, that lightning of a nation's being, comprised in the single phrase, *liberty of thought and action.* But our literary men have yet to feel the quickening influences of this spirit. They have yet to burn with the true fervor of democratic emotion. Their views have yet to be so expanded as to embrace, with a life-giving philanthropy, all the various interests of man—man as he is found all around the globe. Under the magic of that principle of onward advancement, which lies at the bottom of the faith of the democrat, they have yet to see future generations brought into close intimacy with their own minds and hearts, glorying in the bright achievements of their own genius, acknowledging the sovereignty of their own thought ; they have yet to feel themselves a central heat, diffusing warmth, and light, and happiness, not only over the present denizens of earth, but over humanity in every age. They have yet to be conscious, that to achieve any great conquest in the realms of thought, they must beware of deadening those nerves of noble emotion, which spring from a firm trust in the innate goodness of human nature ; that faith in a higher and better condition on earth, which is the surest test of a faith in a higher, and purer, and holier life to come. They must learn to banish their traitor doubts and misgivings, and yield themselves to that inspiring excitement, beneath whose influence only can man be advanced to the highest perfection in his mental, moral, or physical nature. Then, and not till then, may they find, to their own astonishment, the flood-tides of new and original thought, of new and original expression, gushing forth, pure, copious, without an effort.

THE WIND.

SAD and wild is the wail of the wind,
 As on viewless wings it hurries past:
 Oh! whence this spell, that quiets the mind,
 And passion enchains in slumbers fast?

'Tis said that oft at eventide,
 When still the leaf, and clear the sky,
 On airy wing kind spirits ride,
 And charm the wilds with minstrelsy.

'Tis to the voice of these we listen,
 In lonely place when sad we roam;
 While far away o'er meadows glisten,
 The lamps that light the fire-fly home.

Oh! know you not that the rushing winds,
 The zephyrs that kiss the fragrant grove,
 Are the pinions' sweep of mighty minds,
 Or spirits that sad and lonely rove?

Who cannot hear in the howling blast,
 That scatters the rain, or vestal snow,
 A gentle voice as it hurries past,
 That bids our hearts with sympathy glow?

Have the winds so wild, the power to wake
 Long silent chords of memory's lyre?
 Can the blasts alone the slumbers break,
 Of feeling's deep, but smothered fire?

Oh, no! around us spirits dwell:
 From fleecy cloud, from fading leaf,
 Their whisp'rings come, with magic spell,
 To silence passion, quiet grief.

Oh! I love to hear the glad winds blow,
 When deep the night, and dark the sky;
 For I hear in wild unceasing flow,
 The spirit tones that swell on high.

And I love to hear at eventide,
 The music sweet of forest and rill,
 When softer notes on light wings ride
 O'er gentle dale, and wood-crowned hill.

LOVE AND WAR IN THE WILDS OF CANADA.

A TALE OF 1756-8.

"Mark ye the flashing oars,
 And the spears that light the deed;
 Each hath brought back his shield,—
 Maid, greet thy lover home."

On a brilliant starlight night towards the close of the summer of 1758, soon after the bell of the only small cathedral Montreal then contained, had chimed the hour of midnight, there might be seen two figures so closely enveloped in the French costume of the day, as to conceal their persons from observation, silently threading their way through one of the dark streets of the city, leading to the quays on the banks of the majestic St. Lawrence.

Their hasty steps and noiseless tread, with the frequent changing of their course, could not fail to attract the attention of the most careless observer. Reaching a dilapidated portion of the city's walls, they rapidly passed over it to a secluded point upon the river, a short distance below the fortifications of the town, and as they supposed, beyond the observation of the dozing sentinel.

Here a light canoe was launched by one whose form and dress bespoke him a "son of the forest;" and they were about to enter, when their Indian friend Teniqua, (for such was his name,) calling their attention to the movements of a sentinel, whose observation they seemed to have attracted, and directing them to remain motionless, took his bow and arrow, threw himself beneath the shade of a few old logs and bushes, and soon gained a near position to the sentinel, who had approached within a few paces of the objects of his suspicion: when a gentle breeze suddenly casting aside the fur over-dress of one of them, displayed the slender form of a female, whose jeweled necklace and silver fringed pelisse, reflecting the rays of the rising moon, quickly convinced the hitherto doubting sentinel. In an instant his carabine was presented, with the ordinary demand of "Who's there?" Tremulous with fear they were about to reply, "Friends," when the shrill whistle of an arrow—a groan, and the heavy fall of the dying sentinel released them from their suspense. The well-aimed arrow of Teniqua had done its work upon one of the hated Frenchmen.

In an instant they entered the boat and pushed from the bank, but had receded only a few rods, and were yet in hearing dis

tance of the shore, when they saw the forms, and heard the voices of men upon the bank they had a moment before left.

"The birds are flown," said one of them. "There! yonder go the cursed rebels; but let's take them on the wing." And suiting the action to the word, their guns were leveled, and would perhaps have effected their wishes, but for the interference of their commander—"No, for God's sake, no!" said he, "seize yonder boat, and let us pursue the rascals."

To tear loose, and launch a light boat, was but the work of a moment for three sturdy soldiers, urged on by the promises and commands of their leader. The canoe had however receded so as to appear but like a dark speck upon the silvery waters, ere the pursuit commenced.

There was the struggle on the one hand for freedom—for life, and that which was dearer than life. On the other, for the sweets of revenge. Teniqua and his companion labored in silence.

Each seemed to fly over the waters; yet Teniqua saw the other boat was rapidly gaining on them. Their oaths and imprecations became more and more distinct; when the fair maiden, who, seated in the stern of the boat, had been eagerly watching their pursuers, and stimulating her companions to greater effort, suddenly exclaimed, "They are fast gaining on us! I can already hear their threats of revenge! Senezergus is of the number! Heaven preserve us from his power! Oh! Henry! Oh! Teniqua!—save us from their hands!" The shore was now in view; a few strokes of the oar could bring them to it; but their pursuers must inevitably strike the bank nearly as soon as they. "What say you, Teniqua," said Maverick, "can we reach the land in time to gain your hidden caverns?" "Impossible," was the laconic reply in broken French. The answer was like an electric shock to his two companions; long and fondly indulged hopes were in an instant blasted. Maverick dropped his oar, and drawing a brace of pistols from beneath his dress, resolved to die sooner than yield.

"Madman," said Teniqua, "would you certainly give yourself and your woman into the fangs of these hounds of hell? Gain the shore, where from behind trees or logs, we may lessen their number as they land, and then try the edge of our knives upon the rest."

M. seeing the folly of his course again plied the oar. They had just gained the covert of a log on the bank, when their pursuers swept into a small cove a few paces below them. "Now is our time," said Teniqua. "Aim sure if you would live!" And they were just about to fire, when their fair companion rushing to them, and throwing their pieces aside, shrieked "forbear! forbear!—do not fire—Edward is there, and uncle; and I'd rather die myself than see them bleed. Fly, Teniqua—take Henry to your retreat.

You know the forest—they cannot pursue you, and their vengeance will be sated on recovering me.” “Never! never!” cried M. half frantic with rage and disappointment. “No! never will I desert you, Viola, till torn from you by brutal force! Think not that I am so base and heartless. Go, kind Teniqua, you can assist us no longer—save your life and be my avenger. For since Heaven frowns upon us, I am resolved to go back, that I may at least have the pleasure of knowing that my sun sets within the same walls, that contain all for which I’d live—deprived of which, I’d choose to die.” In vain did Viola entreat Maverick not so rashly to sacrifice his freedom and life; he still persisted. Teniqua had escaped; but his companions fell again into the hands of their enraged pursuers, who would, but for the tears and entreaties of Viola, have instantly sacrificed Maverick to the manes of their fallen comrade—the deed of Teniqua. Viola met the savage glare of her uncle’s eye with that ineffable look of scorn and contempt, in which point at least Heaven has granted woman much to excel. He treated her with the savage roughness of one long accustomed to command, and who feels that his designs have been nearly thwarted, by one he deemed scarce worthy of apprehension. They were placed in the boat, and quickly returned to the city; when Maverick was put under the strictest guard, and Viola under the care of her uncle. But we pause to give the reader some account of the persons introduced. Henry and Celia Maverick were the only children of Captain Maverick of the British navy, and decended from an ancient and highly respected house in the west of England. Captain M. on retiring from the navy, after gaining distinguished reputation, on account of pecuniary embarrassments, was induced to remove to the new world, and settled at New York; where, with the remnant of his fortune, he might live, in what was there considered opulence, and even splendor.

Henry Maverick, at the time of which we are speaking, was just turned twenty one; the hope of his father—the idol of his sister; possessed of a figure singularly prepossessing, a countenance indicating a meditative turn of mind, and an eye beaming forth a noble frankness of soul, which with a commanding form, composed a figure “once seen not soon to be forgot.” Of high spirit, and courage, he was only ambitious of becoming worthy of his distinguished pedigree, and of raising the fallen fortunes of his family, by noble achievements and lofty daring.

With such sentiments, he heard with pleasure, that in the contest between the mother country and France, the scene of strife would be on the soil of his adopted country. On the demand for troops, for the protection of the northern frontier, against the incursions of the French and their Indian allies, he eagerly enlisted; and entrusted with the command of a company under Johnson, proceeded with him against Crown Point.

At the bloody engagement with Dieskau, his intrepid bravery and courage won for him the station vacated by the fall of Col. Williams. Highly successful in numerous skirmishes with the enemy, he was sent in the spring of '56, with a reinforcement for Mercer at Oswego, where he arrived a short time before the brave Montcalm appeared with an overwhelming force, and took the place after a most gallant resistance. Maverick's conduct on the occasion merited and received the highest encomiums. Hence he was sent a prisoner of war to Montreal. Viola Stricland was the only child of Francis Stricland,—a younger son,—who was placed in the army according to English custom, after performing important, though not brilliant services in India, engaged in advantageous commercial transactions; and after amassing a fortune of near £10,000 per annum, returned to his native isle—married a French lady of some distinction, and purchasing a neat and elegant mansion near the metropolis, resolved to spend the remainder of his life in ease and affluence. Viola, her mother dying soon after her birth, and a raging epidemic removing her father when she was but three years old, was left under the guardianship of a paternal and maternal uncle. Her time was spent alternately at the residence of Sir George Stricland, and with her maternal uncle at Paris, enjoying every advantage of society and education that her family and fortune could bestow.

She was at the romantic age of seventeen, when her uncle, General Senezergus, was ordered with a regiment of troops to Montreal. Senezergus was naturally pleasant and agreeable; yet cunning and intriguing. Opposition he could never brook. And did any one ever attempt to thwart his designs, his suavity was the means, his power the covering, for performing the severest acts of revenge.

Viola was his idol—next to her an adopted orphan relation, Edward Senezergus, was his favorite; with whom from childhood Viola had lived in the intimacy of a sister, and whose chivalrous spirit and courtly mien pleased her; although she often saw in his character the germs of that French philosophy tending to a dereliction of all moral principle—a total wrecklessness of character, and disregard of all the social virtues, so essential to human happiness. Senezergus's mortal hatred of the English, together with his love of Viola, had caused him to form many plans and indulge many hopes of her alliance with some scion of French nobility. Nor was it strange that in the social intimacy of Viola and Edward, he imagined he saw their future union. Edward, aware of his uncle's wishes, was himself very desirous of winning so valuable a prize.

Under such circumstances, it was with the highest pleasure that they heard of her desire to visit the new world in company with

them. After many remonstrances from her English relations, she sailed with her uncle and Edward for Montreal.

Viola Stricland, the Anglo-French heiress, soon became the theme of fashionable gossip; attracting universal admiration from the officers of the army, and the aristocracy of the town, (for then, even as now, Montreal had its purse-proud nobility and its miserable peasantry; its princely mansions and wretched hovels appearing in striking contrast.) She failed not to receive a card for every party. And as she trod the mazes of the dance, in the vaulted hall, all acknowledged that the grace of her step was unequalled—her beauty and dignity of mien unrivalled. In short, Miss Stricland was the reigning belle.

Intelligent, gay, and witty; educated in the first cities of Europe, and last, though not least, with an income of £10,000, was it strange that the gallants of the ice-bound city of the north, as well as the French officers, forgetful of the vows they had made amid the sunny vales of vine-clad France, entranced, should bow in homage at her feet? Who could not be in love with so fair an object, even for itself? and then £10,000 per annum, and a splendid mansion near the great English metropolis, how it would tend to strengthen the affections!

“ Oh, how can they to heaven aspire,
Who feel not love's delightful fire,”*

at least under such circumstances. And would it have been strange if Viola was a little dazzled by so much adoration and flattery, while all her sex are so fond of setting themselves up as graven images, and causing men to bow the knee to Baal? More than human must she have been, had she not been thus affected. Yet the mist soon passed away with the novelty of the scene, and her native good sense enabled her to see through the silken folds of artful flattery, while her judgment led her to despise it. Her uncle and Edward were enchanted with her conquests, and supposed she was; until, on returning to their hotel late one night, from a splendid ball, where Viola had been the reigning star of the evening, she thus addressed Edward: “How disgusting and insipid is this fashionable life! There's nothing in it to satisfy the cravings of a rational mind. The tinsel glare of happiness only!” Edward, in surprise, replied: “The fair Viola discontented! What can there be wanting to increase, to perfect her happiness?” “A friend,” she replied. “Gold may purchase flatterers, and beauty admirers, but mental and moral worth alone can secure friends. As senseless and disgusting is this crowd of fawning sycophants, as the adulations they bestow; who indeed vow of love, and talk of beauty, but *think* of gold.

* See “*Won Deserted*,” page 141, Vol. IV, No. III, of this Magazine.

Were I deprived of the two latter, heaven might grant me the former ; which I would rather have and be the humble, happy occupant of some rural cottage, than deprived of it, to be welcomed in the saloons of fashion, and receive the smiles and caresses of a band of flatterers. I would gain a friend who could appreciate the worth of mind—one whom I could esteem and respect ; and then farewell this heartless, soulless life. If I were"—Here the opening of the carriage door, by the footman, announced their arrival at the hotel, where they separated,—Edward to dream of Viola ; Viola to ponder upon the past, and resolve for the future.

The war had been prosecuted with an uncommon degree of vigor and success, by the armies of France, under the brave Montcalm, who having secured the alliance of nearly all the Indians, had laid the border settlement in ashes, and was spreading terror and dismay the whole length of the frontier, from Montreal to fort Du Quesne, (now Pittsburg,) from Du Quesne to New Orleans. Never was there so powerful and so destructive a combination of the Indian tribes, against the English ; and, owing to the inexcusable lethargy and indifference of the British ministry, their arms, joined with the French, were universally victorious. Oswego and other fortifications had fallen into their hands, and great quantities of spoils and numbers of prisoners were daily entering Montreal.

"The summer is coming, on soft winds born,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn !"

It was a brilliant day for the climate of Montreal, where the enlivening heat of the golden summer seems to burst at once upon you, from the icy arms of a dreary winter.

But a few days before, and the prince of American waters was blocked with ice—the sky overcast with the dark gloom of a continually impending tempest—the piercing northern blast whistled through the streets, and the furs of the Esquimaux were in high demand. Now the river was free from ice, and boats were daily arriving from Quebec and the lakes. The atmosphere was clear and serene, while a gentle breeze from the river rendered mild the heat of an almost torrid sun. Nature was fast putting on her fairest garb, and all was life and animation. Such was the day on which Viola Strickland, with several of her friends, started upon a boating excursion. Passing several vessels of prisoners just arrived in the harbor, at the urgent request of Viola, they went on board one of them. And while this scene of misfortune and misery called forth the idle jests and mirth of her French companions, it excited the deepest interest *

in the breast of Viola, and caused the silent tear. It was not alone a sympathetic feeling of compassion, which any other scene of misery would have awakened, that affected her; but it was the sight of Englishmen, whom she felt were her friends, and that their interest was her interest, and at heart wished them success in the struggle. While walking with Edward about the deck, and occasionally addressing them in her vernacular, she accidentally observed one among them, of commanding mien, who seemed, more than his companions, to rise above his misfortunes, and to reflect upon surrounding circumstances with calm, though deeply affected feelings. When first she cast her eye upon him, she thought him a form of the noblest mould she had ever seen; and as she frequently passed in that direction, and each time met his large blue eye fixed upon her, and saw a countenance beaming frankness and generosity, her good opinion was by no means lessened. When about to leave the vessel, as she took a last look upon him, she felt the crimson come upon her cheek, and yet she knew not why, unless it was from that tender feeling—*sympathy*!

It is impossible for any who have not viewed for themselves, to conceive of the great variety, and the splendor of the scenery of our border lakes, and the noble St. Lawrence.

The Hudson and Connecticut, more known, because more frequented and sung of, are not superior in the *beauty* of their scenery, while in majesty, grandeur, and variety, they are, in our opinion, quite inferior. Leaving the thunder of Niagara, and passing Ontario's placid waters, you enter the channel of the river, winding your way through the "thousand islands," a scene of unsurpassed beauty. Then with the broad, deep channel of the majestic river before, and on either hand, the shore so distant as to lend enchantment to the view, the eye is never wearied with gazing at the high bluffs, overhanging crags, sloping woodlands, flourishing villages, and numerous islands, which pass in rapid succession for hundreds of miles, until passing the "Gibraltar of the new world," the river is soon lost in the "dark blue sea." But a truce to this prosing, and to our boating party. Career-ing gaily o'er the waters under a light press of sail, all were full of mirth and glee, save the fair Viola, o'er whose countenance a pensive thoughtfulness seemed suddenly to have come.

"Remarkably serious all on a sudden, our friend Miss Stricland appears to have become. Mr. Morley, can you divine the cause?" said Miss Fenwick, archly.

"Oh, merely a touch of *sympathy* for that prisoner, the blue eyed Colonel, I suspect, as I saw them eyeing each other very closely," replied Morley. "But, Miss Stricland, do I pray you,

Miss S——, relieve us from suspense, by informing us whether this be really an affection of the heart, or only of the head?"

"Only of the head, sir. I trust you don't think my heart so easily stormed," replied Viola, slightly coloring.

"Certainly not," returned Morley, laughing. "I was only thinking how poisonous must have been the atmosphere of the vessel to have affected your head so suddenly! However, I did myself feel quite sorry for that gallant fellow, for he is of the real English blood, high spirit and family, a brave officer, as his conduct at Oswego proved to me, and a generous hearted soldier, as his affability and kindness to his fellow prisoners showed. But the fate which rules our destinies is unseen and unalterable, and the fortunes of war may soon place me in a similar situation."

"Quite possible, Mr. Morley, unless your heels should save you," said Viola.

"Capital!" answered Morley. "I think Miss S—— is convalescing rapidly: but here we are again at the wharf, and I think it is well, for I have a fine appetite for that haunch of venison we were to have for dinner."

That Miss Strickland's *sympathetic* temperament should have induced her to make frequent "*visits of mercy*" to the barracks of the prisoners, would by no means seem surprising, while the fact that she always *accidentally* passed Maverick's (for such, gentle reader, you must have, ere this, conjectured the gallant prisoner to have been) place of confinement, and that the crimson came to her cheeks as she met his noble countenance and benignant smile, was indeed rather surprising. Nor did the fact escape the observation of Maverick, who almost unconsciously hoped, and yet dared not think himself the cause. Two or three weeks passed thus, when an order was brought from an unknown source for Maverick to have the freedom of the city on parole. The exchange of the miserable accommodations of a prisoner's barracks for lodgings in an airy hotel, was by no means displeasing, but more especially agreeable, as it afforded the advantages of society, into the most fashionable of which, M.'s versatile genius, the bland politeness of his manners, together with his reputation as a soldier, quickly gained him admission. The frequent opportunities Maverick and Viola now had for each other's society, and a free interchange of sentiments, daily tended to increase the favorable opinion each had formed of the other, when fortune first threw them in contact. There was a magic charm, which neither had ever before felt, that drew them together at the dance and the social party. But why should the inexperienced attempt a description of "the course of true love." It is in vain, and we forbear! At the evident preference of Viola for Maverick, the maiden gossips of the city were aroused; scandal, rife with jealousy, was awake, and rumor abroad. Viola's uncle,

whose whole attention had been engaged in military affairs, became alarmed. That his niece should form an attachment to *any one* except Edward, was too much ; but that it should be to an Englishman ! an English prisoner ! was really enraging. He used every art to depreciate M. in her esteem, which, only tending to kindle into a flame their already deeply excited passions, and their future union being resolved upon, Maverick was, under false pretenses, remanded to prison, soon to be sent to Quebec. He immediately sent the following by a trusty servant to Viola.

“ Viola, the injustice of Senezergus is about to consign me to the dungeons of Quebec. My only anxiety is for your safety and welfare. Fear not for me. Confident that I possess your esteem, I can smile at the grates and bars of a dungeon. But the fortunes of war are uncertain ; and should fate bestow on me freedom, I fly to my country’s noble standard, “to gather laurels to garland your brow.” I look upon the past with pleasure, and the future with hope. Let me know of your situation if possible. Devotedly yours,
MAVERICK.”

To which Viola, enraged at the injustice of her uncle, returned the following answer ; which, if not quite so sentimental, is quite as expressive as some modern love epistles :

“ *Dearest Henry* :—The treatment I receive from my uncle is scarcely less rigorous than it is towards you ; closely watched, I receive little at his hands but taunts and invective. And should I unsuccessfully attempt to thwart his designs, I can expect nothing from his tyranny but the severest vengeance.

“ I would I were free from his unjust domination. Edward is my only friend, and would be more kind but for the power of uncle over him. Were you only free and safe, I should be comparatively happy. As it is, let us calmly await the events of the future.
VIOLA.”

On receiving this, the spirit of Maverick was aroused, and he resolved at least to make an attempt, to free himself and Viola from the tyranny of Senezergus. He devised a thousand schemes, all of which were unsatisfactory ; until, in union with Teniqua, (a faithful Indian friend taken with him at Oswego,) he hit upon the following bold plan. To free himself from confinement, which from his universal good conduct would be comparatively easy ; meet Viola at some place agreed upon ; pass the river in a boat prepared by Teniqua ; remain in a cavern known only to Teniqua, until pursuit should cease, and then pass under the guidance of their Indian friend, through that dense wilderness, stretching from the St. Lawrence to the valley of the Mohawk, and inhabited only by a few hostile Indians. Difficult and dangerous as it was, it was the best plan they could devise, and did not hesitate to attempt its execution. Its success is already known. A servant

accidentally perceiving some one leaving the house, and suspecting it was Viola, went to her apartment, and finding her absent, aroused her uncle, who sending servants in all directions, went himself to the prison of Maverick, and finding him gone, the whole scheme broke at once upon him; and mad with rage, in company with Edward, and two or three of the soldiers, he was wandering about the banks of the river, when the report of the dying sentinel's carabine attracted them to the spot, where he saw the boat passing the river. The rage and barbarity of Senezergus passed all bounds.

Maverick was tried and condemned to be shot, for the murder of the sentinel; notwithstanding Viola declared that the murder was committed by Teniqua, Maverick's blood would alone satisfy the vengeance of Senezergus. He was however, at the earnest request of Edward, reprieved for a short time. Soon after, Louisbourg having fallen into the hands of the English, and an assault daily expected upon Quebec, Senezergus was called with a reinforcement, for the defense of that fortress. Leaving Viola in care of Edward at Montreal, he took Maverick with him, resolved to free himself from fear of so dangerous an enemy by his death.

In the mean time Teniqua was not forgetful of his friend. Having by various means discovered the removal of Maverick, as well as his sentence of death, he entered Quebec as a friend, sent from a distant tribe, to form an alliance with the victorious French. Montcalm received him with that studied ease and affability he knew so well how to assume, and which gave him such unbounded influence over the wild sons of the forest. Knowing the necessity of gratifying all their capricious whims in order to preserve their friendship, he, after presenting Teniqua with various trifling trinkets, gave him a passport directing the officers to gratify him in any trifling request and dismissed him. Teniqua wandering about the city near dark, came with apparent carelessness to the place where prisoners were confined, and as the keeper was going his evening round with their allowance of food, desired to go with him. The keeper at first roughly pushed him aside, but on seeing his passport from Montcalm, very doggedly and sullenly allowed him to follow. They had passed nearly all the cells, and Teniqua began to despair, when the soft sound of a flagelet, which he had often heard Maverick play, struck upon his ear. Presently the door of the cell whence the sound issued was opened, and there he beheld the stately form of Maverick, with a pale and dejected countenance, reclining on a miserable couch of straw. M. not immediately recognizing Teniqua, addressed the keeper, "Hell Fonzell, what says the general about my fate?" "You will learn soon enough. Eight o'clock to-morrow morning, at the old barracks, will tell you," replied the keeper gruffly. "Let it come," said Maverick, "for

death is preferable to this wretched life, since it must come sooner or later." Just as soon as M. had finished speaking, Teniqua having approached and touched him, he discovered who it was and was about to address him; but a motion from Teniqua commanded silence; while he approached the keeper, who was stooping down in the extreme corner of the cell, to deposit his food on a small stool, and drawing his tomahawk from under his blanket, gave him a blow upon the back of his head which laid him senseless upon the floor, and would have added a finishing stroke but for the interference of Maverick, who could not however keep him from his "indomitable propensity" of trying his knife upon his scalp. Then stripping him of his clothes, Maverick soon appeared in the keeper's garb, and issuing forth, they passed the sentinels and guards without creating the least suspicion, reached the boat Teniqua had left in the morning, and before the dawn of the next day they were far beyond pursuit, on their way to join the British forces at Lake George. Maverick could scarcely relinquish the idea of visiting Montreal, even at the imminent hazard of his life, until Teniqua informed him that when he was there he had made various inquiries in regard to the fair maiden, and that no one knew any thing about her, only, that in company with Edward she had left town very secretly soon after Senezergus's departure; but that the general supposition was that they had embarked for France. In entire despair therefore of seeing her before the close of the war, if ever, he resolved to cast off the gloom which ignorance of her fate spread over him, by plunging into military life and taking an absorbing interest in his country's glory. He reached the British lines soon after the bloody defeat of Abercrombie under the walls of Ticonderoga. Seeing that his country's arms were in disgrace, and that some bold and successful project was necessary to arouse the dejected spirits of the soldiery, he laid before Col. Bradstreet, a friend of his, the project of making a sudden descent upon Frontignac, a very important post on the northwest shore of Ontario, where Maverick had learned while in Montreal, were stored large quantities of ordnance, military stores, and goods for the southwestern posts, and which fortification on account of its distance from any English post being considered perfectly secure, was guarded by a small force. Bradstreet laid the plan before Abercrombie, who, anxious to repair the disgrace of the late defeat, closed with it; and Bradstreet, with Maverick, second in command, soon appeared with their forces before Frontignac, which was soon obliged to capitulate. The reader can perhaps have some conception of the surprise and joy of Maverick, when in company with Bradstreet, at the head of their forces as he entered the fort, Viola Strickland rushed into his arms! and Edward Senezergus soon after took him warmly by the hand. The causes of this event are briefly these. Soon after

the general's departure for Quebec, Edward, receiving orders to repair to Frontignac, at the request of Viola, who now found Edward her only friend, solicited, and obtained permission for Viola to accompany him, her uncle not daring then to send her to France, as the mouth of the river was filled with British men of war. Senezergus thought also that she would be more secure at that place, and that the company of Edward might turn the current of her thoughts and revive her spirits and health, which seemed to languish under the corroding influence of a lone and secret passion.

Edward forgetting the chagrin of his disappointment, had consoled her with the generous affection of a brother, and cheered her with the idea that her uncle's anger would quickly pass away; that Henry would be pardoned, and they should meet again under happier auspices. A little more than two years after the fall of Frontignac, there was seen emerging from a surrounding grove, and passing up the stately arena, leading to Stricland place, a splendid carriage and horses, with two liveried servants in attendance. On reaching the lofty edifice, Captain Maverick, Edward Senezergus and lady being announced, were ushered into an elegantly furnished drawing-room, where Colonel Maverick was endeavoring to amuse one of those all-important appendages to a well regulated family, a prating, squalling child, some six months old. But leaving them amid their congratulations, we will return a moment to preceding events. On the destruction of Frontignac, Maverick receiving the highest credit for his conduct in the enterprise, accompanied by Miss Stricland, and Edward, a prisoner of war, on parole, returned to the residence of Maverick's father in New York, where, as a matter of course, their nuptial ceremonies soon after took place; and at the urgent request of Viola, sailed for England to occupy the mansion long since vacated by the death of her father.

Edward, after spending a length of time in the society of Miss Celia Maverick, was by no means remarkably pleased to learn, that on account of an exchange of prisoners, it had become his duty to return to his uncle at Quebec; nor did he until after many promises, to return so soon as his official duties would permit. General Senezergus's rage on learning in quick succession, of the escape of Maverick, the fall of Frontignac, and the removal of Viola and Edward to New York, was ungovernable, but fortunately, there was now no one on whom he could vent his malice; as the age of Viola and the laws of her country preserved herself and estate out of his power. His fate at the fall of Quebec, is well known. He died on the plains of Abraham, bravely leading the French to the charge, after the fall of Montcalm; having however previous to the engagement, made Edward heir to all his estates, in case of his fall. Edward, himself severely

wounded, was taken prisoner, and at the close of the war in '60, repaired to New York, where, wedding Miss Maverick, he shortly after, in company with Captain Maverick, whose lady had died several years previous, sailed to take possession of his estates near Paris. Teniqua went out to England with Colonel Maverick, but in a short time becoming dissatisfied with the forms and ceremonies of civilized society, as well as the interest he excited, to the deep regret of the Colonel and his lady, returned to roam untrammelled amid the wild forests of the border lakes.

Gentle reader, if we have prosed so long as to weary your patience, most graciously would we beg your pardon. For ourselves, as we love to wander amid those vales and glens, where once whistled the Indian arrow, and echoed the war whoop, so we delight to call up from the images of the past, the stirring scenes of the "border wars," and to reflect upon the thousand thrilling incidents connected with them, most of which are now only known by tradition and song.

II.

TO HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

"Affection's self deploras thy youthful doom."—*Lord Byron*.

As the fair fruit consumes its vital germ,
To feed the gorgings of a greedy worm;
So thou Ambition! to embalm a name,
Insatiate preyest on the mortal frame—
Thus does the ivy with the bays entwine,
Thus, gifted Henry, death and fame were thine.

As o'er the heavens gleams a meteor light,
Flashes, and vanishes in sudden night;
So blazed thy lamp of life, and ah, so soon
Quenched in its brightness, by the envious tomb!

Grief, tend'rest grief, did e'er my breast inspire
To list the echo of thy wailing lyre;
Those pensive strains, which in thee seemed to rise
Like the fair swan, the sweetest as he dies.
And as thy pale cheek with the hectic glowed,
So from thy faintly quivering harp-strings flowed
A spirit melody; so casts the sun,
A richer halo when his course is run.
Though many wires did that sweet harp entwine,
Each note it rang was harmony divine.
Now, free and merry as the carol'd lay
Of twittering songsters on the leafy spray;

Now as the wind that moans through ruined aisle,
 Fitful, and sad, and melancholy wild.
 Now, bold and reckless as the ocean's roar,
 When dash its waves impetuous on the shore ;
 Now, soft as pity in a fair one's eye
 It seemed upon the ravished sense,—to die,
 Then gathering fire and loftiness again
 It rose, and blended with a Milton's strain.

But ah ! the hand that swept its witching strings
 Is silent—yet when evening flings
 Its influence sweet and gentler thoughts engage,
 Bending in transport o'er thy speaking page,
 I seem to catch its melody divine,
 As softened music from a sphery clime.

Be this the noblest praise, that thy chaste lyre,
 Ne'er caught the breathings of unhallowed fire ;
 That though a child of fancy, wild and free,
 The path of virtue e'er had charms for thee.
 With nature's elder minstrel, thou left not,
 " A line which dying, thou wouldst wish to blot."
 But many, (be the praise with reverence given,)
 Which might uncensured thrill the courts of heaven.

Lo ! piety, whose calm, ethereal eye
 Has drawn its deep devotion from the sky,
 Sobs o'er thy tomb ; and nature drops a tear,
 And genius' full, bright orb is clouded there.
 I too would come, to wreath a votive lay,
 Whose only incense, is—sincerity.

TRUTH.

" Truth is such a flyaway, such a slyboots, so untransportable and unbarrelable a commodity, that it is as bad to catch as light."—*R. W. Emerson.*

TRUTH, like its author, is in its nature mysterious. In its investigation science has searched with eagle eye, among all the hidden things of nature, and philosophy with fearless step, has wandered over the twilight fields of speculation. For truth too, wars are waged, and victories won on the great field of ethical polemics, which have shaken and are still shaking to their centers the mental and moral worlds. How often have we seen two intellectual giants enter the lists with all the fury of Roman gladiators, and after hurling their shafts of sophistry, satire, wit and calumny, till the sun of truth is hidden by their weapons, shrink away from the arena, crowned not with the laurels of a noble contest, but covered with the dust of a wordy warfare. But the

tongue and pen are not the only instruments which have been employed in the discovery and defense of truth. The rack, the dungeon and the sword have all been eloquent in its support. The mass of mankind, however, notwithstanding all this zeal for truth, are still shrouded in the starless night which hangs in gloom over the vale of ignorance and error. Even the more favored ones have as yet gathered but a few grains of shining dust which have come down with the tide from the golden Tmolus, while the mount itself, with all its exhaustless treasures, has been hidden from their view. Well might the prince of philosophers, with characteristic humility, exclaim—"to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth, lay all undiscovered before me." All our knowledge, if knowledge it may be called, is confined to the surface of things—to the properties developed to the eye of observation. All attempts to investigate the *essence* of either mind or matter, are perfectly futile—they are but attempts to fill the sieve of the Danaides, and roll up the stone of Sisyphus.

Genius, when it has soared the highest, has been compelled to fold its tired pinions at the base of the hill upon whose lofty and invisible summit, the Eternal hath reared the Temple of Truth. If he who had consecrated himself to his undertaking with unexampled, iron diligence scarcely reached the confines of truth—if Newton, who had attained the high priesthood of nature, was not permitted to enter the "Holy of Holies," it is by no means strange that, in the presence of the gaping multitude, she deigns not to unveil herself to adoration. But though she thus hides her face from the vacant stare of the dull and dim-eyed herd, yet she condescends to make her glory pass before her ardent and untiring votaries. Around the pilgrim who worships at her shrine, she sheds a halo of celestial light, and feasts his eye with visions of unfading beauty, and though in the feebleness of his clay-fettered intellect he cannot comprehend the infinitude of her attributes or penetrate the mysteries of her perfections, yet, while he stands afar off, and contemplates the splendor and magnificence that wait around her chosen seat, his mind ennobled by the view, glows with new emotions and reaches on to all that is lofty and limitless in nature. The divinity stirs within him. He feels the wings breaking from their shell, and longs to drop the sluggish chrysalis and soar a freed and ethereal essence above the mists of earth to the clear empyrean, where he may gaze on the beautiful and true in all their unsullied purity, in all their unconcealed perfections. He has caught a glimpse of their glories in the dim and dusky distance, and the Promethean spark within his bosom is kindled into a flame as sacred as the Roman vestal, and as quenchless as his own immortality. His spirit, once roused from

its lethargy, spurns the fetters which passion and appetite had thrown around it, and, like the famed eastern bird, soars on a wing that never tires and never rests. Such is the power of truth over the mind awakened to a consciousness of its nature and destiny. Let us turn now from a consideration of its influence upon individual mind and glance at its progress and power in the world at large.

The young earth was scarcely fixed upon its foundations and the song of the "morning stars" was yet floating upon the distant air, when the father of lies stalked forth from his fiery kingdom, and declared an eternal war against all that was true and beautiful of earth. The issue of his first assault in Eden, is but too well known. Since that eventful hour, truth and error, virtue and vice have waged a war of extermination. The varied results of this contest, during the primitive ages of the world, are involved in a night of darkness, which the eye of the historian has striven in vain to penetrate.

The creation of the Grecian and Roman empires from the chaos of the nations, formed a new era in the history of the world, and seemed to promise much for the advancement of truth. But these stars, which rose upon the night of ages, soon set in a deeper gloom. The relics of genius, however, which survived the ruin of these republics, have ever been regarded as proud memorials of the triumph of intellect and virtue over ignorance and vice. The names of their philosophers, poets and orators are embalmed in the grateful remembrance of an admiring world. But while we would cheerfully yield them the meed which merit justly claims, and be the last to pluck a leaf from the laurel that adorns their tombs, yet, we are by no means satisfied that their time-honored manuscripts are so valuable an acquisition to the cause of truth, in its purity and perfection, as some literary prodigies are wont to imagine. It may be dangerous to be otherwise than enthusiastic in their commendation, yet we have the presumption to believe that, like some paintings whose colors are more gaudy than chaste, they please us much better because we contemplate them at a distance. Antiquity has lent a sacredness to the genius of the past, which we cannot but revere. Hence we listen with delight, to the thrilling eloquence of a Demosthenes or Cicero, as it comes swelling over the waters. We are ravished with the harmony of Homer's muse and the sweetness of Virgil's lyre. But annihilate the distance of time and space that separate us from the βήμα, the rostrum, and the groves of Parnassus, and introduce us at once into the presence-chamber of these demi-gods of fame, and the spell is broken, the charm is gone. Thus, in a summer's evening, we stray beside some quiet lake, and imagine that the beings, who are the creators of the melodious strains that reach us from the dusky waters, must be some band of seraphs, who have come down to

earth to give us a foretaste of the music of heaven, but, as the sounds become more distinct, and the bark from which they proceed approaches the shore, we are chagrined to find that we have been transported with the simple ditty of some love-sick serena-der. We would not be understood in these remarks, to advocate the doctrine of some of the mushroom institutions of the day, which exclude the "dead languages" from their course of study, because they cannot discover in them any *practical advantage*. We have no fellowship with that utilitarian spirit, rife in our country, that would thunder in the ear of wealth, when embellishing the works of art and nature, the disheartening question "cui bono?"—that would bid the astronomer, as he turns his glass toward the heavens, exchange his telescope for the spade—that would shut the classic volume of the student as he is bending over his midnight lamp, and curse in gibbering accents the old white-haired ghosts of Greece and Rome—that would dry up the springs of Helicon, cut down the groves of the muses, and *quakerfy* all that is attractive and beautiful in nature. When we say that the classics contain less of the beautiful and true than some pretend to discover, we mean simply that they are often, more especially by the ignorant and pedantic, extolled too high, and that there are other fountains of truth, if not sweeter, yet *purser*.

Until the reformation of the sixteenth century, it cannot be maintained that the progress of truth had been such as to flatter the hopes of its friends. The light of science and literature had long since ceased to shine upon the petty interests that distracted the nations. The vestal fires of religion burned with but a feeble flame upon her altars. Men had forgotten to think. The sleep of ages was upon the world. It was at a time like this that the genius of the German monk burst forth, not like the meteor's glare, which soon goes out in night, nor like the lightning's flash, which, for a moment, ruffles the surface of the ocean, and then leaves it as cold and dark as before; but like the light of morning, struggling at first through opposing mists, but at length, blazing out in the unclouded brightness of the noonday sun. Following its guiding influence, men once more began to think, and feel, and understand their rights, and appreciate the blessings of freedom. The spirit of liberty, the handmaid of truth, once aroused, flew from nation to nation as on the wings of light. It sowed the seeds of the English revolution, in which the divine right of kings was exploded, and the clamors of power drowned amidst the execrations of an injured and indignant people. Were it necessary, it would not be difficult to trace with perfect distinctness, the settlements and revolution in America to the same fruitful source. The same spirit of liberty, which had infused new life and energy into all Europe, was the pole-star of the May-

flower in its lone course over a wintry ocean, to this western world. Its fires were kindled on the rock of Plymouth—the wilderness was gladdened in the light of its smiles. It showed the Puritan how detestable is tyranny, and taught him to cherish the young institutions of freedom with vestal fervor and fidelity. As the tide of population rolled westward, it became interwoven with the very frame-work of society, and, when in the progress of events, the arm of the oppressor assayed to crush a rising nation, its voice was heard loud and clear above the storm of battle.

Under its influence was reared, upon broad and deep foundations, the fabric of a republican government, which the blasts of war might shake not more than does the breath of evening the pillars of the Parthenon. The American revolution and consequent independence, formed one of those bright epochs in the history of the world, which “sends its influence far into the future, and stamps its character upon succeeding ages, with the certainty of an overruling destiny.”

The present age is distinguished by many peculiarities which portend the final if not speedy triumph of truth. We will notice but one—a spirit of free and rational inquiry. Dogmas in philosophy and religion, which have come down to us, hoary with age and sanctified by time, are no longer received on trust, but boldly discussed and rejected. The temple of antiquity is entered, and the footsteps of the daring intruder may be heard echoing along its sacred penetralia. The mind of man has been roused from its long and dreamless sleep, to a consciousness of its powers and destiny. Bigotry and superstition quail before the eye of reason. Men begin to see that religion does not consist in heartless forms and ceremonies, in gaudy pictures and sacred relics, in burning tapers and holy water. Few can be found at the present day so far behind the spirit of the age as to defend the senseless mummeries of papacy. They rather look for the spirit, the essence of religion—a religion based upon divine revelation and sustained by enlightened reason and sound philosophy. Conscience, that monitor of God, has been rescued from its imprisonment in the grasp of the confessor, and placed once more upon the watch-tower of the soul.

The spirit of inquiry is manifested also in the fields of science and literature. The face of nature, which in former ages was an unmeaning blank, appears now written all over in characters of light. In every bud that shoots, in every insect that flutters in the sunbeams, in the rippling stream that winds its way through the verdant valley, in the wild blue lake ruffled by the floating breeze, in the chafed surges of the troubled ocean, in the blasts that bellow in the forest, in the lightnings that dance from cloud to cloud, in the stars that twinkle “in the eternal space,” in all these, man now discerns an active, mighty, *living* energy. The beauty, and order, and harmony of the heavens—what are they

but reflections from the mirror of modern science? What, but this, has disclosed to men in the flickering tapers of the sky, the burning centers of other systems, not unlike our own? What but this has taught the trembling victim of ignorance and superstition, to look at the ill-omened eclipse, and not suffer in imagination, all the horrors of war, pestilence and famine? What but this has bid him gaze at the fiery comet, and not see in it the fearful torch that was to light the last great conflagration? What but this enables him to look into the future, and trace the same comet with unerring certainty along its devious way, and mark the hour, nay, the moment when it shall return from its wanderings? Every department of science has felt the enlightening and elevating power of awakened genius. The old systems of philosophy have been consigned to the grave of the Capulets, and the colossal fabric of Bacon has been built upon their ashes.

The literature of the world, partaking of the spirit of the times, is made the vehicle of thought, of truth and purity, and promises, under the fostering hand of Christianity, to become a powerful auxiliary in advancing the highest interests of mankind. Schools, for the education of all, are beginning to be scattered among the nations, like islands in an archipelago. The factitious distinctions in society are growing fewer and fainter. Woman, no longer regarded as the "thrall of the field or the toy of the harem," a mere blank in the world, is becoming the arbiter of refinement, the cynosure of social intercourse, and, in her sphere, the eloquent advocate of truth and virtue. The free press and free discussion, those brightest jewels in the coronet of liberty, are sending forth a wide and enlightening influence upon the dark places of the earth. Knowledge is spreading among the million, and with it, power is descending from the palaces of the few, to the humble abodes of the many. Men are learning their rights, and kingdoms and dynasties crumble to dust. They are becoming conscious of their power, and the despot

—" feels his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief."

These are some of the evidences of the progress and power of truth. They are some of the signs of the times, which betoken her ultimate triumph. Though assailed on every hand by the passions and prejudices of men, yet,

"As easy might you the intrenchant air
With your keen sword impress, as make her bleed."

She has

"Grasped the mysterious urn of destiny,"

and stands pledged to its commands, as if under the full and stern
"Overlook of Necessity."

P. Q.

SONG OF THE HUMMING BIRD.

*Sed circumsillem modo huc, modo illuc,
Ad solam dominam usque pipilabat.—Catullus, Liber 1, 3.*

TAKE, oh! take me to thy breast,
And let me ever nestle there;
For there can be no place of rest
So pure, so beautiful, so fair:
Though over earth and sea I roam,
I ne'er shall find so sweet a home.

And I will murmur honeyed lays,
And lull thee to a sweet repose,
When happy dreams of coming days
Shall steal upon thee, to disclose
Those treasures of thy heart's pure wine,
The joys forever to be thine.

A constant vigil I will keep
O'er every access to thy heart,
That thou may'st never have to weep
For any wound of Cupid's dart:
Oh! let me ever make my nest,
Within the precincts of thy breast.

P. S. Q.

FLORENCE OF SAVOY.

A FRAGMENT.

"Thou art the victor, love!
Thou art the peerless, the crowned, the free—
The strength of the battle is given to thee,
The spirit from above."—*Hemans*.

TIME rolled on, and gaiety had prevailed even more than its wont, in the castle of Savoy. The peculiar relation the Lady Florence had sustained from childhood towards her cousin, was now known to be dissolved, and few of the proudest of Italy's nobility but gladly knelt at the shrine of one of its fairest daughters. And the lady! while moving in a brilliant circle—the loved, the admired of all—no haunting remembrance seemed to dim the luster of her eye, or quell her tones of gladness and mirth. The cheek and lip were unblanched as ever; and they who judged

from the outward appearance, oft breathed a sigh for woman's faith and woman's devotion.

But the lady, in her hours of retirement, was not the careless being she seemed when many eyes were bent upon her. Oft-times when the sun was throwing his last beams on the mountain tops, did she linger in that very spot where she last heard the manly tones of him who was now an exile; she knew not where; and last, too, wept her passionate farewell over Bianca, the foster sister, the cherished friend of her childhood and youth—*then*, did the unrepressed tears, the utter abandonment to grief, prove, that a sorrow concealed from the world may be none the less bitter.

Of her princely father, immersed in the duties belonging to his high station, she saw little; and the maiden who succeeded Bianca, failed in her assiduous endeavors to win the confidence that had been reposed in her predecessor. One bright afternoon, as her mistress reclined on a pile of rich cushions, Lisa, the while, twining rich gems in her raven tresses, a sweet, melancholy air, came floating up from the court yard below. The lady started from her reverie—

"Hearken, maiden; did you hear that strain? Methinks it is sweeter than aught I have heard these many days."

"And call you that rare music, lady!" replied Lisa. "Why, it is one of those gloomy airs the heretics on yonder mountains, sing in their Sabbath assemblings. The poor deluded creatures! how I pity them! no gay dances, no merry-makings on Sunday eve, no recreations, save what they find in listening to the drawling of their ghost-like leaders, and singing psalms more fitting a funeral than a holiday"—

It is uncertain how much longer Lisa would have continued her invectives had not the lady, with an unusual impatience of manner, interrupted her.

"Thy words please me not, maiden; for know"—and her tones grew gentle as before—"that the days of my childhood were spent in the Vaudois valleys, beneath the roof of a humble pastor. His wife was my foster mother, and his daughter, the loved companion of whom you have often heard me speak."

At this moment, a page entered, saying, that an aged man craved a few minutes audience with the Lady Florence.

"Know you aught of his errand, Adolph?"

"His appearance bespeaks a minstrel; but he bade me say, he had rich and rare jewels, fit only for such as thee; and shouldst thou refuse his request, he bade me give thee this ring, and in truth, 'tis of exquisite workmanship."

The lady took the ring; and well was it that Lisa was too much occupied with admiring the jewel to heed at all the death-like paleness of her young mistress."

"Bid him hither, Adolph?"

A few minutes had elapsed, when, conducted by the page, a venerable man, attired in the rude garb of a wandering harper, entered the boudoir with low and respectful obeisance. The lady signed him to be seated, and then, with forced calmness of manner, interrogated him.

"Art thou a pilgrim, aged man?"

"Yes, lady, I have come a long and weary way."

"Hast thou no home?"

"Nay, lady, the wandering minstrel hath no resting place on earth; and no companion save this harp: it once gave forth sweet sounds, and now methinks is scarcely injured by time."

"Thou speakest in praise of thy instrument, but hath thy skill failed in thine old age?" inquired the lady, who perceived that the minstrel wished to allay suspicion of his errand in the minds of her attendants.

"Ah, much I fear me, it hath," was the reply; "but if aught could awake to life and energy a minstrel's lyre, thy voice, noble lady, surely would prevail."

"Harper, thou hast learned flattery in courts; an air on thy harp executed as best thou art able, would please me more. Meantime, I will look over thy jewels. Adolph, bring them hither."

The page obeyed; but the minstrel was evidently disturbed by the curiosity of Lisa, who like many of her countrywomen delighted in fine array.

"Look here! fair maiden; I have a collection, which will suit thee better."

So saying, he produced a box of fancy goods of glittering hues, though not of costly materials. Lisa took it joyfully, and retired to a distant part of the room, where she was soon joined by Adolph, and in their mirth they quickly forgot the presence of the harper. Not so the lady; her hand trembled, so she could scarce unclasp the lid; and the air poured forth by the minstrel, was in no way suited to tranquillize her feelings. As the laughter of her attendants grew louder, she motioned the harper to approach nearer.

"Tell me, I pray you," said she, in low and agitated tones, "know you aught of the owner of this ring?"

"Yes, lady; but earthly places will soon know him no more forever. This ring he sent thee as a token of his unchanged love. And this book," continued the minstrel, as he drew from the folds of his mantle an elegantly bound volume,— "this pearl above all price, he beseeches thee to accept, as the last, best gift of a dying cousin."

The lady knew it was the Bible; but she took it with trembling hand, while her cheek was pale as freshly fallen snow.

"Dying! dying!—no, it cannot be!" she murmured faintly.
"Yes, lady; death hath set its unerring signet on the brow of the Count Adrian; slowly, yet none the less surely, is he descending to the grave."

He waited for an answer; but she whom he addressed heeded him not. Grief for a moment palsied every faculty. Again he spoke. "Lady, the day is wearing on; I must forth on my way; what message shall I bear thy cousin?"

"Tell him," said she, starting from her reverie, and looking wildly around, "that I am his and his only;" then, recollecting herself, she spoke more calmly. "Rest thee here this night, harper, and to-morrow I will give thee thy message." She glanced at the window. "At earliest dawn meet me in the linden avenue; but we must say no more at present, for yonder couple have ceased their mirth, and seem watching us." She raised her voice. "Lisa, are you so soon wearied with gazing at those trifles? Take what pleases you, and then count out the gold; and you, Adolph, see that the minstrel is provided for this night; he must have repose ere he again goes forth."

That night the lady moved with careless mien through her father's halls, and when, at midnight, she regained her apartment, she found that Lisa, wearied with watching, had fallen asleep.

"Up, maiden," said she, kindly; "go to thy own couch,—I shall not need thy services at present."

Lisa was too drowsy to heed the singularity of the lady's command, and gladly obeyed. When left alone, the lady paced with irresolute step the lofty apartment; and then approaching the window, leaned her fevered cheek against the marble casement. Proud and stately as ever, looked the home of her ancestors, in that full flood of moonlight, and a momentary feeling of pride lit up her languid eye. Was it strange? Heiress of those broad domains—young, gifted, lovely—the center of a scarcely less brilliant than a royal circle—the flattered, the idolized, the truly loved: was it strange that she felt the fascinations that have enthralled older and wiser ones? It was but for a moment, and memory triumphed over the ambitious thoughts of that hour. Amongst those who surrounded her, she felt that one voice, one glance, had long been wanting; and he, the nobly descended, the heaven-gifted one, he was far away, dying in a land of strangers.

"And who," she murmured, "in this hour of mortal strife, of mortal agony, should soothe the struggling, the tried spirit? who! but the cousin—the more than cousin of his love—Adrian! Adrian! surely no earthly power may dissolve the ties that have bound us. Was I not thy affianced bride; and did I not vow to love thee, and thee only, till earthly love should be chilled by the

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hand of death? But they parted, they parted us; and many have deemed me light and fickle. Yes, I have worn a careless brow, when my heart was nigh to breaking. It shall be so no longer—Adrian! I will redeem my vow; I will let wealth, rank, all go, for one parting look from thee! Erring wanderer from the fold of the true church; heretic as they call thee; this shall not divide us in this awful hour.”

Nor was this a mere ebullition of feeling; it was the high resolve of a high minded being. With firm hand, she traced a letter to her father, begging his forgiveness, and assured him, that she still adhered to the Catholic faith; and that love alone for her exiled, her dying cousin, led her thus to forsake father and lands. The preparations were quickly made; and ere her absence was noticed, she was far on her way.

It was near the close of a summer afternoon; and the flower-scented breeze sighed softly through the vine-leaved lattice of a mountain cottage. Beneath that humble roof, in a simple apartment, reclined an invalid; o'er whose pallid brow, gratefully swept the summer wind. He was yet in the morn of life—but the lustrous eye, and pale cheek, told that his sun was going down, ere it had reached its meridian—and perchance, it was a thought like this, that clouded his brow, as he sadly drew the folds of his dark mantle around his stately form, and looked out upon the earth, sleeping in quiet beauty, in the hush of that summer sunset.

His eye fell upon the path, leading up the steep declivity towards the cottage. “Come hither, maiden;” said he, addressing a fair girl, who was busily engaged with her work in a distant part of the room; “know you yonder travellers ascending the mountain path?” The maiden replied, that she saw no one. “They are hid this moment—now look again, Bianca—they have just passed the beech grove.”

“I see them,” was the response; “the first one resembles the minstrel, and he should have been back ere this; but we can tell better when they approach nearer.”—“It is he, my lord,” she replied, after a few minutes’ silence. “It is the harper, but I cannot distinguish the other.”

At this moment, the foremost traveller paused to assist his companion over a rocky part of the ascent; and this movement revealed the light fragile form and graceful step of youth. Bianca uttered a faint exclamation, while the hectic faded from the cheek of the invalid.

“That graceful form, scarce hid by the flowing mantle, surely it cannot be the Lady Florence! Look again, maiden; for my eyes grow dim,” and overcome by mingled emotions, too strong for his feeble frame, the Count fell back, unconscious of aught around him.

It was evening when he again awoke ; but his slumber had been feverish and unrefreshing, and in his eye was the lurid light of disease, while from his lips broke words wild and incoherent. He seemed wandering again in the princely halls of his relatives, and addressing her whom he had loved above all earthly friends, he murmured, "Come, Florence, leave these apartments—those lights dazzle my eyes—the moon's pale rays would suit us better. We will go forth, for your father looks coldly on me to-night ; and he cursed me just now, or something whispered that he cursed me, and Florence, you look so pale, so ghastly pale, and smile not. It is those lights, those dazzling lights ; or am I mad !" and the invalid pressed his hand wildly on his forehead.

The taper of the cottage was now carefully concealed by Bianca ; and on his ear floated full, rich tones, but they were not the tones of the Vaudois maiden. There was a magic in that voice ; and though it restored not reason, yet for a moment his ravings assumed a less terrific form. He thought himself once more a child, a happy careless child ; and he roamed through the mountain haunts of his childhood, while the butterfly and wild flowers were again objects of pursuit, and his cousin was by his side as of yore. "Sit down on this bank, Florence, and I will twine these flowers in your hair, while you sing that sweet song our kind nurse taught us yesterday. These flowers are bright—they grew on hills made rich with the blood of martyrs—pshaw ! they have withered already, and your brow is cold, cousin. Let us hasten home—do you see that black cloud yonder ? How swiftly it spreads over the sky ! and this wind, how hot it is ! and that deep mist gathering on the valleys ! I cannot breathe ;" and the invalid sunk back exhausted, but soon raved wildly as before.

"Bianca," and these words were uttered by one kneeling beside the couch, "is there naught that can soothe him ? Oh, he will pass away in one of these wild moments," and the lady sobbed like a child. The maiden drew nearer to the couch, and placing her lips close to the ear of the invalid, murmured in low tones that sweet pastoral, "The Lord is my shepherd ;" and like Hermon's dew it fell on the weary spirit and he slept.

The hours passed on ; and wearily they moved to those watching beside that couch. Just as the morning was encircling with its first pale zone of light the highest mountain's brow, the slumberer awoke.

"How long have I slept, Bianca ?" for in the dimness of that early hour, he recognized none other—"it seems but a moment since we watched beside the lattice, or was that too a dream, for I have had strange ones to-night, and yet I would dream them all again just to hear one voice, as I have heard it since I slept. It was sweet as ever ; but oh, how low and mournful !"

Passionate sobs here interrupted the speaker, while a soft hand rested gently on his own. The Count started, and looked earnestly around, to convince himself that it was no illusion. A gleam of joy lit up his pallid features. "Florence, my blessed cousin, is it thou?" said he, in tones of strong emotion, as he parted back the clustering curls from her fair forehead, "the blessing of the exile, yea more, of the exile's God, rest upon thee, that mid the splendors of thy proud lot, thou didst not forget the sorrowing and sorrowful." And was she not blessed? Yes, at that hour, far away from her own proud halls, by the side of a dying exile, deeper tides of pleasure rolled over her spirit, than she had ever experienced in the days of her pride and splendor; for the blessing of the lonely and sorrowful had been breathed in her ear, and woman's heart asked for no higher reward this side of heaven.

Days passed on; and unnatural strength seemed given to the invalid, but it was the bright flickering of life's candle, ere it went out forever. These days were not given in vain; and when they were at last ended, just as the sun was sinking behind the mountains, and all nature was bathed in the lustre of that parting light, then, beside his dying couch, were heard low tones of prayer; and she, who had never prayed before without invoking the mediation of saints and angels, *now* made mention of the all-prevailing name of Jesus, and of *His* only—and as that low, sweet cadence died away, the spirit of the exile entered into its rest.

They laid him beneath a green hillock, and the last roses of summer withered on his grave; but ere the snows of winter settled there, *another* slept beside him.

On hearing of the death of his daughter, conscience fastened its relentless fangs on the proud, bigoted Duke of Savoy, and he strove, by leniency towards the Waldenses, to atone for his past cruelty.

But the remnant of his days was short; and though his place is not wanting in the sepulchres of his fathers, yet long after his memory perished, the names of FLORENCE OF SAVOY and her noble cousin, remained fresh in the affections of the simple hearted people, among whom they found a humble yet honored grave.

Q. L.

TYROLESE SONG.

Sons of the Tyrol, haste !
 The foe your fields lay waste,
 Their pennons gay,
 In dread array,
 Wide to the breezes streaming,
 Wave, wave for war—
 For war, for war,
 Their lances bright are gleaming.

Loud, loud, the tocsin rings ;
 Wide, wide, its echo flings,
 Death to the foe,
 He shall lie low,
 When from her home advancing,
 Tyrol shall charge,
 With spear and targe,
 And broad-swords deadly glancing.

Sons of the Tyrol wake !
 From hill or dell or lake,
 Your happy home,
 Exulting come ;
 Glory your hearts inspiring,
 Shall o'er you wave,
 The banners brave—
 Your souls to vengeance firing.

Sound, sound the note of death !
 And let the whirlwind's breath,
 Scatter away,
 In wild dismay !
 The hosts our fields invading ;
 Wide may they all,
 In terror fall—
 The smile of friends unaiding.

For they our blood have shed,
 Their swords, with blood are red,
 Where'er they go,
 A blighting wo,
 Upon our homes descending,
 Pour thick and fast,
 Destruction's blast,
 With fearful strife contending !

THE CAREER OF NAPOLEON.

Sons of the Tyrol, rouse !
 Lift up to heaven your vows,
 As forth you go,
 Against the foe ;
 Our God his arm extending,
 Potent to save,
 Rescues the brave—
 The brave from death defending.

Strike, strike for Liberty !
 Strike, strike for victory !
 Upon the foe,
 Th' avenging blow,
 Shall be destruction's offering
 For Liberty ;
 And Tyrol free,
 Her blood for freedom proffering.

Let "Tyrol," be our cry,
 Our watch-word and reply ;
 Our hope to save,
 Shield for the brave !
 In battle's storm contending.
 Tyrol shall be
 Land of the free !
 For ages without ending !

* * *

THE CAREER OF NAPOLEON.

THE career of Napoleon, was a part of the French revolution ; the last grand act that closed the drama. Society had been resolved into its original elements ; but Bonaparte consolidated and arranged the chaotic mass, into one great, and harmonious whole. Indeed, while France was an empire, its whole being seemed concentrated in two great minds, that of the people who obeyed, and the emperor who ruled.

The influence of his career on France, has been positive, single, and great. *Positive*—because it tended not only to check, but to rouse ; not only to stop the tide on which the people were borne, but to turn it. The wild democracy of the "*grande nation*," and the rigid autocracy of the north, and east of Europe, were engaged in mortal conflict ; but Napoleon in his swift, and sweeping career, bore both away, and ploughed a new channel for the politics, and history of Europe to flow in. It was *single* ; for its tenor was *one*. It was not at the same time in favor of freedom and oppression, nor so diverse in its effects, as in the end, to counterbalance one, by its opposite. Its influence was *great* :

for thrones cannot be razed, and reared, nations conquered, and continents convulsed, with impunity.

The ultimate influence of such causes, is always greater than the immediate, and local. We do not estimate the effects of storms by the transient, and slight damages occasioned by their violence, but from their general influence on the fertility of the soil, and purity of the air; nor of disease, by the pain, and trouble experienced while it continues, but from the final, and permanent effect on the constitution. Yet in judging of Bonaparte's career, this error is often made. We read of his bloody battles, his murder of the captive and sick,—we calculate the waste of treasure, and blood in the expedition to Russia, and brood over the calamities of his suffering army; and then, remembering, that all this was to gratify the unfathomed ambition of one individual, in the hot haste of uncurbed feeling, denounce him as a monster of evil, the scourge of his race. But we might as well estimate the results of our own revolution, by the number of slain, the expenditure of money, burning of houses, and waste of time! It is the *great, final*, and often *hidden* influence, which works upon *government*, and the very *elements* of *society*, that gives to such events their power. By this, are we to judge of Bonaparte's career. We omit therefore all things of a minor importance, including even that code of laws which he left, a rich legacy to his adopted countrymen, and proceed to consider the main point before us; viz., the influence of his career *as a whole*. This we may learn from two sources; first, from the *nature* of the career as well, or ill adapted to the character and wants of the times, and again, from comparing the state of affairs immediately preceding, with that which has followed it.

The French revolution, though apparently the work of a few years, was but the bursting forth of opinion, and feeling, that had been slowly and silently gathering for ages. From the nature of such events, and from facts, we know that they are the pivots on which the character, and destiny of nations turn, and that during their accomplishment, society is resolved into the individuals that compose it. Such was the case with France. Its people were divided into almost as many factions, as there were sections of territory. These were almost wholly merged in three great parties; the Royalists, Conventionalists, and Constitutional Republicans. Besides, there were the smothered fires of Jacobin, Gerindee, and Vendee, which though sleeping, and hid, the first favoring breeze would again awake. In seeking, therefore, to place the French government on a firm foundation, what was first to be accomplished?—*Union*. For we find, that no constitution could be proposed, that would not, as soon, at least, as adopted be met by the vindictive opposition of an ignorant, stiff-necked, and ruffian rabble, or obliged to withstand the more

steady and sturdy resistance of the middle or higher classes. The question next recurs,—how is this union to be brought about? By persuasion and argument? The idea is ridiculous. By convention, and concession? These had been tried, and failed. It was necessary that the government should be one *in itself*, acceptable to all classes, or rendered so by circumstances. The former, we have seen, was impossible. It was beyond the power of man to devise a constitution; able to stem the tide of headlong passion, that would have poured against it. The government then must be rendered acceptable by circumstances.

Again, it was necessary, that long harbored resentments, and rankling injuries should be forgotten. This could only be accomplished, by merging all the depth, and bitterness of feeling, in one great, universal sentiment. Private passion, and pique, must be lost in patriotic enthusiasm, personal and family wrong, forgotten in avenging national insult, or reaping national renown. But, that the event should be as happy as possible, affairs must be so managed, that after the people have been bound together by the strongest bands, they should receive that form of government, best suited to their character, and condition. Let us see how all this coincides with the facts, as they were.

We find, that a young lieutenant in the regiment of La Fere, by mere intellectual superiority, raised himself to the command of the Italian army. That after having with wonderful success, defeated the most illustrious generals of Austria, with a force far inferior in numbers, and reduced that proud monarchy to a dictated peace, he returned to his adopted countrymen, an object of envy to some, of admiration to all. Uniting in himself, that plebeian birth which led the people to deem him one of themselves, and an intellect which the noblest blood must ever reverence, he was able, by his subsequent career to bind together the conflicting parties, and render France, again, one nation. Thus the rods that singly, were weak, united, proved in his hands, stronger than any single scepter in Europe, and were scarcely broken by the combined might of all. Nay—the fasces of the *Republic, were never broken*. It was the imperial wand, that proved weak.

We see, then, here developed, in part, a plan of consummate wisdom. It seems as if Providence, well knowing that none could have ever devised a form of government that would be stable, had taken the work into his own hands. For we find a ruler provided, who, by his own abilities, and the favoring force of circumstances, was enabled to concentrate the divided energies of the people, and heal the yet rankling wounds inflicted during the reign of terror. But that the great work might be fully complete, yet unattended by the evils of excess, the kind decrees of an all-wise Providence ordered, that the despot should

be removed, just at the time when the people were prepared to welcome that form of government best suited to their character and condition. A dismembered nation was thus again united, and taught by the severe, but sure lessons of experience, to dread alike the mad violence of the people, and the sterner despotism of an autocrat. Reasoning from principles, we have found, then, what seemed necessary to the well being of France, and referring to history, have seen these very events take place,—the means of their accomplishment, Napoleon Bonaparte. Is not this a *strange* coincidence?

What would have been the fate of France, if this mighty man, so often stigmatized as the scorpion scourge of his age and country, had never lived, it is hard for us to tell. There are *some*, it is true, whose powers of second sight are so exceeding keen, that they are enabled to discover what *would* have been the secret counsels of Providence, if other than they *were*. We are, indeed, soberly told, "that had not the all-grasping ambition of Bonaparte prevented, some *Washington* would have arisen, and on peaceful tide, with favoring breeze, have guided the ship of state into the still waters of prosperity and national freedom!" Who can know this? Who can prove it? The dragon's teeth had been sown—the crop was full grown and ripe—the stone of contention cast: was the slaughter to be stayed? Such passions may be *turned*—they cannot be *crushed*. But, on the other hand, it may be asserted, and surely with *as good* reason, that some kindred spirits would have summoned back the bloody principles, and more bloody deeds of Robespierre and Danton, then seeking to hide themselves in oblivion, or at best, that years of anarchy, or oligarch oppression, would have rolled in slow and torturing succession over the prostrate people. A year, a month, suffices to make a Robespierre. Ages are required to produce a Bonaparte; and ages more, a Washington. Bad men arise each year; great rulers at great intervals, and on great emergencies. They act their part, then disappear, and history has shown their characters suited to their spheres of action. This is natural. They are raised up by Providence for a particular end, and, of course, have the power and will to accomplish that end. None other will they or can they achieve. Napoleon and Washington could not have changed places. The latter could never have calmed the maddened feelings of the French, or combined in one the opposing parties; the former could not have led this country from the embarrassment and weakness of its early years, to its after prosperity and strength. Granting, then, that a Washington would have appeared, he would have appeared in vain. If then and there he had lived and acted, it had been but greatness and goodness thrown away.

But, no man can prove what would have happened if France had never known a Bonaparte. The whole matter is wrapt in obscurity, and it is not for man to lift the veil that hides it. We are, therefore, to consider the *effects*, merely, of his career, and decide accordingly. One of the most important has been already touched on, viz. union. This was a positive and absolute good, but it likewise prevented evil.

The French had acquired huge, distorted, and unnatural views of freedom and equality—principles that existed with them in name alone. For they can only flourish where the mind is noble-born and free. These ideas were more than carried out in action; so that the great republic was suffering, in fact, the worst despotism. The career of Napoleon tended directly to counteract these ill tendencies of the former part of the revolution. It gave to the birth and intellect of the nation, that consequence and influence, so long monopolized by the Parisian mob; and taking from the noble the power to oppress, took also from the people the will to resist. Nothing, indeed, seems so well adapted to succeed such a revolution, as such a career—short, brilliant, and iron handed. But we find that at last, the French, wearied by continual war, and conscious that the rightful heir to the throne was deprived of his just possession, began to waver in their allegiance to an emperor whose fortunes appeared to be falling. Just at this time, that unseen hand which had bestowed the scepter and the diadem, wrested both away, leaving his brows encircled by a green, but tattered wreath. The nation having now experienced the evils of either extreme, were prepared to rest content with a proper medium. Accordingly we find Louis XVIII immediately ascending the throne, yet limited in his power by the constraints of a free constitution.

Again, one of the most important causes that led to the revolution, was the oppression of the serf by his feudal lord. The people served hard task masters. If the nobles had recovered their ancient ascendancy by force of arms, as they might have done, had not a general, like Napoleon, been found to meet them, there can be no doubt that it would have fared ill with the people. They would have paid a dear penalty for their audacity. But Bonaparte gave to the free principles of the French revolution just what they needed, stability. The vassal in France has broken his chain forever; but it might have been rivetted anew, had he never served a Bonaparte.

Such are a few of the effects of his career on France; but, as another has remarked, "as yet we see but the beginning of the end." But such a man as Bonaparte, and such a career as was his, could not but exert an influence direct and powerful on the other nations of Europe. He wrote a lesson for despotic princes with a pen of iron. He humbled their pride, and taught them

that they were but men, singly, weak, and only strong as their people were loyal and free. For ages had they rode in pride, like evil planets along a cloudless sky, nor had they dropped the veins or *stayed* the *lash*, since the torch of liberty went out in Rome.

“ But He, “ *deposed* the stars,
And called the radiance from their cars,
And filled the earth, from his deep throne
With lonely luster—all his own.”

Napoleon exerted, moreover, an untold influence on the *people*. He showed them the strength of a free people; when they chose to unite under a bold, and favorite leader; but taught them in the end to beware how they broke their loyalty to their rightful prince, and gave to a daring usurper a favorable opportunity for seizing the helm of state, and guiding them whither they would not.

But from the very fact that Bonaparte's career was *great* in its influence—breaking up the elements of society—mingling all in wild confusion; then learning them to re-arrange themselves—and also, that it was directed at once against the blind misrule of the people, and the wily and strong tyranny of the despot, we should naturally expect those results which constitute its real influence, to be *good*. For favoring neither extreme, the whole, single, and mighty tide of its tendency was in favor of that moderation which is right, and profitable in all things. In truth, Bonaparte opened the eyes of Europe, removed the obstacles to political advancement, and pointed out the way. Well did the poet say of him:

“ By gazing on thyself grown blind,
Thou taughtst the rest to see.”
“ Thanks for that lesson, it will teach
To after warriors more
Than high philosophy can preach,
And vainly preached before.
That spell upon the minds of men
Breaks, never to unite again,
That led them to adore
Those pagod things of sabre sway,
With fronts of brass and feet of clay.”

—P.—

THE ROBIN.

THE birds are sweet musicians—they form a charming band,
 Whose merry notes are ringing to gladden all the land :
 And yet of all the thousand strains, I love the Robin's best,
 Because upon our poplar tree she always builds her nest.

Her voice is gay and cheerful, and all the summer long,
 When I awake each morning, is ready with a song ;
 The overflowing melody of innocence and glee,
 Is the music of the Robin who carols on the tree.

While she will sing, I'll never wish pianoforte to play :
 The winter months seem far more drear, because she is away ;
 But every year when spring returns, this friend comes back to me,
 To be my little neighbor, upon the poplar tree.

She sometimes gives a concert, upon a pleasant day,
 Inviting Mrs. Phebe, the Yellow-bird and Jay ;
 The Cuckoo and the Katydid, and other company,
 To warble o'er together, their various harmony.

When dressing up their plumage, they hasten to the play—
 I think it is quite time for me, "to drive dull care away ;"
 So, sitting in the window, the vocalists to see,
 I listen to the serenade upon the poplar tree.

KATE.

 BEAUTY AND HARMONY.

AN ALLEGORY.

THERE were many bright spirits that kept their watchful guard around the new-created Eden. To each, the Holy One assigned a separate charge,—to shield the consecrated spot from the intrusion of evil angels,—to breathe forth the cooling wind, along its shady paths and bowers,—to lead forth the happy pair to behold and admire the new world created for them, or to devise all, that in sight or sound, could please or refine their minds, that knew not yet, but of good. Of those, whose mission it was to fulfill the latter service, the chiefest and goodliest were two bright cherubs ; the names they bore in heaven, unknown on earth. These, by the will of the Holy One, forsook not their charge, when driven forth from their happy seats, to wander down into the lower world, with the cherubim and flaming sword behind,

forbidding all return. They left their bright companions to return up on high, and they flew forth to fill the world, now darkened and defaced by sin, with the same enchantments that they had once delighted to gather around the lost Eden. To these then, turned the stricken fugitives, for the solace of the woes of exile; and they gave them names, to one, Beauty; to the other, Harmony.

And now went forth in light and gladness, the spirit of Beauty, with her many-voiced companion, the one to adorn the yet untrodden world of man, with all bright hues and shapes of surpassing excellence; the other to wake the concord of sweet sounds from all that God had made. First, Beauty began her task, to console the sorrow of the exiles, whose sins had driven them forth from the forfeited paradise, to wander, and to bear the wrath of heaven. She saw that the world, unlike the guarded Eden, was already beginning to put forth thorns and briars and noxious weeds; she looked around, but could no where find the flowers, whose bright hues and sweet odors had added so much to the charms of paradise; she could no where catch the glitter of the rich plumes of the birds that sung their morning and evening carol there; she could no where rest her weary eye upon the wide and waving ocean of green and delicate tinted foilage, that there overshadowed and beautified all; she looked upon the earth and the sky, but they had no smile to cheer the sad hearts of the fugitives. And she remembered with what joy and rapture the erring pair were accustomed to look upon the perfection of all these in the bright abode, which was theirs till they fell. But the one rash act of transgression was fast spreading the gloom and darkness, congenial to sin, over the fairest works of the Creator. And when the good spirit beheld all this, she was touched with pity for the lot of man, though himself had been the cause of his unhappy condition. She knew her charge from the Holy One, to attend and cheer the stricken exiles, and how could she better accomplish this than by restoring to nature its original brightness. True, she had not been gifted with power to make the world a second Eden, but she could impart many of its charms to the dreary waste, and by mingling her own gorgeous hues and delicate forms with the evil harvest of the curse that was now upspringing with rank and noxious luxuriance, she could make the earth a fit habitation for him who was only not equal with the angels.

And the fair spirit delayed not to hasten the accomplishment of her benignant purpose. She gave to the thistle a breath of perfume, and crimson coronal. At the touch of her wand, the brambles and thickets were hung with blossoms in gay festoons, and the thorn was crowned with the blushing rose. She lent her smile to the humble flower, that tremblingly put forth its

leaves to the gentle air of spring, and painted the bow of peace on the pathway of the cloud, that muffled the thunder in its bosom. She burnished the wings of the insect tribe, that sported by millions in the sunbeam, and gave a lordly mein to the proud birds, whose fiery eye quailed not in the noontide ray. She proclaimed with her gorgeous dyes, the coming of the king of day, and kindled with exceeding brightness the golden clouds, that burned around his setting car. She lighted up the surpassing brilliance of the starry night, she poured the light of her unnumbered hues upon the green earth, and the dark woods, upon the mountain's brow and the wave of ocean.

The lonely exiles gazed with wonder and delight; once more their sorrowing hearts revived to the thrill of joy. And by such faint indications of a more excellent glory, the fair spirit lead their earliest thought to rise, with an adoring sense of hope and love, to the throne of the Holy One, who is himself the perfection of all beauty.

Thus the world brightened and resumed its lost splendor, beneath the step of Beauty. Nor was Harmony less active in filling its wide expanse with the breath of all sweet sounds. She too, as well as her sister spirit, could not but mark the mournful contrast which the gloom and utter silence through all the region of man's exile, presented to the tones of sweetness which came borne upon every gale that waved the boughs of the trees, and curled the ripple on the crystal streams of Eden. She listened, but there came no echo of the sounds that had roused and enraptured there. The streams crept sluggishly on in dull leaden silence, and the winds were still, or only sighed in hallow dissonance to the hoarser dirge of the breaking waves. The birds had forgotten their notes of gladness, or were hushed in the universal fear of what might yet be the consequence of man's disobedience. And the many-voiced spirit could not endure, that such should be the abode of a being, though fallen, yet retaining so much of his primitive excellence, and exhibiting yet in his perfect form, the likeness of his Great Original. She knew that his ear had been delicately framed, to perceive, and long for, the nameless power that dwelleth in sweet sounds, and she feared that his heart would be sad, if deprived of a solace like this, on his lonely way through the desert world.

And Harmony went forth with such thoughts as these on her ministry of good, tuning into voice the viewless chords of Nature's harps that as yet were all unstrung, and breathing through the silent depths of the universe the kindling fervor of her own accordant spirit. She sung aloud and cheerily, at morn, in the freshening blast that brushed the dew from the sparkling lawn, and rolled the vapors in curling wreaths up the mountain's side, and spake with tones of eloquent sadness in the solemn wail of

the autumn wind, as it bore the murmur of falling leaves and sighed the dirge of the waning year. She made her home in the gentle breeze that called forth the wild-wood notes and waked the ancient forest's melodies, and she even tamed the storm to speak no longer in notes of unvaried dissonance. At the sight of her the groves broke forth in song, and the light air trembled with the sounding wings and myriad voices of living creatures, that sailed unseen through its clear, blue depths. She turned to gentle cadences the voice of the rill that murmured down the dizzy heights of the mountain, and joined its gayer notes in symphony with the measured swell of the river that rolled its waters through many lands. She haunted the cavern, the glen, the shores of the silent lake, with echoes; she swelled and combined the many thunders of the cataract into one awful hymn; and she made the numberless waves of the ocean all accord to utter forth music.

Again the hearts of the fugitives gladdened, for the bright and renovated world around them gave them hope that the time might come when they would think no more of the woes of exile. Already they began to feel that the evil of the curse was half removed; already they began to gaze with rapture on the fair and glorious things with which earth was filled; already they began to join their united voices in praising the one Great Father, with the deep and solemn anthem that nature hymned through all his works. They no longer thought the world would be cheerless and lonely to them; for the bright earth beneath, and blue heavens above, now seemed to them but one living temple, built by the hands of an omnipotent Architect, sustained by the pillars of the everlasting mountains, hung around with the gorgeous tapestry of sunset skies and starry nights, tuned to the sound of accordant symphonies and the rolling unison of voices sweet.

And thus was the mission of the bright spirits accomplished; and they returned up on high and were received with acceptance in the presence of the Holy One.

EPILEGOMENA.

READER, we beg pardon for 'cutting your acquaintance' for the last two meetings. We are very near-sighted, and unintentionally passed you without tipping our hats. We felt vexed and mortified; but if an early and hearty profession of good-will can, in any measure, atone for this thoughtless breach of civility, we vow by the College Laws, section by section, yea, we call to witness the *manes* of all the slaughtered victims of the French—not Revolution—but cook, that our inner eye has always been bent upon you, although our outer vision, dimmed by February fogs, failed to betray the customary signs of recognition. Allow us to present to you alphabeticè, our colleagues and ourselves.

BONIFACE, so christened from the beauty of his physiognomy, was entered this world a gentleman, with a recommendation from Lord Chesterfield. He is the incarnation of neatness and gentility. Would you catch him in *dishabille*, you must look for him under his bed-clothes; for daylight never sees him but in satin cravat, boots polished, hair arranged *a la Paris*, and every feature composed, as if for a miniature. Beneath this neat exterior, however, is a mind as polished as a diamond, animate with beautiful figures, stored with classic gems, quick at repartee, and possessed of a diction shaped with elegance, amber-like and graceful. He utters his criticisms with a volubility so easy and unembarrassed, that you doubt whether strictures, so rapidly pronounced, can be the deliberate decisions of his mind. He is a great *arbiter elegantiarum*; of amatory verses, professes to be a perfect judge, a claim which is seldom disputed, enforced as it uniformly is, by a studied display of an emerald signet. In a word, Boniface is the Willis of our corps. Among the "great rejected," this might be inscribed upon him:

EPITAPH UPON BONIFACE.

Underneath this marble cover,
Lies the reading of a lover;
Lettered and gilt, morocco-bound,
Such matter sure, is very *sound*.

FADLADEEN. With the features of this our oriental associate, you are already familiar from previous description. To poetry, he always cherished a decided antipathy; and such is the effect of this feeling, that by a kind of instinct he can foresee for a respectable way in a composition, the approach of a figure or of an inverted sentence. He has traveled much, and with observation; and during interruptions in long essays, often relates with effect, the incidents of his tour. He holds some peculiar notions in regard to marriage, and looks with contempt upon the gallant ideas of Boniface. He delivers his opinions in a weighed and measured tone. For whatever is past, he feels a strong reverence—talks frequently in praise of old books and old customs, and prides himself much upon the antiquity of his family.

EPITAPH UPON FADLADEEN.

A huge old folio, a rich world of wealth,
That calm attention courts and not by stealth:
In dust he rests, in cobwebs let him lay,
That tell of rev'rence and antiquity.

We beg leave next, reader, to introduce ourselves, Og; and for this purpose hand you a letter of introduction from our teacher to the President—our certificate of moral character is even more flattering than this. "Dear Sir,—The bearer of this, Mr. P. P. Og, has been under my instruction for the last two years. He seems to be a young man of respectable parts. I trust you will have reason to be satisfied with his application, while under your care. Hoping that he may not dishonor my long charge over his mental and moral training, I am, Sir, yours respectfully, THOMAS FILLING PETTIBONE."

We may say, too, without flattery, that we ever have had an especial dislike to attention from professors and tutors; and decline as much as possible, all interviews with the president. To one aspect of the country, we have a fixed aversion; not that brooks, and breezes, and trees, and grass are not very pretty things when studying poetry, or taken by themselves—but linked with a letter of introduction to the Rev. Mr. Farthingule, dealt out to one like an article of commerce, a *quid pro quo*, wherein "The President and Fellows of Yale College," authorize the said reverend, to afford you all the staples of poetry and landscape, together with a sufficient modicum of advice, for so long a time, in consideration that you

hold your countenance as rigid as a carved brass-knocker, and that you learn for the twenty-fifth time at least, all the rules of Latin, Greek, and English Grammar, (we throw in this parenthesis to allow you and ourselves time to breathe; and trust, that our motives will be appreciated, when the length of the foregoing sentence, and the principles of respiration are considered,) when nature is made to wrap up such a pill, we are unavoidably reminded of the days of erst, when father threatened and mother coaxed, and we pouted, at the swallowing of a suspicious looking "bit of preserves." We crave pardon for dwelling so long upon ourselves; but if this remark is not true, "that no man is a hero to his valet," surely, another will not be questioned, "every man is a hero to himself."

EPITAPH UPON OG.

An odd book, interlined
With red, green and blue;
"Common places" you'll find,
Intermingled through.

PHAON is the philosopher of our board—one, however, who has been driven to philosophy, and who shelters his chagrin behind certain wise saws. There is every reason to believe that he was once jilted in love, from his frequent declamation upon the faithlessness and follies of women. A fine-looking fellow he is, too; and capricious must have been the will of the fair one, who could have alighted an offer, better than which, she has probably never had an opportunity of declining. Phaon is but little given to laughter, and never, but when provoked by the stupidity or folly of his fellows; and then his smile wears such a serious air, that frivolity would as soon think of jesting over Young's Night Thoughts. A stern critic is Phaon. Chilling fall his strictures upon those *jeu de paroles* that are sometimes thrown off by literary triflers. He always gives chapter and verse for his opinions. He has acquired, from an extensive acquaintance of the world, a great fund of anecdotes, pieces of history, and a full knowledge of genealogies and interesting localities of every kind. With these he connects great principles, binds down arguments upon the cavilling, at the same time that he attracts and wins the unprejudiced by their interest.

EPITAPH UPON PHAON.

Whate'er's dispersed through many a land and age,
Is here compressed and gathered in one book:
Wisdom and thought and foolscap mark the page,
Where Indolence will ever run and look.

The last associate that we shall bow into your presence is TUBAL. You can be at no loss to read his character at sight. That deferential air and address, tell the politician, as clearly as the figures upon a bank note indicate its value. He belongs to neither of the great political divisions—talks largely of reform, and complains most lugubriously of the utter dereliction by our statesmen of the principles of political economy. Yet a right down good fellow is this same politician. He has the sound sense to act upon the principle, that whatever is, is best, although he believes that the present may be amended; and while he satirizes the public, knows how to "cross his legs and sip his wine," and enjoy a wood fire and a laugh, as heartily as those who live only for these things. Yes! often shall we hie us in imagination from the vulgar world to room, No. —. But, reader, forgive a whim of ours; we must go alone. There are times—but I hate that way of sentimentalizing. All I would have you understand is, that these social meetings are episodes in the regular *on* of College, coruscating to the initiated, but unintelligible to others without *notes*; and we would as soon think of appending comments to a witticism. Those peals of laughter, bubbling up from the very soul of souls, breaking out into one full volume, or ringing like

the glad, musical jungle of bells! Ha! ha! How it would startle the staid soph. or fresh., absorbed in the depths of Euclid or the Odyssey! Ha! ha! But we must sober ourselves and write

TUBAL'S EPITAPH.

To what shall we liken thee, good-natured man?
 To an *almanac*, "laughing" and jolly?
 But these are too common, and, doubt it who can,
 They start rank fun, but end ranker folly.
 No! you're a Blackwood, all dashing and strong,
 But Maga is tory—most surely wrong.

SPRING! parent of smiles, almoner of heaven, welcome! for with thee come
 "The melody of birds, the whisperings of the trees."
 "Magic is in thy touch!"

We confess it: we feel it unlocking the rivulets of the soul, and bidding its waters gush out. To be sure, we like not altogether the capriciousness of March—now throwing sunshine, now wind, and anon rain upon you. Yet *it is not winter*, old turnkey. Besides, there is something about a spring matin that expands one's benevolence. You meet a class-mate, and greet him with a "good morn-ing," with a full hearty accent, and not with that falling intonation and compression of voice, which mark the hasty and gruff salutation of December. You take your hands out of your pockets, fling your cloak into one corner, and hie then forth with a free step. But every thing is awake before you: the sun is up, and looks with a kind, auntish sort of good nature upon all things; the sound of the bells rings silvery, and troops of rosy-cheeked and pouting-lipped cherubs, with their tiny fingers locked into each other, are sauntering along in busy chatter; while behind, follow their saucy brothers, pulling at the bonnets of their sisters, or by mistake peeping in upon some wee favorite. Give us back again the days of the hoop, and put around our necks that broad, square collar, the last thing which our mother smoothed and arranged before she dismissed us to school, and we will cut up our quill into a pop-gun—send these sheets to the printer's devil, or to any other satellite that waits upon manhood, and kick boots, straps, and stocks into the garret. Old clothes, bye the bye, are no slight recommendation of this season. One never thinks of whistling or singing in a new suit—and new boots—reader, did you ever have a pair of fashionables drawn in tight proximity to a flourishing vegetable crop? if you did, you never got them in March. No, this is the month when one is decidedly out: out of doors, out at the elbows, and out of cash. Yet gayety is abroad—jocund, light-limbed gayety—quickenning the blood in its courses—sending a flush to the cheek, and a liquid beauty to the eye.

Alas! there is one whom we should have addressed at this time, whose cheek no spring will flush, whose eye will no more joy in the pleasant light of the sun. Yesternorn he passed through our ranks with the merriest heart and the loudest laugh, among us; to-day he is carried forth, and his comrades ask for COLLINS, not among the living. The hushed voice, the inquiring eye, and the suppressed step of his companions, tell that he died not as others die, wasted slowly by disease. The waters covered him. But while we mourn a class-mate, and twine myrtle about the shaft broken, rudely, suddenly broken, there are others, whose grief is not like ours. With them was his childhood and years of youth. Watchings, and tenderness, and prayers, and hopes, were theirs. With fond anxiety they were waiting the near period when they should receive a son ripened into the scholar, bringing with him, and about him, the certificate of his academic course finished: but alas! he will never return the embraces of friends; his countenance is changed—the shroud and sheet are there.

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PERCIVAL'S POETRY.

THE elements of poetry, like sunlight, are the appropriations of no era or nation. All things else of intellectual creation have felt the laws of change, and yielded to innovations which modified or overthrew their existence; but poetry, like the unheeded streamlet, which winds along its silver thread, bright as an infant's dream, has ever been fed by an unwasting flow. Often its course has been checked by the ruins of civil or intellectual structures falling across its path, and we have turned away in sorrow; but we look again, and lo, it has channelled for itself a path, and flashes now a broad, majestic sheet. The history of poetry is the history of mind; not mind fashioning out intellectual systems, shaping plans for its own education, or educating abstruse or recondite theories; but mind struggling after a nearer approximation to a high standard of moral and intellectual perfection. Hence the first efforts of verse to commemorate the deeds of pre-eminent virtue; and hence our admiration of the stately Epic, where man is clothed with almost unspotted characteristics, and made to bend to his generous and far-reaching purposes of good, the inferior natures of others. The land of poetry is the land of great-souled courage, of public virtue, and statesman-like qualities of mind. From these materials are shaped those creations, more of heaven than earth, upon which men gaze, and after whose stature they learn to grow. Associated, therefore, as we believe poetry to be, with the essential growth of man's intellect and the development of his more perfect nature and condition, we cannot admit as convictions, those forebodings which many have felt, or affected to feel, for the modern Parnassus. The 'age of mechanics' is a term which has borrowed more of terror to the sensitive from fancy, than from a real acquaintance with the influences and bearings of exact improvement. Man may live comfortably, yet feel

strongly. He may cultivate the earth, and wear the productions of a cotton-factory ; yet beneath the textured fabric may beat a heart as open to the breathings of song, and as tremulous to the whisperings of nature, as though the owner cased himself in wild furs, and laid him at night in a thatched cabin. The vine may grow as thriftily when trained to creep over a trellis, as when allowed to shoot in wildness along the limbs of a forest-tree. For our part, we cannot believe, that our world will ever be so paved with hexagons and pentagons, or even with dollars and cents, as to prevent flowers from finding some opening, through which to fling to the sun their many-colored tints.

The scope of poetry was never wider than now. Its materials are scattered wherever man breathes and woman loves. Utility and improvement, while they have elevated individual character, polished society, and unfolded to greater vigor its mental and physical resources, have left untouched the sources of poetic inspiration. Art has not yet levelled the mountains ; it can never unpin the drapery of the heavens, or pick the stars, one by one, from the glorious coronal in which God placed them. Hope and memory, laughter and joy, sadness and anguish, are still with us. The good die, too, and the gifted ; and the graves of our fathers are eloquent. Time, which mellows and blends what is past into rich and melancholy pictures, is garnering up the grey and ivied scenes of Tradition. We may learn to reason, but we can never forget to feel. Men may deny the power of poetry with their lips, while their hearts are throbbing to its impulses.

" 'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file, and metrical array ;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers and dipped in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power."

This answering of the soul to whatever is beautiful and lovely, is a gift to man ; and not until we see him listening with the same interest to the demonstrations of La Place, that he does to the gush and melody of music, will we believe, that the maledictions of prose have been shed upon this devoted, nineteenth century. We are disposed to think, too, that poetry has lost none of its pristine influence upon society. To be sure, we see no longer families flocking together from their firesides to intellectual games,

and there kindling, at the touch of the bard, into a flame of patriotic indignation, or suffering their prejudices to be fused down into one, burning stream of passion. The days of the Troubadours, too, are gone. The minstrel now hangs his shoon and staff against the wall, and bends over his corrected page. Yet how many hearts have not beat faster as they have *read* the stirring poetry of Campbell? Whose cheek has not mantled with heroic fire at the clarion notes of Marmion? Would the influence of Scott and Campbell have been greater, even upon their own generation, had they donned the garb of wandering bards, and sung rude snatches of their songs to those whom they met in their pilgrimages, than it now is, scattered, like the blessings of speech and feeling, to every quarter of the world? Who can trace the results of that mellowing kindness and devotion which Cowper, by means of the press, has shed upon millions of his fellow men? Or who, among our world of analytical philosophers, that are accused of planing off all the salient points of sentiment from men, and making them capable of being acted upon only by a frigid philosophy, what one of these, can estimate the influence of Byron upon the world—can follow the shower of passion, distilled in the fierce alembic of his mind, as it falls drop by drop, upon other minds? We might propose these questions respecting every poet from Dryden downwards; and we think we should be sustained by the manly and candid convictions of every one who has noted his own mental progress, that poetry has had much to do in weaving the associations by which he is connected with the world.

It is time that this querulous tone, born of boarding schools, in regard to whatever exists, should be hooted out of society, to marshes and fens; bitterns were made to cry, but man was fashioned after the Deity, to glow with animation and hope, and not to make faces at spots, which his own imagination has discolored.

It has been the fate of American poetry, that it has endured, besides its share of the common reproach, which has been flung upon all that is of modern growth, slights and taunts peculiar to itself. To the Jeffreys of criticism, it has stood in the situation of a boy to some unfeeling pedagogue, who having stumbled upon certain marked errors of the youth, feels himself justified in castigating with an unsparing rod the indiscretions of his after years. The "Columbiad," "Fredouiad," "Conquest of Canaan," and other early productions that we might name, have never served the purposes of but two classes of persons—trunk-makers and critics. These last, not content with disturbing the dust which rested on what few copies the former had spared, thought best to bring them continually before the public, as arguments to show that our soil could never produce poetry. But critics are formidable to those only who are conscious of having done a little

thing, and fear they can do no better; true power asks not permission to work; least of all will poets act the part of whipped spaniels. It is not always by Dunciads that they have revenged themselves upon their accusers; there is a way of silently living them down, which has in it a power beyond that of open, sturdy resistance. American poets have chosen the latter course, and we have now names among us, against which even Blackwood—bull-dog as he is—dare not wag his tail.

Upon a few characteristics of the genius of one of these we propose to touch. To sketch his life would be unnecessary; because we will not pay so poor a compliment to Mr. Percival as to believe, that those who have seen him almost daily crossing their path, have felt so little interest in him—and inquisitiveness is the last trait of the American character; unnecessary, too, because he has himself revealed most of his history. He has told us that,

"The burning thoughts alone on learning set,
In tender childhood, pointing to the goal
Where bards and sages aimed, in youth blind leaders stole."

He has pointed us to

"The lonely turfless graves,
Of early fond attachment,"

and whispered with an emphasis that almost startles us,

"The first fresh love,
Dies never wholly."

The effect of all these circumstances—his unguided, persecuted youth—his incessant struggles against an unyielding poverty—an affection, deep and exquisite as his song, unrequited—has been, to shade as with a cypress, the stream of his happiness.

"I hate not men, but yet I will not share
Again their follies, hopes, their toils and fears, nor wear
The mantle of the hypocrite.

* * * * *

The heart which early wrongs have taught to bleed,
When blended with a bright and well-stored mind,
In solace such as this, no hope, no joy can find."

This feeling of loneliness and desolation, without being paraded before the world to enlist its sympathies, breathes over much of his poetry, like the autumn wind among a forest, leading the mind to reflection, "sad, yet pleasant to the soul." 'Tis not the morbid gloom of Byron, an aristocratic scowl, that tells more than it conceals. Percival's melancholy flows too deep for ostentation; Byron's looks as though it was decocted in the closet, elaborated, spiced with well-balanced thoughts and striking figures, and then sent abroad to command a high price. There is a

pathos and tenderness about real grief, which can never be counterfeited, and which is chilled by exposure to the gaze of a crowd. It must come unbidden, nor stop to compose the countenance into the most significant expression, to arrange the dress, and con over an eloquent story. It is difficult for the public to believe any longer that the tears of poets are not manufactured. Byron complained until we got tired to death of his lamentations, and cursed the very mention of night-shade, yew-trees, and poppy. Then came a pack of imitators, who used up all kinds of measure in telling of woes that never existed, except in their purses; and complaining that the world had broken their hearts, when, poor drivellings, the world was conscious, if indeed it were conscious at all of their entity, that not so much their hearts as their heads were cracked. The tone dolorous, has, therefore, now come into exceeding disrepute; nor was the period of its toleration at all lengthened by the sympathy that, it became necessary, to extend to all sorts of poetical animals, that chanced to be favored with a place near these awakeners of funeral sounds. We were invited not only to deplore the death and ruin of nations, but of favorite sparrows and bull-finches; to sing the dirge of fallen greatness, and with the same pomp of wo, to chaunt the departure of dogs, cats, and kittens.

The secret of most of these moans is a refined selfishness—a want of sympathy with the interests of men. Extravagant or romantic hopes, conceived in the sunny time of youth, have not been realized; cold winds have beaten off the leaves of the tree under which the poet reclined—the storm shows no favor to his laurelled head—other men seek shelter for themselves, and leave him, as they leave their neighbors, to gain a covert and protection. The poet hastens away, throws himself into his darkened chamber and strings his harp in unison with the mutterings of the wind. Sunshine is not pleasant to one who nourishes an affront real or imaginary; the faces of his fellows look strange and forbidding; and woman, the last thing that the poet forsakes, seems wreathed with the smile of treachery—once a flower pencilled with hues of beauty, now the gaudy sun-dial that turns its coquet head to the sun of flattery, and drinks its full beam and dies. The eye, instead of kindling with rapture, looks glazed; and if it turns itself inward and lights up with the contemplation of the energies there revealed, its lustre becomes of that wild and gleamy character, that burns to the consuming of its victim. He retreats to nature and strives to forget men; but his vision is distorted, and he gloats over the phantasms of his brain. He binds upon her the festering links of Parhassius, and while she seems to his fancy to be writhing under the torture, paints the heavings and convulsions of his victim. We do not pretend to say that a mental dissatisfaction with mankind, is the cause of all the un-

natural and strained portraits of nature, which some of our best modern poets have presented ; we have only sketched the probable stages in the progress of a mind, sensitive to the least rudeness, irritated by slight neglects, and magnifying those neglects, till the smart and the pain had become habitual. It is no inconsiderable merit, that Percival, with all the incitements to this poetical delirium, which his temperament and a momentary approbation of the public encouraged, checked his melancholy before it hardened into hate, and overgrew the boundaries of vice and virtue.

Most of his poetry is lyrical. It pulsates with feeling. Philosophy it contains, but it is philosophy that throbs with emotion—colored and vivified in its passage through a glowing mind. To this alchemy, we are continually conscious, every thing has been submitted. Every where we feel the presence and the power of the poet. The tones, now swelling and lifting the soul to heaven—now thrilling it with lively rapture, and again soft, and melodious, and whispery, as the kiss of the waves upon a pebbled beach, come not, like Montgomery's, from an invisible source. The performer, sits a Timotheus, full before us, and

“To his breathing lute,
And sounding lyre,
Now swells the soul to rage, or kindles soft desire.”

Nor are these the only chords that he touches. He calls up within us the stirring passion of war, and makes us pant to battle with the Turk. The cheek tingles and the eye flashes as if the gathering cry, “To the rescue,” was shouted. The Greeks, if they have not already, should learn to couple the name of Percival with those of Byron and Halleck ; for he, like these, has wedded to verse, which the world “will not willingly let die,” the story of their noble and heroic struggle. Forever consecrated be the lyres that caught the last notes of liberty in Greece, and prolonged the echoes to our own land—a land, around which they may bound cheerily, unbroken by mouldering and ruined fanes that tell where Freedom once was, and is not ! They should be preserved, like the sacred trumpets of Joshua and the *ancile* of the Romans, objects of patriotic remembrance and pledges of freedom's success. For who shall measure the strength of that State whose citizens cherish, in the inner sanctuary of their souls, the glow of feeling which lights up their martial songs ?

Percival's path is most successful among the higher feelings of our nature—among the generous attributes and free energies of the soul. Whenever he essays the primrose way of Anacreon Moore, we feel that he has no communion with the objects which court his attention. The heart of the wassailer, the voluptuous

ease and grace which float, like a wavy robe, over the person, and the *abandon* to all the delicious influences of wine and woman—these are not his. Moore looks at home, when surrounded by a choir of nymphs, their heads garlanded with roses, and their feet moving to the soft measures of harp and lute. He flings himself down upon a scented carpet of flowers, and calls for Bacchus and Cupid with all the *nonchalance* of a familiar. Percival cannot conceal a little surprise at the luxury which his own imagination has spread out; and amid the festooned bowers and the delicious bands with which his fancy has peopled them, he stands with a suppressed moral upon his lips.

Nor is his success abroad among the fresh and green things of nature. He has none of the picturesque beauty—the delicate touches, which invest with life. Bryant and Dana hallow every spot that they visit, and breathe a charm over many a familiar object. We read them and forget to pencil passages—but we go forth, and then comes the gush of admiration, the lingering among woods and brooks, the truant ramble after wild flowers. Let any one read, by way of comparison, the “Buccaneer” of Dana, and “The Wreck” of Percival, and we have little fear that we shall be accused of captiousness. Percival is distinguished for the gorgeousness of his painting: he sweeps into one view so many points, that the eye, delighted with the stintless variety and richness of the range, refuses to rest on the distinct lineaments of the picture. Nature, with all her liberality, rarely flings together such a luxuriance and unending richness of landscape, as are accumulated in the vast and glittering panoramic views that he opens upon us. To furnish out these, all the stores of his mind contribute. Imagery borrowed from an unexampled extent of reading and research, classical reference, the brilliancy of Oriental, and the barbaric pomp of Gothic, customs and manners, antiquarian traditions, science and arts, are here drawn out, and almost bewilder the sense by their combined effect. Yet all of these cannot atone for the want of that fresh, child-like observation, which can alone win us for any length of time. To find this, we must go to his moral sketches; for here, as we before intimated, is his true power. As a specimen of tender and heart-felt description, “Consumption” will be often quoted. No one who has seen the stealthy attack of that disease upon a loved friend—and who has not?—will ever forget the unearthly lustre of the eye, the languid smile, the bright red hectic. “The Broken Heart” is worthy to be read along with the poetic prose sketch of Irving; they are both too touching and deep, to come from any thing except personal experience.

In conclusion, we are sure, that we speak but the common voice of this, his Alma Mater, under whose care were developed the first germs of his genius, when we join our wishes to those which have

been expressed by the public at large, that he would break the long silence which he has maintained with the poetical world. The appearance of the volume, from which we have lately refreshed our memory—soiled, and worn, and pencilled—asks loudly to be relieved from its incessant duty by an ally. “Throw physic to the dogs,” seems to be the one desire of the public in regard to Mr. Percival. There are M. D’s. enough to deluge the land; and ‘pills’ any one can manufacture from receipts, or have almost for the asking. But the soul of poetry—“the fine frenzy”—the power to make men feel that they are linked with heaven, cannot be transferred. Lent to a few, it struggles for an exercise that only increases its force. Its reach is beyond one generation; its field—not strata and fossils—but the wide empire of feeling and intellect.

THE MARTYR BARD.

Fabiorumque anno, universa gens, puero quia nondum arma gerat, excepto uno, Cremens a Samnitibus occisa.

The tradition respecting the slaughter of the whole Fabian family, with the exception of one male, left at home from extreme youth, rests in undoubted testimony.—*Niebuhr*.

FORTH from the council hall,
Forth from the quiet home,
And leave ye the lofty festival,
For Rome’s defenders come.

A shout swells to the sky,
A trampling shakes the land,
And at the shrine of Jove most high
Three hundred warriors stand.

By that fierce flaming eye,
That lion port and pride,
In name, in beauty, every tie,
Brothers are there allied.

One hand is raised to heaven,
One grasps the naked steel,
The oath is sworn, the pledge is given—
Then forward and farewell.

Twine ye no victor’s wreath,
Sound ye no trumpet peal,
Strew the dark cypress type of death,
And wake the trumpet’s wail.

A silence as of sleep
O'er the sad city reigns,
And mourning forms in dark robes sweep,
Up to her stately fanes.

And a lone sad child is there,
Last of that princely line,
He bows no limb, he breathes no prayer,
Tears in his dark eyes shine.

* * * * *

No pyre flame lit the skies,
Nor burial torches burned,
Nor fell warm tears from kindred eyes,
O'er their cold dust inurned.

Kindred, and name, and race,
Perished the Fabii,—
Their grave the field—their resting place
A nation's memory.

A. A.

GANYMEDE.

CHAPTER I.

—"in Ganymede flavo."—*Hor. Od. 4, 4.*

FAIR beamed the night in the fairest of earth's climes—the lovely Phrygia. The stars—golden sparks on heaven's sapphire ground—glowed clear and steadily; the sheen of the moonlight streamed tremulously over all things; mountain peaks and forest tops glittered in radiance, and the shadows fell dark and deep across the silent valleys.

High on a hillside, resting his head upon the snowy fleece of one of a reposing flock, reclined a fair youth. Jetty ringlets clustered around his temples, streaming in profusion across his ivory neck, down to his swelling shoulder, and beneath the delicate arch of his brows, long lashes swept the cheek that glowed with a faint flush like the tinge staining the inner lip of an Indian shell. The down of early youth scarce mantled his chin and short curled lip—and the negligence of his position displayed to full advantage the symmetry of his form. He might have been mistaken for the elder brother of Cupid, or the younger one of Apollo. From the distance glanced the lights and swelled the murmur of a vast city. The mellow moonbeams floated around the fair sleeper like a silver veil, and the soft sighing of the wind in the forest boughs lulled his repose.

CHAPTER II.

"Descende cœlo."—*Hor.*

"Beautiful night," said Jupiter, giving his empty cup to Mercury, and sauntering towards a window. "Juno, my love, send for your bonnet, and let us take a little promenade on earth." The queen of heaven stared at the unusual condescension of the father of gods and men. Apollo sank back upon the sofa, and vowed "'pon his soul, 'twas the most amusing thing he had heard of for a long time; and were it not for this delicious '*eau de mille fleurs*,'"—pressing his perfumed handkerchief to his face—"he believed, 'pon honor, he should have expired with laughter. As it was, he must request Hebe to relieve his exhaustion with a glass of *eau sucre*." Venus raised her languishing eyes, and entreated them to wait until she had sealed a note to be dropped into the post office at Paphos. Minerva hoped, as she tossed her head with a sneer, that Juno would not be permitted to form any improper acquaintances upon earth. Jupiter coolly drew on his gloves, and commenced caressing Dian's pet lap dog. At this instant, Hebe, tripping down stairs with Juno's bonnet and walking shoes, relieved the Thunderer from his somewhat unpleasant situation. Respect for their sovereign kept the gods quiet for a time; but Hermes, who followed the divine promenaders, affirmed that he distinctly heard repeated bursts of laughter at Jove's unfashionably domestic conduct, as they passed along the terrace under the windows of the celestial saloon.

Arrived on earth, Jupiter sent back the carriage, remarking that they would walk home; and drawing Juno's arm within his, they proceeded slowly onward. It is not at all remarkable that Jove should have been a little embarrassed in his novel situation. To say the truth, that celestial gentleman was usually so much absorbed in his own dignified avocations, as to allow him but little leisure for mingling in the world, and acquiring that ultra-fashionable polish which hardens into impassiveness what it heightens in brilliancy: and he was, in consequence, so ignorant of the usages of society, as to be in most cases sincere and undissembling. His fair partner, with woman's tact, perceived his confusion, and with woman's mischievousness, enjoyed and heightened it by talking coolly and carelessly of the beauty of the scenery, and the fragrance of the wild flowers, whose buds her companion was impatiently switching off with the head of his cane. They were in that beautiful delta formed by the confluence of the Xanthus and Scamander, and within a short distance of the suburbs of Troy, when Juno suddenly stopped, and fixed her gaze upon a little islet that rose, like a fairy creation, from the

bosom of the bright waters. Terrace and balcony, tall column and graceful arch, glittered in snowy purity amid the intense green of its verdure. The tiny beach, on which a faint ripple broke in silvery light, sparkled with a thousand gems, and on its summit rose an altar, from which curled up the thin smoke-weaths of a sacrifice. "Dear me!" exclaimed the queen of Heaven, "how beautiful! Pray, my dear Jupiter, who owns that lovely spot? Can't you buy it for me? Positively, now," she continued, laying her white hand upon his coat-sleeve, "you must, dearest! It would be so charming in the warm summer evenings to eat ices and sip orgeat under that sweet colonnade! and then, you know, we could always have a little steamboat to bring our friends over from the other side! Do see about it to-morrow, won't you, love? Who *can* be the owner of that darling place?" "Pshaw!" growled Jove, "darling fiddlesticks! It belongs to—to—the name is—" "Well never mind the man's name, dear, won't you get it for me?" "It is *n't* a man," rejoined Jove, rather snappishly. "Her name ——" "What!" exclaimed Juno, her eyes flashing fire,— "a woman! Tell me her name instantly, sirrah! Presumptuous mortal!" "Her name, my love," replied Jupiter, in his most conciliating tones, "is not at all new to you. It is Callirhoe. She was, you know, one of the Misses Scamander; but is now Mrs. Tros. "Ah! yes, I remember her,"—and Juno blushed for having so far forgotten her usual self-possession and stateliness.

They entered the city. Jove pulled his hat down over his brows, and Hera drew her shawl more closely around her, apprehensive of discovery among such a crowd of pious Phrygians: it *would* have been a decided bore to receive the personal compliments of so many unwashed worshippers. The blaze of torches and the swell of music from a lofty pile of buildings attracted their attention. Ascending the broad steps of porphyry, they entered the saloon, and withdrawing behind a pillar, gazed upon the scene. All Troy must have been there,—for the Ethiopian menials had scarcely space to discharge their duties. Gay groups wove and unwove the mazes of the merry dance. Gay waltzers floated in circling movement around the hall. Soft cavaliers breathed softer whispers, and ladies fair smiled as they vainly strove to frown. Robes waved, plumes nodded, champaign sparkled, and conversation flowed. "Really," exclaimed Jove, as a grinning negro presented him a glass of the amber, foam-beaded liquid, "they get up these things in very good style down here." "Bless us," cried Juno, "how extravagant and dissipated these mortals are becoming!" helping herself to some oysters. "Shall I give you some of these? they're very nice." Hera looked at her husband. He stood gazing as if fascinated, at a lovely female whom the intricacies of the dance had brought near the pillar at

which they were placed. "By my scepter! a beautiful woman! wonder who she is?" Hera indignantly threw down her plate, and marched out of the saloon. The sovereign of heaven and earth thrust a champagne bottle into his pocket, and followed her with a singularly crest-fallen air.

Passing through the city, they emerged again into the open plain, and tracing the course of the bright Scamander, ascended the hill which sloped down to the water's edge. Juno walked forward, while Jove stopped to gather a bouquet of wild-flowers for Minerva, who had just commenced the study of botany. Just as he stooped to add a tuft of bright-tinted violets to his cluster, a pebble fell at his foot. He looked up, and saw Juno pressing her finger to her lip in sign of silence, and with the other hand waving to him to approach. He obeyed the signal, and found her bending over a sleeping youth, whose head reclined upon the snowy fleece of one of a reposing flock.

"Beautiful boy!" murmured Juno, "who can it be? He must be a gentleman's son; see what a small white hand, and delicate ear! Really, my dear husband, I must have him for a page! Would n't it be romantic? He could carry my fan, and put on my cloak, and do a thousand little services. Do let me take him up to heaven with me, won't you?" Jupiter shook his head. "No! I want him myself, for a cup-bearer." "You forget my daughter Hebe!" "Pshaw! so I did. But, my dear, Hebe is becoming very awkward; and Hercules complains that he never sees her, she is so continually employed. I don't wonder—*sotto voce*—those lazy gods drink a vast deal of nectar; my cellars absorb almost all my revenue. Could n't you manage, my dear," resumed he, aloud, "to give Hebe some other employment about the household? She sews beautifully. I'm sure she might mend the gods'——" "What, sir! my daughter! your son's wife——darn the gods' stockings! Really, my dear, you forget yourself. That wine must be stronger than nectar!" "Nonsense! but you cannot have this youth." "But I *must*!" "You *shall not*!" "I *will*!" "Madam!" "Sir!" The divine voices had by this time reached a most undignified pitch. A tremulous sigh parted the fair sleeper's lips, and he moved as if disturbed. Juno laid her finger upon her mouth. Jupiter waved his hand across the youth's forehead, and bright, many-tinted visions floated through his soul. At that instant the harmonious tones of the celestial sphere-music announced to the gods that night had finished half her course. "Let us ascend," they murmured. A purple mist floated around; as it melted away, Ganymede slumbered tranquil and alone.

CHAPTER III.

—“noctes cœnæque deorum.”

The celestials began to grow impatient. Were they too early? Impossible! the cards of invitation named Sunday,—it was past midnight,—the regular evening for Hera's soirée, and she not present in her own house! Really, it was very strange! At this instant Saturnia entered; and moving up the room with ready smile and courteous welcome to her guests on either hand, took her seat, in virtue of her sovereign rank, upon the divan. By her side stalked the Thunderer—his brow wrinkled with frowns, and his eyes firmly fixed upon his divine dancing-pumps. “Ah!” said Diana to Bacchus, “just escaped, I perceive, from a toilette lecture!” “Oh, true! yes, it must be that. I feared, at first, that the new hamper of nectar had not arrived. How's Latona, ma'am? I don't see her here this evening.” “No!—she's slightly indisposed—exerted herself too much this morning, in visiting a colored infant-school. Malicious wretch!” he added, aside, “he knows she's not admitted at Juno's parties. I shall certainly mention his insolence to my brother. For the next quadrille? Excuse me, sir, I don't dance this evening. Ah! I see Juno is beckoning to me. I regret, my dear Liber, to lose your charming conversation; but her will is law, you know.”

“Good morning, my dear Dian, what a sweet color you have, love! Is it *really* from exercise?” and Juno extended her hand. “Come sit by me, dear. How's your mother? I've the strangest story to tell you about a beautiful mortal”—“Indeed! Is she tall? and can she hunt? Ianthe, you know, has just married, and I am sadly in want of a new nymph.” “Oh, no! it's a man-mortal that I mean; he will make a lovely page, and I intend to bring him up here, and send off that odious Cupid. Would you believe it? The little wretch has ruined my mantilla—sent an arrow directly through it, as I was walking with Ixion! and Cythera only laughed, instead of boxing his ears.” “Yes, my dear Hera, I'm surprised at Aphrodite! she encourages that mischievous boy of her's, in all his pranks. A complete spoiled child! He has thrown all heaven into confusion; and as for earth, it has gone distracted after him. My nymphs are constantly getting married.” “Yes, so I see by the newspapers. This new page of mine, however, will supplant him entirely. Won't you ring the bell, dear, for Iris?” “Certainly: but do look at Vulcan!” There was, indeed, something remarkable in the position of the immortal blacksmith, standing, as he was, with folded arms and open mouth, surveying the length and breadth of the banqueting-hall—the latest production of his arch-

itectural genius. Massive columns, the dark brilliancy of whose Egyptian marble contrasted strikingly with the glowing hues, picturing the walls in life-like shapes and scenes—towered till the eye could scarce follow their proportions, up the lofty roof, which sprang from their capitals light and graceful as the tracery of frost work upon glass. Pendant from its centre, groups of chandeliers flamed like suns; and the air was loaded with the fragrance of their scented oils, and, near the ceiling, dimmed with their clouds of tinted smoke. Celestial melody floated in thrilling tones around; Æolus and Pan having been hired for the evening to perform on the fife and barrel-organ, in the closet, under the hall-staircase.

Veiled in a slight robe of gossamer texture, and in the latest opera style, Venus reclined languishingly on a sofa, surrounded by a glittering group of celestial beaux—all proficient in divine dandyism, and stars among the élite of Olympus. Bending negligently over her stood a military looking gentleman, in splendid uniform; and lounging on an ottoman at her feet, Apollo was arranging his perfumed ringlets with his jewelled hand. “Ah! Ciel!” he cried suddenly, with an air of disgust, “my valet has saturated my pet curl with vulgar cologne.” A silvery laugh rang from Cythera’s lips, as she bent a half merry, half melting glance on Mars.

“Pshaw!” growled the divine warrior, “I never think of putting any thing on *my* hair.” “So I observe,” carelessly rejoined Phœbus. “I usually prefer the laurel. By the way, my dear Captain, have you practiced with the pistol lately? Report says you are losing your skill.” A frown crossed Mars’ brow, and an angry answer rose to his lip. Aphrodite placed her tiny hand on his mouth. “Hush! papa is speaking”—Jove was, indeed, in the act of requesting Pallas to sing; and the sentimental spinster complied immediately on condition that Apollo would accompany her in “Meet me by moonlight,”—“Don’t, to oblige me,” whispered Venus. “La! my dear Athena,” lisped Phœbus, “I’ve not touched the instrument for a month; and you know I took a severe cold the other day, walking before breakfast with you and sister Di.” “Thank you,” murmured Aphrodite, “come, my dear Mars, let’s stroll into the conservatory, to escape that odious voice of hers. I wish she would not ruin my pet song.”

CHAPTER IV.

“*Talia flammato secum deus corde volutans.*”—*Æn. I.*

“Apollo, my son,” said Jove, “do tell them to throw open the doors of the ball-room, and direct the band to play the crow cottillions. Juno, my love, you will dance with Neptune, and Vulcan will make an agreeable partner for Dian.” “What!” scream-

ed Dian, "Mulciber! no indeed!" "Ah! true, I had forgotten his little misfortune—he never dances. Take Hercules, then: and do, my son, exert yourself a little more. You are becoming absolutely lazy since your little affair with Daphne; besides," continued the Thunderer, in a lower tone, "I want to get rid of these people. I've several important letters to write by to-morrow's mail, and there are some dozen sacrifices unsnuffed; besides a score of baskets of prayers unanswered."

"Heigho!" soliloquized Jove, as the sets were formed, and the dancing commenced, while Pallas and all the Muses started off at once in an indescribable chorus from the last celestial opera, which drove Venus and Mars still farther under the shade of the japonicas and orange trees. "Heigho!" he murmured with an air of resignation, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Were it not for those very inconvenient and disagreeable old ladies, the Fates, I declare I would doff my royalty and keep sheep, as my exquisite son once did. We certainly thought that in suspending him from Heaven, we had rewarded his temerity well; but he vows he spent an extremely pleasant summer, '*en berger romantique*.' Admetus was very gentlemanly; he had his flute and cologne, and amused himself during his exile by cultivating an imperial, and flirting with a pretty shepherdess. There's Bacchus, too, becoming exceedingly dissipated. Really, I thought, when he commenced the study of law with Solon, that he would become an ornament to his profession; but he shares his time, they say, entirely between the billiard table and the bottle. And Venus! coquetting most improperly with every body, and breaking her poor husband's heart. I've a great mind to send Mars with a regiment to Texas. Castor and Pollux, too, the undutiful dogs! Gone travelling, forsooth! that is, for the sake of raising enough money to pay their tailor's bills, masquerading all over the world under the name of the Siamese twins. And Proserpine, she has not written to me for a month. Her affections can hardly have cooled in her very comfortable residence! and what is of more consequence, she has forgotten to send her usual Christmas present of canvass backs. They say they swim on the Phlegethon ready cooked! The Lethe carp, too, Pluto tells me, are very fine. Apropos of Lethe:—I had almost forgotten. Mercury! Mercury! here, you varlet! Hermes! where have you been, sir?" and Jove frowned as the son of Maia presented himself in his winged boots, and bowed.

"May it please you, sire, I have been for the last two hours serenading Miss H—, according to your divine request." "Ah! true!" and the Thunderer's brow relaxed; "and now, my dear boy, I have another little commission for you:"—and, bending his head to Hermes' ear, he continued in a low voice, "Juno has arranged a plan for bringing young Ganymede, King Tros's shepherd's son, to heaven, and making him her page. Iris has just

been despatched to give him lessons in the etiquette of Olympus, and Aurora has promised, as to-morrow is the shortest day in the year, and she will have time enough before day-break, to bring him up in her phæton. Now, my dear boy, my plan is this: let Iris do her part—it will save you the trouble. I will contrive that old Tithonus shall detain Aurora; and do you, an hour before daybreak, go down on the stoutest of my black eagles, explain the situation of affairs, and bring him up with you. Juno will not dare dispute my will; and you shall be well rewarded.” “Excuse me to these people”—and he turned to leave the room—“say a headache compels me, &c. &c. Oh! by the way, Hermes, tell Pallas to get ready a thunder-storm at 3 o’clock this morning in Æthopia—there’s a man to be struck with lightning for impiety, and they want rain at Rhodes, I hear. I’ve a great mind, my son, to make you secretary of the weather department, it’s such a bore:” Jupiter retired—and an hour after the sound of rolling wheels and closing doors announced the breaking up of the party. A few moments more, and Juno’s step sounded on the stairs—her hand turned the lock of the door. Jove closed his eyes, to escape a curtain lecture—and Hera mentally reserved it for next morning.

CHAPTER V.

διονόχοις τε θεῶν Γανυμήδης.—*Hesiod Theogon.*

The queen of heaven looked vexed and out of temper when the deities met around the breakfast table the next morning. She had lectured her spouse to his heart’s content, boxed Iris’s ears until that worthy abigail turned all the colors of the rainbow, and yet was not satisfied. Nor was it strange; nothing had been heard of Aurora and her phæton with its precious charge.

“Jove, my love, shall I give you three, or four lumps in your chocolate.” “No more, I thank you. Mercury, bring my boots and the morning papers.” As Hermes opened the door, Apollo entered, and walked shivering up to the fire. After standing for a moment with his back to it, contemplating his violet-colored slippers with much complacency, he apologized negligently for coming down with his hair ‘en papillotes,’ and added, “Do, Hyacinth, run up stairs, and get my furred dressing-gown:—this is so distressingly thin. The purple one—stay—no—yes—no—bring the crimson velvet, with the ermine border: it’s hanging on the left side of the cheval glass; and bring me a boa. I’ll have the bath at 70°. Why don’t you order warmer weather, father?” “Phœbus, I leave you to help yourself; there will be some warm cakes presently. You’re very late,”—said Juno, with an ill-humored look, as she rose and moved across the room to Venus’s work-table. “La! Pallas, do look here! What in the world are you about, Cythera? what’s that curious work?” “Oh! nothing,

only a pair of slippers I'm embroidering for Uncle Neptune." "What odd looking things," said Athena, scornfully. "I suppose they're water-tight?" "Oh dear! I had forgotten that"—and Venus dropped her work in despair. "But do tell me, my dear Glaucopis,—you must know, can I get some colored India-rubber crewels? *Are* there any such things? They say those mortals make a thousand ingenious things. Do get me some, will you, dear Pallas?" "Pshaw!" replied Minerva, with a sneer, you would be better employed in mending Cupid's pantaloons. He looks like one of the indigent colored orphans whom Latona speaks of so feelingly." I will do so if dear Juno will give me a piece of her mantilla!" Hera would probably have had a ready answer, had not her attention been distracted by Pallas, who had just taken up Apollo's flute, and was practicing "*Di tanti palpiti.*" The tones were exquisite; but the expression of her features was so ridiculous as to draw a merry laugh from both the goddesses, in which Apollo faintly joined. Minerva raised her head, and seeing in the gold-fish vase that stood near, the distortions of her face, threw the flute out of the window. "You will get me a new one, will you not, Athena?" drawled Apollo. A loud ring at the door silenced the party, and the next moment Mercury entering, announced Thetis. "Oh, yes," said Jupiter, "she promised me a visit on business. Conduct her into the library; but see, first, whether she will not take a cup of coffee." "She has already breakfasted, sire." Ah! then say I will join her in an instant—as soon as I can put my boots on. Oh, Hermes!" in a whisper—"has he come?" "Yes," was the reply in the same tone, "he is waiting on the east terrace." "Bring him in, then, the moment I leave the room." Mercury vanished. Apollo sauntered towards the sofa; and as Jupiter quitted the apartment at one door, his pet eagle sailed in at the other, bearing on his back—Ganymede.

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In the course of half an hour, Jupiter returned, escorting Thetis to her carriage. Hera and Pallas were sitting together with looks of suppressed rage. Ganymede was lolling, with his feet carelessly crossed on the fender, in Juno's favorite rocking-chair. Apollo had given him his own morning gown, and was leaning over the back of the chair, playing with his ringlets, and caressing his forehead. Venus had just poured out some chocolate for him; and Cupid was on his knees, toasting a piece of bread, as Ganymede had directed him. "Oh! Mercury!" exclaimed the capricious boy, already more than half spoiled, do get me a *petit plat* of rose-buds stewed in spermaceti—"Certainly, sir!" replied Hermes, and flew like the wind to execute the whimsical commission. Jove smiled—and from that hour Ganymede has officiated as the divine cup-bearer.

AREM.

A TRIBUTE.

We saw thee in life's early morn,
 When ev'ry hope was new,—
 The kind, the happy, joyous one,
 Whom all would love who knew;
 And oft as evening shades descend,
 Thy image doth appear,
 Recalling scenes of happiness,
 Forsaken now and dear.

We saw thee when the maiden blush
 First decked thy modest cheek,
 And when the warmth of early love
 Thy placid eye would speak :
 Let years roll on, and seasons change,
 Our thoughts are still of thee—
 A brighter spot in Life's short way
 On earth, there cannot be.

We saw thee not again, for thou
 Soon fell, a stricken flower—
 Born but to bloom awhile below,
 The vision of an hour :
 Art gone? 'twas soon to leave us all ;
 But still, as memory
 Goes back to scenes of early days,
 It finds a place for thee.

We stood beside the silent grave,
 The grass had not yet grown
 About the place where she was laid,
 Mid many—yet alone :
 Alone she is, though others there
 Lie mouldering by her side—
 Alone, mid age and infancy,
 With manhood in its pride.

O, hard it is to part with those,
 Whom early ties have joined—
 To yield the tender sympathies,
 That round us once were twined ;
 But yet we may not grieve for thee—
 A purer home and joys
 Are now thy lot in heavenly seats,
 Where Friendship never dies.

Y. O.

NECESSITY OF NATIONAL DECAY.

THE deep interest, which is felt in relation to the circumstances of our present social condition, as affected by the changes of future events, is founded in the best principles of our nature. Necessarily restricted by the laws of our being, to a short period of direct, personal concern with the affairs of society, we naturally look forward and endeavor to compensate for the brevity of life, by tracing out, as far as possible, the results and tendencies of present institutions; and hence it is, that we find even our remote anticipations among the most pleasing of all our speculations. Indeed, the progress of time, which so rapidly removes the individual from society, does not destroy all his connection with it. His patriotic feelings, his personal influence in the performance of private and official duty, and the mementos of his name and reputation, he leaves behind, all lead him to contemplate the future; and thus, in the prospect of occurrences expected in the ordinary course of things, or dimly shadowed forth by less obvious indications, he is enabled to enjoy the pleasure of a prolonged existence in the land, and among the friends he has loved so well.

Such are the feelings of thousands of individuals in every country where life is a blessing; and such indeed is the feeling of almost every nation at some period of its history, especially at the time of its highest prosperity. Such, we are persuaded, is the state of feeling in our own country at the present moment; and its beneficial influence, we believe, is beyond all power of estimation. If we are making more rapid advances in public happiness than any other nation, it is owing without doubt, in a great measure, to the causes that have produced high national anticipations of a bright aspect. Let it be impressed on the public mind, that our institutions of government are not of permanent duration, that the whole organization of society is soon destined to decay and dissolution, and that a nation of another name and race is to occupy our places, and a death blow is struck at the vital principles of national enterprise. The present time is with us, most emphatically, a season of hope. We do not say that it is altogether well founded; we do not say it is not exaggerated, and we need not say, that some are found, who see nothing promising in the prospect of the future, and are contented to use only the language of despair. While we repose great confidence in the national expectations to which we have alluded, as affording strong grounds of hope, in regard to the permanent prosperity of our own country, we would not be understood as implying

that they constitute, of themselves, the best or even a very good reason for their realization.

It must need a faith, more sanguine, and more effectual than the faith of miracles, to constitute a nation immortal, even if the impression should become universal that it could never die. Rome, in the height of her glory, was called the eternal city; and at that time, the epithet might have accorded as truly with the belief, as it was flattering to the pride of her citizens. Indeed, it is owing to inferences from this and other similar instances, so frequently to be met with in ancient history, that has led our modern political soothsayers of national ruin, to announce not only a sure and speedy dissolution of our present forms of government, but what is even a much more gloomy anticipation, they have become convinced, that all other nations in common with our own, are alike doomed to decay and perish.

In support of this opinion, it is often said, that there is an analogy between nations and individuals, and hence the destiny of the former is determined by a certain law, which, it is declared, has been so universally applicable, that the disposition and decrees of Charon were not more certain and inexorable, than is that stern necessity, that consigns all nations to a common destruction.

“Man is born to die, and so are nations,”

is a short argument, and it is as formidable as it is brief. Nor is the inference of what is here predicated of man, less true and terrific, when applied to other things, which are of vastly more consequence than even the existence of nations. Man is mortal, and so must the mountains melt and the heavens fade away. But it does not hence follow, that a satisfactory method is attained of determining the laws of national existence. With the early nations of the world, the analogy may hold good, in respect to the simple point of fact, that they have perished. But all resemblance entirely fails, as to any strict uniformity in the manner of their origin, in the time of their duration, or in the causes of their decline.

The want of this uniformity is very essential, and it arises from the most obvious and fundamental distinctions, in the nature of those laws, or causes, on which the existence of nations and individuals depends. The life of an individual is under the control of physical laws. The existence of nations depends upon moral causes. The life of an individual under the most favorable circumstances, cannot be prolonged beyond a certain limit. The existence of nations is subjected to no such limitations. “The springs of the body politic,” says an English historian, “do not necessarily undergo a perpetual change from time. It is not regularly progressive, from weakness to strength, and thence to decay and dissolution; nor is it under any principle of corruption

which may not be checked and even eradicated by wholesome laws." In the case of an individual, the laws of nature prescribe a mode of existence, which applies universally to all the human race. There is a regular gradation of infancy, manhood, and old age ; and these several periods of life bear to each other a regular proportion. In respect to nations, however, although there is no want of language and ideas, to carry out the plausible, sweet-sounding analogy of origin, advancement, glory and decline ; yet, there is an entire want of consistency and uniformity in every one of these different stages of progress and decay. We might illustrate this by numerous references in both ancient and modern history.

Spain, though a modern nation, has yet passed through so many vicissitudes, as to furnish an illustration sufficiently in point. Her elevation in the latter part of the fifteenth century, was not attained by any thing like a regular accession of power and influence. Her rise to the supremacy of rank among the monarchies of Europe, was as sudden as her glory was transient. It was owing to a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, which placed her at the head of European powers ; and if she could have enjoyed a continual succession of sovereigns like Ferdinand and Isabella, and the morals and honor of her people had remained pure and elevated, she might still have retained her high position. It was not the operation of any necessary law, above the control of human wisdom, that she is now reduced to her present low degradation. It was the corrupting influence of a tide of wealth, which poured into the coffers of her nobility, without the labor of acquisition, and the still more deleterious influence of the Roman Catholic religion, upon the moral and social character of the lower classes, that have made a country, gifted by Providence with every natural advantage that could render it prosperous and happy, a standing monument to the world, of the deplorable results of superstition and indolence upon national character.

But, if little reliance is to be placed on the argument of analogy between nations and individuals, let us look at the simple records of history. These, it is affirmed, decide of themselves the question of ultimate decline, as clearly as it could be determined, if it were ascertained, that there did exist, certain immutable laws of progress and decay.

The history of early nations does indeed speak on this point, with a voice which cannot be misunderstood, and doubtless more is true than is written. There have been

———" whole nations razed—
 Cities made desolate ; the polished sunk
 To barbarism, and once barbaric states
 Swaying the wand of science and of arts,—
 Illustrious deeds and memorable names

Blotted from record, and upon the tongue
Of gray tradition voluble no more !”

We know there is no reasoning against facts, and that human nature, in all the characteristics of individual action and passion, remains unchanged from age to age. We will even admit, that unless there is something redeeming in the constitution of modern society, unless there has been a change effected in the *national* nature of mankind, if we may be allowed the use of such an expression, then we see not how the conclusion can be avoided, that the ultimate dissolution of all modern nations must be deemed inevitably certain.

But, while we find in the past experience of mankind, little reason to justify the expectation of absolute perfectibility in the individual relations and character of man, yet as social beings we meet with the most abundant proofs of improvement in every successive age. When we look at the gradual progress of society, from the low, weak condition, as we find it delineated by the earliest historians, to the high state of refinement attained in the most enlightened nations of our times ; we at once recognize many principles now considered vital elements in the constitution of modern society, but which were unknown among the ancients. Why may we not infer, therefore, in estimating the comparative durability of ancient and modern institutions, that we have greatly the advantage ? And may not the advantage in our favor be proportioned to the specific difference in the nature of those principles, which lie at the foundation of ancient and modern society ?

In the most powerful and enlightened nations of the present day, great dependence is justly placed on correct ideas of liberty and individual rights, upon the general diffusion of knowledge, and above all, upon the prevalence of a simple and pure religion. Among the most refined nations of antiquity, on the contrary, the great mass of the people possessed neither liberty nor intelligence ; nor did the Christian religion so early and so generally prevail, as to produce any great effect upon the political character of those countries where it was first planted. The social influences of Christianity were to be developed in their legitimate results in a later age ; and, associated with liberty and learning, they appear to have been destined to form the basis of an entirely new organization of society. The means on which the nations of antiquity depended for national security and reputation, afford a striking contrast to what now constitutes the strength and glory of a people. War was the occupation of a great part of the population, in the most refined nations, and ambition for military renown was the ruling passion of almost all distinguished men. In such a state of things, we should look for any thing rather than permanent security. Hence we find, that the fate of the greatest king-

doms often depended upon the issue of a single battle ; and if fortune during a long period favored the ascendancy of any one people, as the Romans, we are not surprised at length to see their very success prove their ruin ; and their desire of glory, become the direct cause of their degradation. But the general policy of modern nations is that of peace. Rules of national intercourse have been established, founded on the principles of justice and religion ; and the rights of sovereignty—in weak nations as well as strong, are respected and observed. The idea of constitutional government is essentially modern, and from its importance deserves especial consideration. For it is in its fundamental principle of adaptation to the wants and character of the people, over which it is established, that we may, perhaps, rest our strongest confidence in the firmness and durability of modern society. But we look in vain, even in the brightest days of the Grecian and Roman republics, for the principles of government which are found in the British Constitution, and copied from thence, with improvements and revisions, into our own. These principles, so universally acknowledged to be fundamental by even the lowest classes in our country, were probably but dimly apprehended by the wisest philosophers of antiquity ; and even had they been fully understood, such was the popular ignorance, that it would have been impossible to have incorporated them into their constitutions of government. But in this age of light and intelligence, with institutions founded on the principle of adaptation, why may not nations be perpetual in their existence ? They may be revolutionized ; they must be revolutionized. But revolution is not decay. The revolutions of modern times, have oftener proved to be the prelude of renewed national strength and happiness.

But we are not left without examples, to show the tendency of modern principles of government. If our own country is too young, to afford data from which we can judge of their future consequences ; we can refer with confidence to Great Britain, where a free Constitution, has long been in operation. There may be, in the future political prospects of Great Britain, indications of still farther reform, perhaps of revolution. But that as a nation she begins to exhibit any of the premonitory symptoms of old age, is, we believe, far from the truth. On the contrary, there has never been a period, from the days of Alfred to the present time, when the power and influence of England was greater than it is at this hour. Her resources are as abundant, her enterprise as active, her national spirit as bold and daring, and her pride of character as noble and elevated, as in any former period of her history. She still sits enthroned as “ queen of the isles, and mistress of the seas,” while her dominion extends around the world.

With respect to our own country, we must depend more upon speculation for our deductions; but from the identity of our race and language with England, and the near resemblance of our manners, religion and government, in all its essential features, may be inferred results equally favorable to the permanency of our institutions. The adaptation of government to the wants and circumstances of the people, is more fully carried out here than in England. The activity of the self-regulating, self-purifying principle, in removing from the social system whatever tends to the general disadvantage, remains undiminished in vigor, partaking of all that vitality and originality, for which our country is so much distinguished in other traits of its national character. Above all, there is prevalent, to an extent unsurpassed in the history of any other people, a deep-toned moral sentiment, controlling the public mind with an influence, silent as the monitions of conscience and impressive as a voice from heaven.

In view of the cheering prospects, which these considerations present to our minds, may we not reasonably conclude, that we shall forever stand as an illustrious refutation of the opinion that there is in nations a constitutional necessity of decay? In spite of the real dangers, which threaten our peace, and the sad predictions of those, who are troubled with a thousand forebodings of evil days to come, we yet firmly believe, that an exalted destiny is before us. Although we often witness in the political excitements of the times, the baneful influence of party spirit and party philosophy, yet there is found in almost every bosom, the heavenly spark of patriotism; and should the liberty and honor of the country be seriously endangered, we are confident that transient, local, party animosities would be forgotten and lost in the general glow of a quenchless, undying devotion to the interests of the whole people. We cannot sympathize with those who think we have already passed the vigor of manhood, or are beginning to exhibit the imbecility of age. We would rather consider our country in the infancy of its existence, with its character, and resources, and influence, to be developed in a manner we know not of. We anticipate her Augustan age as still remote in years to come, not as a period of transient splendor, and followed by a thousand years of darkness, but as one with limits of duration commensurate only with the glory of its character.

INITIATIO TYRONUM.

—forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.—*Mara.*

—amant alterna Camœne.—*Id.*

LINONIUS. FRATER. SUBTYRO.

LINONIUS.

Unde et quo, juvenis? Musis dedicavit Apollo?

FRATER.

Fontem Castaliæne petis? Te culmina vocant
Parnassi?—

SUBTYRO.

—Ad literas me dicavêre parentes.

LINONIUS.

5. Ad templum gradus sunt multi, difficilesque.

FRATER.

Usus consilio tibi eorum qui detulerunt
Flores et fructus nascentes limen ad altum.

LINONIUS.

Linonia alma juvat multos, pluresque juvabit.

FRATER.

Fraterni socii mutuò illuc scandere petunt.

LINONIUS.

10. Infelix juvenis qui quâ Linonia vocat
Non sequitur; nunquam famæ aura optanda fovebit.

FRATER.

Si Frater fueris, tu terque quaterque beatus!

SUBTYRO.

Quid faciam? Duceres huc, me illuc velleret ille.
Constitui: O pueri, verborum mittite fraudem;

15. Si vobis liceat, nunc veras dicite voces.
Hic locus est ramos et ubi ulmus mittit in auras

NOTÆ, &c.

Societates in collegio sunt innumerabiles. Maximæ exstant tres, Linonia, Fratres in Unitate, et Calliope, in quibus omnibus, te in regum congressu adesse putares. Inter duas, Linoniam et Fratres, nonnunquam oriuntur de sociis novis adadiscendis rixæ acerbissimæ.

1. *Dedicavit* sc. *te.*

5. *Templum* sc. *famæ.*

6. *ordo*: est tibi *usus consilio*, &c.

11. *Fovebit* sc. *eum.*

15. *Nunc veras dicite voces*, quære, Angl. "*statement of facts*"? (*e typis diabol.*)

Frondosos, frigorisque grati umbra serpit in herbam
 Vivam, nosque vocant sedes studentibus aptæ.
 Hic dicite alternis verbis quidquid voluistis.

20. Incipe, Linoni, tu ex ordine sequere, Frater.

LINONIUS.

Si quando mater filio veneratior ulla,
 Sic honoranda magis Linonia Fratribus istis.

FRATER.

An quercus juvenis, recenti ab orta radice,
 Robore læta, cedit veteri ustæ fulmineque ictæ?

LINONIUS.

25. Linonia originem claram tulit, ante majorum
 Memoriam; fluvii dum current, laude manebit.

FRATER.

Fac, Fratrum ut numerares annos brevè reductos,
 Quid gloriæ non possumus expectare futuro?

LINONIUS.

Inter Linonios multi clari senatores,
 30. Nomina quæ colunt boni, quæ patria semper.

FRATER.

Aspice, queis numeris nostrique, quo honoreque digni!
 Multi supersunt: pars tentant iter ad astra.

LINONIUS.

I, juvenis, mecum, si loca honoranda videres,
 Domum Linoniæ, sacras sedesque Musarum.

FRATER.

35. Sub tectis utinam nostris succedere velles,
 In foro regio ambulare ipso videreris..

LINONIUS.

An libros legeres? libri sunt pabula mentis
 Alma: extra numerum insunt nostrâ bibliothecâ.

FRATER.

Fratribus historiæ, legesque, poemataque, omnes
 40. Dant qui hominum naturam aut rerum quærere causas.

LINONIUS.

Linoniæ filii, Seniores atque Tyrones
 Miscentur pariter, distant discrimine nullo.

16. *Hic locus.* In atrio illo collegiensi, ubi, si usquam in toto terrarum orbe, licet "desipere in loco."

18. *Sedes.* Quis Yalensiam sub tegminæ ulmorum recubans, non sæpe recordatur versus illos Maronicos?

"Fortunate Senex! &c."

40. *Dant:* h. e. doceant.

FRATER.

Vincula quæ magis roboris fraternâ unitate
Habent? Atque utinam aspiceres nos jungere dextras!

LINONIUS.

45. Jungere *manus*, amicâ pugnâ, vera si fama;
Quo nil magis honori fratribus. Aspice, Soci!

FRATER.

O quem te memorem, mendax? Est solvere nunc æs
Vobis, Linoniis, posthinc est *gemina* fides.

LINONIUS.

50. Quam miseri fratres sunt, nullum nomen habentes
Quem faciant præfectum insignem ducere cœtus!

FRATER.

Aulæ custodes duo: alterum habebimus, alter
Vobis, si placeat, erit, uti præside digno.

LINONIUS.

Fratres qui amat, eum gloriam laudesque pétentem
Ludat mentis imago; animi hypochondria latret!

FRATER.

55. Qui non Linonios odit, habitare coactus
Australem Medium, mandatur cimice tori!

LINONIUS.

LINONIA, intemerata, augusta, ad sidera nota,
Spes patriæ, cœli filia inclyta, sola regina!

FRATER.

60. Stella juventæ, FRATERNITAS, vita senectæ,
O lux collegii, literarum lumen et honos!

SUBTYRO.

Jam satis est; nunc parcite verbis: mente revolvam.
Verum consilium, fateor, mihi dare potestis
Ambo, sed utri fidere haud tam facile dictu.

PARS FUI.

46. Quo nil, sensus Quo nihil fert plus honoris Fratribus. Ironice.

48. Gemina fides, h. e. homines vestris promissis credent, etiam cum de aliis dicatis.

51. Aulæ custodes, sensus. Sunt nobis duo lampadum curatores, unus nobis erit præses, alter vobis.

54. Ludat mentis imago. Ang. Let him flunk when seeking for College honors.

56. Hypochondria latret. Ang. May the Blues howl around him.

58. Cimice tori.,—animal fœdissimum, spurcissimum et execrabilissimum, e Tartaro missum ad Sophomores cruciandos. In Australi Medio (infandum!) inveniuntur incredibili magnitudine et latratu.

“Non ignarus mali, miseris succurrere disco.”

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

THE village of G—, is one of the most lovely that adorns the “Empire State.” Rising in queenly beauty from the margin of the lake whence it takes its name—it is ever remembered by the passing traveller, as full of romantic incident and poetic grandeur. It commands a view of a bed of water, clear as crystal—stretching out for miles in extent; its borders decorated, here with a garden and cottage, there with the fruitful field of the husbandman, and yonder a copse-wood; while the whole scene is diversified with every luxuriance of nature. Well do I remember the first time I was tempted to venture upon those waters. Tempted? Aye; for not a few of the lovely ones of creation joined in the urgent request to take a sail by moonlight. A lovely twilight had succeeded a warm September day—and the night breeze, rich with the fragrance of the shore, played gently with the “locks of evening,” without awaking a single ripple from its pearly bed. Our company numbering a half dozen friends of my own sex—and as many of the fair—took seats in a small sailboat, and pushed out for an evening’s merriment. But our sail flapped too laggard in the wind to promise a quick remove from the shore, and the ready oar was at once impressed into our service. In a trice the land had receded from distinctive view, and the village of G— was quite dim in the evening distance.—Heavens! can I ever forget the romance of that scene? Parted from earth, and upon the bosom of the waters; the silver light of the moon reflected from every pearly drop; and to crown its enchantment, the air made rich with the melody of music. O, who does not love to listen to music upon the waters, when the sun hath sunk to his “ocean bed,” and the dash of the light oar is in unison with the voice of the charmer? Then it breaks upon the air with a double sweetness, and as it steals along the bosom of the surge, is repeated by a thousand echoes, until every element seems but music’s self.

Thus did we hold communion with the nymphs of the wave, until long past the “witching hour of night,” when we again made for shore, and escorted our lovely attendants to their homes. What wonder that such a village should be the scene of many a tale of love; and what wonder if their wooings should sometimes savor unusually of romance. Of such a tale am I about to give the recital, and it possibly may reach the eye of some, who will read it with more interest than if it were all a fiction of the brain.

Mr. Randolph was a wealthy and highly respectable lawyer in the village of which I have already made mention. He was one of those early pioneers, who, starting with his own character and energies as his only capital, had secured an immense fortune, and acquired by his legal acumen and intellectual power, a very extended influence. In the immediate circle of his friends he was esteemed almost a perfect character. He was the man of liberal heart, the elegant scholar, and the polished gentleman. But with all his excellences, he was the victim of an unpardonable and excessive pride, which often warred with his own happiness; and, as in the development of our story, we shall see, with that of his family. Wealth, with him, was the standard of character. It mattered not of how many virtues of the heart a candidate for his favor might be possessed, if he had not the recommend of a fortune, he must stand *abashed* in his presence.

Harriet R. was the idol of her father's heart. Charminglly beautiful, with an intellect of the noblest mould, she had received at his hand every additional grace which the richest advantages could furnish her. And at this period of our tale, at "blooming seventeen," with a mind enriched by a familiarity with the ancient and modern classics, and matured by the severer studies, she was the admired of her acquaintance, the acknowledged belle of her native village. Far from exhibiting the arrogance, and hauteur we might suppose she would assume, she was none the less distinguished for her simplicity, than for her beauty;—while not one particle of her father's aristocratic pride was incorporated in her character. She was the child of nature; and virtue and intellect were the shrines of her earthly worship. Satisfied of the emptiness of the pleasures pursued by fashion's votaries; and that splendor and parade are often but the ostentatious coverings of wretchedness and gloom, she loved and sought the friendship of those, who in the more unobtrusive walks of life would cultivate the virtues of the heart, and seek to make the social and domestic hearth, the seat of every generous attribute, of every lovely affection. And would it be surprising that such worth had found some one to appreciate it, and reciprocate with her the sentiments of love? Many were the aspiring suitors for her hand. The young scions of aristocracy were constant in their flattering addresses, and neglected no occasion to ingratiate themselves in her regard. Among the demagogues in the court of love, was one Harleigh of the city of New York. He was a representative of one of its first families, and had once been esteemed the pride of his lineage. But like too many of the heirs to fortune and to fame, he fled from the path of virtue to the cup of the wassailer, and was now the prince of *fashionable vagabonds*.—But he was rich, nor was this to some, the only recommendation. His appearance was prepossessing in the extreme. Having

seen much of the world, and dissipated in high life, he had acquired the Frenchman's ease and grace, superadded to a seductiveness and fascination almost irresistible. In his wanton smile, laughing eye, and emboldened mien, he had a complete panoply for any scheme of villany—with talents of a most brilliant order, he was without a single principle of virtue or honor. Such was the man whom Mr. R. would have the accepted suitor for the hand of his daughter. He made him welcome at his house, sought every opportunity to prejudice the affections of Harriet in his favor; and seemed bent with all the madness of enthusiasm upon their alliance. But their spirits were too unlike to mingle into one. Harriet's keen glance had penetrated his hypocrisy, had read the vileness of his heart, and she felt to loathe him as a very viper. She scorned the base tribute of his flattery, and had told him at the close of one of his harangues, that his unholy sacrifices were her abomination.

But let it not be thought she was unsusceptible of the gentler emotions; she was born to love, and that with an enthusiasm bordering upon idolatry. The glitter of wealth for her had no charms, and it was to the image of virtue that she paid her adoration.

Charles Addison had for several years been a student with her father, and was now at that age when the ideality and enthusiasm of youth are ripened into sober and reflecting manhood.—But while his virtues had ever commanded the respect of Mr. R. he had never met him on terms of intimacy. Addison was not the favorite of the partial goddess. Necessity compelled him to be the architect of his own fortune. He had resorted to every honorable means to complete his education, and was now at the first dawn of manhood, possessed of brilliant talents, a noble soul, accomplished manners; and was the inheritor of his family heirloom, *poverty*. He was not poor in other than the false sense of a mercenary age, he was in reality rich—rich in every noble quality of the heart—rich in the graces of mind—and might be deemed prospectively so, after the manner of the world's estimation.

The mutual acquaintance of Harriet and Charles was but a short prelude to the reciprocation of the holiest sentiments of the heart. Their minds were of a kindred mould, and had drunk at the same fountains of intellectual delight. They had worshipped at the same shrine, and communed with the same spirits of romance and of song. A kindred throb pulsated in their bosoms, as they read the thrilling tale of heroic exploit; and their hearts melted into the same tenderness as they dwelt upon the recital of oppressions and wrongs. The children of sensibility, they seemed created to admire the lovely of creation; and in their admiration of the beautiful and good, they paid to each other the homage of their hearts.

With all the ardor and sincerity of affection they *loved*—and in heaven were registered the vows of their fidelity.

It was a lonely evening in July, 18—, that they were making their customary ramble upon the lake shore, Addison observed an unusual sedateness, and, as he thought, melancholy in the deportment of his fair attendant. And as she turned her face to the light of the moon, he discovered a tear-drop bedewing the lustre of her eye, an eye ever sparkling with the liveliest pleasure, save when kindled into sympathy for sorrow or suffering.

“Why my dearest Harriet, this apparent gloom? Surely, yourself the child of nature, you may be joyous with her. The star of thy destiny was of a summer’s rising, when all was glad-some and gay.”

“Why Charles, with all your poetry of feeling, you give no credit to the influence of the stars or seasons over our characters or temperaments! Think you any harsher elements had been mingled with your nature, had a winter’s sun first dawned upon thy birth?”

“We are often insensibly influenced by the power of association, and I cannot but imagine that he who has a common birth with clouds and storm, who is ushered into being amid the fierceness of the winter blast, must have a nature more harsh and ill-favored than ourselves. Yes, happy is he who is first greeted by nature in her smiling mood, when decked in her green robes, adorned with the variegated flowers of her planting. He smiles in sympathy with her, and is a stranger to intruding gloom; or if perchance a cloud lingers upon his brow, ’tis the fleeting cloud of summer which comes to bedew with its shower of love, to exhibit the bow of promise arched upon its bosom.”

“Really Charles, I know not from what you will not gather at least some gleanings of sentiment. But if I seem sad, it is not that Nature is not joyous, but because—— *thou*—— hast found a malignant enemy, where we had hoped for the kindest regard.”

“And but *one* enemy in this age of calamity and hatred?—Why if the *world* were mine enemies—with virtue and with *thee* I would boldly defy their utmost. They afford me a shield against every shaft of malice or envy.”

“I know your chivalric daring, but let not your ardor drown the consciousness that every step to the securing of your ambition has not yet been taken. Your persecution is from a source which surprises me less than it must yourself. For your enemy is——”

“Is Harleigh?”

“No—is my FATHER.”

“Your *father*! Heavens! Have I wronged him!”

"Listen for a moment, and you will not wonder at my sadness. You know how earnestly father has seconded the suit of Harleigh. He has ever regarded *our* intimacy rather as an ardent friendship, than a stronger passion, or I could see that our sky could not have been a perpetual sunshine. To-day, with no little austerity of manner, he told me I *must*, for the honor of the family, give to Harleigh my hand and my heart. I told him what I knew to be the character of H. He acknowledged his occasional waywardness—excusing them as boyish indiscretions, and then pictured in yet livelier colors, his *wealth* and *family*.—He then asked me if I had assigned to him the only reason of my refusal. I could not deceive my beloved father, and I frankly confessed to him our engagement. He seemed at once struck dumb with amazement. I had before known him under the influence of strong passion; but never when he manifested such mingled feelings of bitter disappointment, and malignant hatred. Twice he ordered me from his presence, and as hastily recalled me; and then, with all the earnestness of which he was master said I *never* should be *yours*, that I *should* be *Harleigh's*—that you were dependent on *his* protection; and he would send you upon the world to beggar and to die."

"To *beggar*? Ha!"

"Remember Charles, he is my father."

"And in that secures himself with impunity as your *insulter*. But has he forgotten in his pride that *poor* men may become *rich*? Why once *he*, with all his contemptuous arrogance was as "*dependent*" as I. And if he carved out for himself a fortune and a name, is he so vain as to suppose that the world may not contain *another* such example? It then has come to this, and the die is cast. You have pledged yourself to one whose character is the sum of his fortune. I would despise myself to ask you to link your destiny with mine, until I could place you in a sphere as honorable as the one which you have ever adorned. From this night I will launch out upon the wide world, and venture upon its deepest waters; and if, when *above* its patronage or favor, you will make happy him who adores you, what *human* power can oppose our union?"

"My heart is already yours, and the world shall ever know me as I now am known, until christened with the name of my own Addison. Of Harleigh, I will repel every flattering advance. I will shut myself out from the world, and be happy in the contemplation of your virtues, and your prospective triumphs. Go, my dear Charles, the world will greet you with its fairest laurels. Happiness, honor, reputation, all await you. Rely on the strong arm of Providence; remember your early love, and hasten on to the proud goal of your wishes."

"Charming, noble woman! To-morrow I leave for ———, and at our next meeting, you will know me in another character than that of a *pennyless* suitor. Our competence, nay independence shall be secured. But my dearest, 'tis the hour we should part, and heaven being witness, let this kiss be another seal to the pledge of love.

* * * * *

Heaven never smiled on a holier scene. Two young and noble hearts warred against by a cruel pride; here with the moon and stars as witnesses, repledging their vows of fidelity, and sealing them with the holy kiss of love! And who would hesitate to reproach parental cruelty that would break the golden bowl of the heart's first offering? Love is beyond control. Its affections mark out a channel for themselves, and when uninterrupted, flow on into a sea of immeasurable delight. But if pride interpose barter to their free and natural progress, they will break over the impotent restraints. I have seen with the heart thus broken, the wreck of reason, and the wretchedness of a large circle of friends and kindred.

* * * * *

Two years have glided by. Addison in a distant city has been advancing in reputation and worldly prosperity, even beyond the hope of his fondest ambition. Harriet has remained at home ripening into womanly beauty, and cherishing in secret the holy flame of love. In the mean time the suit of Harleigh has been ever pressed, and her determined father, has repeatedly proposed to her the alternative of wedding the man of *his* choice, or of being banished the delights and friendship of home. Under such circumstances, her conduct in the sequel was no less worthy of her, than honorable to the sex.

"You must," said her father in one of their many similar conversations, "forget that odious Addison. Harleigh loves you, has acknowledged to yourself the power of your charms, and is ready to make you, as his bride, the pride of a gay and splendid circle. Imagine yourself his happy wife—with a fortune at your disposal—attracting by the beauty and accomplishments of your person, no less than by the style and splendor of your equipage."

"O yes, papa, you picture with a master hand—and one would think by your earnestness, you had fancied this a thousand times. But would you have me give to him my hand who can never share my affections?"

"By no means. Harleigh is worthy of your love. Has he not told you of his fortune, his family, and his own great expectations? You are unlike most of your sex, my daughter, or the

story of his fortune alone, would have been a sure toil for your heart."

"And would you have me make wealth my idol?—the votary of a capricious fashion—the slave of heartless pride and abandoned character? But why speak you of Addison so contemptuously? For years was he not your confidant in business, and his character the subject of your frequent eulogy. Our house was his welcome home, and he was our friend and brother. Is he not still the same?"

"This is *maddening*. Again mention his *hated* name, and you are my daughter no longer. My fortune I will give to strangers—to the flames, or to the ocean wave; covering or shelter it shall never afford you."

"But—but—I forget your romance. This you must yield to the poets and novelists, to whom alone it belongs. Addison, the child of poverty, deceiving you by a game of arch hypocrisy, that he may dream away his life in the enjoyment of *my* fortune!—you can, you must forget him!"

"Forget him?" said Harriet, laughingly.

"Yes," replied her father, the storm and fury of his passion having yielded to one of his most winning smiles, "and the first of September shall be your bridal night—the same that witnessed the union of my fortunes with those of your mother."

"Well, papa, you really think it is time for me—to be—a happy bride! And so do I."

"My charming daughter!"

"And as Charles is poor, and Harleigh is almost dying for the love of me, and withal is a man of '*great expectations*,' I give you my hand as a pledge, that the first of September shall witness my maiden nuptials. September? Why, of all months, 'tis the one in which I would wish to be married. Then parties and rides are all the toast, you know. And, to complete the romance of the honey moon, there are Niagara and Saratoga—and the whole world of gayety and fashion, and—why, pa, I thank you a thousand times,—to be *married*—in September!"

"Now none of your '*tricks upon travelers*,' my chick,—for I suspect you are not brought to terms so easily. But, save in this, my pleasure has ever been yours, and why in this should you not gratify me. Remember," and he spoke with an earnestness approaching to cruel severity,—"*remember the alternative.*"

Harriet advanced toward her father with her sweetest smile. She had flung melancholy to the winds, and never seemed more gay or happy. Her conscience approved, and her noble heroism was prepared to act well the part necessity had imposed upon her.

"Well, father, I am no longer your little rebel. Necessity, you are aware, is otherwise known than as the '*mother of—inventions.*' For two short summer months, and I am your hap-

py, obedient daughter, and then you know I shall be another's. And on this, will you not forgive and forget the past, and trust to a merciful Providence for the future? And when I have bade adieu to the home of my childhood, I will—yes, I will be happy; and need my dear father be otherwise? And perhaps in after years, the singular story of my love may be a theme of pleasant, as surely it will be, of romantic retrospection."

The proud father, too happy in his imagined success, has turned to seek his prospective son-in-law, to assure him that in a few short weeks, his daughter would yield him her hand—that the entire matter was settled, and henceforth he might bear himself to Harriet and the world as—engaged.

But Harriet hastened to her room to perform quite another office. She wept at the necessity of deceiving her father, though she was guiltless of the least approximation to falsehood. She was born to love—to be the mistress of her own affections, and she knew kind Heaven would smile on her deliverance from parental cruelty.

To a distant friend she communicated the result of her recent interview with her father.

"*My Dearest A——,*

* * * * *

First of September * * * the lake * "light bark"
 * * * the village of R * * its parson
 * an adventure * *

Adieu,

HARRIET."

But let us hasten to the close of a tale already too far protracted.

The appointed day, the first of September has arrived,—and great is the hurry and bustle of preparation. The many invited guests were making their constant arrivals, occupying the whole time and attention of the family. Harriet is excused for the hour or two previous to the ceremonies, to make her bridal preparation. Unperceived she glides from the house, and is upon the lake beach. She hurries along through copse and field, until a full mile from her father's house, she finds in a light oared boat, a wedding guest of her own invitation—need I add—of her love. And when Addison now beheld her for the first time in a twice twelve month—more beautiful and lovely than he had ever before known her—exiling herself from home, and a father's cruelty, and himself about to realize all that for years had been his dream and his hope—what were the eloquent emotions of his bosom, I leave for my readers to fancy.

But to the "wedding feast." The guests had all arrived, and the groom was awaiting with impatience the presence of her who but a few days before had been compelled by circumstances to yield him her hand. The father has become impatient at her delay. He visits her favorite garden retreat, but no Harriet meets him. He calls at the door of her room, but no answer. With mingled feeling of fear and jealousy, he raises the latch—enters—but no daughter greets him. The light of the pale moon reveals upon the table a scroll. 'Tis directed to himself in a delicate and familiar hand. He has broken the seal, and in the following reads—the price of his folly, the reward of his pride.

"Beloved Father :

"You remember the bridal-promise I gave you. This is the appointed night, and believe me I plighted thee no faithless vow. Than Harleigh—you *know* I love another—and to-night am—his happy bride.

HARRIET."

A light bark, freighted with love, was now gliding upon the waters. The noiseless dip of the oar was rapidly bearing our hero and his love to an opposite shore, and a more hospitable than a father's mansion.

"Come, my love, let us sing, 'O'er the waters by moonlight,'—'tis a long time since I was the charmed of your minstrelsy."

And as she awoke to a living beauty the words of this song, "The summer breezes wafting back her snow-white bridal veil," and revealing a beauty which was rather of angels than of earth, need we wonder at the extravagance of his delight, who adored, and was soon, in the presence of God and of man, to receive her as his own.

A few miles below G. is situated its rival village R. Thither they arrived, and in the house of a friend, the man of God has united in the holiest of earthly ties, hearts which for years had been as one.

Twenty years after the occurring of the events I have just been describing, business called me to the capital of our nation. Immediately on my arrival, I made my way to the assembled representatives of the people. The galleries were already thronged with a breathless audience. I crowded my way along, until within view of the speaker, and the emotions which at that moment swelled my bosom, were too powerful for description.

The subject of debate was a proposal whose tendency would be to dissolve the political confederacy between the north and the south. The popular orator had arisen as the bold champion of his country. Having first completely annihilated the arguments of his opponents, he pictured her unrivalled greatness, and in thrilling language portrayed her future glory.

He took his seat unattended by any murmur of applause. The feelings of the audience were too intense to be expressed by idle sound and noise. But in the tearful eye, the hushed throb, and in the countenances of every auditor, eloquent with the feelings of his own inspiration, the orator read the proudest triumph of patriotism and mind.

The house soon adjourned, and among others I advanced to congratulate the orator of the day. His wife, who had been a gallery listener, was upon his arm. I had seen her countenance when crowned by a more youthful smile; but never was the eye of woman kindled with a prouder delight, than was at this moment that of MRS. CHARLES ADDISON. A. M.

MODERN GREECE.

HARK! hark! a shout o'er Hellas breaks,—
 Along the sky the tidings fly;
 Old Pindus hears, Taygetus wakes,
 The islands catch the sounds from far,
 And Argos pours,
 From all her shores,
 Her battling hosts to Freedom's war.

From Sparta's urns, with tongues of flame
 And speaking eyes, the mighty rise,
 To cheer them on to deeds of fame;
 They feel the fire ne'er felt before,—
 Their bosoms glow
 To meet the foe,
 And fight their fathers' battles o'er!

The turban'd hosts their war-steeds rein;
 In armor bright, arrayed for fight,
 They thunder along the trembling plain,
 With blood-red banner streaming high;
 While crescents blaze
 With meteor rays,
 And wildly rings the Allah cry.

He comes, the Turk,—but Greece, in wrath,
 Her conquering hosts, from all her coasts,
 Is marshalling on the fields of death.
 Now furious bursts the storm of war,
 And on the plain;
 The Moslem slain,
 Shall feast the vultures gathering there.

The Othman navy ploughs the main,
 With snowy sail unfurl'd to the gale ;
 But Pylos' shore beholds again,
 The Argive triumph o'er the wave ;
 And the crystal flood,
 All stain'd with blood,
 Is now the haughty Moslem's grave.

A wail from the mosque and festive hall,
 Breaks on the air in wild despair—
 On the prophet's name the Mufti call,
 While mothers mourn their offspring slain,
 And maidens fair
 Their tresses tear,
 For lovers that sleep on the Attic plain.

But hark ! the pean loudly rings
 O'er Greece once more, from shore to shore ;
 The maid of Hellas sweetly sings—
 " Hail, youthful chieftains, ye who come,
 All crimson'd o'er
 With Islam gore,
 O welcome, warriors, welcome home !"

Lo ! Freedom's altars flame afar,
 For Greece hath broke the tyrant yoke,
 Victorious in the avenging war ;
 Admiring lands her triumph see,
 And shouts resound,
 The world around
 That Greece, fair Greece, once more is free !"

OTTO.

 LIMITS OF ANCIENT PHILOSOPHY.

THE assurance, with which we rest in our conviction of the truth of revelation and modern philosophy, leads us perhaps to reflect too little upon the sad situation of mind in the earlier and less favored ages of the world. Nothing can so effectually teach us the priceless value of truth, as the study of mind during this gloomy portion of its history. If the ancient philosophers could have foreseen the indifference of this day to the successful issue of their vain efforts, they would have checked their eager desires for what, when possessed, seemed of so little worth. Well may it be said of us, "others wrought and ye have entered into their labors."

Our purpose is, to suggest a few thoughts upon the results and condition of mind in this probation of its own power, ere truth shone with heavenly light.

We look back upon that dark and doubtful struggle as upon the inexperience and trials of childhood: and naught but the innate "supremacy of mind" could have preserved it from utter ruin. This was the experiment that tried men's souls; and one that exhibited the noble elements of those laws, that have since been reduced to philosophical systems mostly by the aid of truth itself.

It is worthy of remark that, while it required the progress of human knowledge to show the certain and unchanging nature of truth and reason, comparatively a late discovery, the mind was able to exhibit in a great degree its true nature and power in the time of its deepest errors and delusions. And since the independent laws of both truth and mind are thus each established, and under such different circumstances, it is exceedingly gratifying to find a perfect harmony between them.

This period of early doubt and trial was an invaluable benefit to philosophy; not only because in the speculations, to which it gave rise, every possible theory, but the true one was made, but because it originated the free spirit of investigation and inquiry to which every thing around and within invited the mind. Even in such degradation and ignorance the nature of man was not destroyed. The knowledge of his high destiny was lost to him; but his soul, instinct with immortality, often spoke strangely within him, refusing to be reckoned with the mightiest of things that perish. Man, in his deepest depression, has ever and anon started at a voice, from the innermost recesses of his soul, that told him to look upwards—a voice from the unquenchable greatness of its ruined members, only half understood, yet full of the most awful truth. Impatient of its earthly limits, the soul bent over futurity with the insatiable yearnings of immortality compressed within the bounds of time. This world, and a few shapeless visions, were its sole inheritance—itself alone sublime.

Here then would we look for the noblest acts of mind, thus thrown upon its own resources; and the wonderful intensity, with which the ancient philosophers pursued their empty nothings as though they had been truth divine, is a more convincing evidence of the capacity of mind for true philosophy, than has since been given by the pursuit of the realities of sound learning. The philosophical principles, upon which society is at present organized, can be traced back only to the Christian era. From that point the connected progress of the human race was based upon *certain*, not accidental, principles. This was the result of no new faculty then first given. The elements of freedom and improvement were implanted in the mind of man directly by the

hand of God; but it was only after many an experiment and failure that the same sure principles were discovered, by which these elements could spring into systematic growth.

The period, of which we speak, also laid a deep foundation for the study of nature, such as it could never have had, if the full light of revelation had been universal and coexistent with the being of man. If to the Jews mankind are indebted for the mysteries of eternity, to other parts of the world are they under obligation for the first revelations of nature. Had that searching curiosity after what *is to be*—been early and fully gratified, man doubtless would not have had as much of that spirit of research and observation, which first arose from the uncertainty of his situation—an uncertainty that led to the most careful examination of both nature and mind. Trace the history of that nation which was made the medium of the introduction of Christianity: true there, too you will find the types and shadows of truths great and wonderful—yet those types and shadows, they forecast neither from nature nor from themselves. Possessed of knowledge from God, they had no motive for those investigations which others made into nature and their own being—investigations, that, when superseded by a revealed religion, have now become a valuable ground work for our present systems of philosophy. It must be admitted that more originality of thought, and a higher degree of *human* wisdom, have been attained, than would have been the case, had this doubtful trial of the mind never existed.

Still if no revelation had been given upon those points, where the mind was most bewildered and unsatisfied, the pursuit of immortality would have been relinquished as beyond its comprehension, and man would probably have sunken beneath the perplexities of his being—and the great experiment of the “supremacy of mind” must have failed equally with that of his moral perfection. For the satisfaction, which it has given to inquiry in that direction, has turned the desires of the mind for knowledge, from a fruitless field, to the prosecution of subjects within its grasp.

Under such circumstances it was, that the nature of the soul was to be manifested. It was either to fail, and become brutalized—or maintain its claim to a diviner origin. It should not be objected that *truth* was not discovered. That wisdom and virtue were pursuits worthy of man—this fact at least, and by the teachings of their own nature, the ancients discovered—a discovery than which no other has more ennobled the mind.

The most striking characteristic of this period was the exalted *idealism*, which produced not only such perfection in the arts of civilization, but raised that high standard of noble and virtuous action, at which many of the ancient philosophers aimed. This

principle they originated—a principle that has turned nature to poetry—a kind of mysterious union of mind and creation, like that of soul and body—and one that formed that world of fanciful imagery, which might, of itself, so naturally suggest to the ancients the idea of another and a spiritual existence. By the aid of this it was, they were able to shadow forth the dim outlines of things unseen, and to such a wonderful degree as they did, fathom their own existence. It was their spiritual guide. “ever struggling within them, and urging them forward to something beyond, something better. True they knew not what it was—a dim, undefined, evanescent something. But they felt it was worthy of their effort: their ever active spirit was longing, aching to lay hold of it, though it seemed like a vision. They clung to it as to life, though they comprehended it not.” Cicero had his ideal of a “perfect orator”—Socrates his perfect image of virtue, enshrined in the chambers of their imagination. In these they saw reflected the end and capacity of their being: through these they caught some faint glimpse of the glories of the soul. No image ever so resembled the truth; and no farther than this principle need we go to satisfy ourselves of the sincerity of the latter philosopher, in maintaining that he had communion with a deity: that deity was the ideal perfection of his own soul, which was in truth “created in the image of God.”

Notwithstanding all these astonishing victories of the unaided power of mind, it was with the ancients, as when one wakes from a wild and lofty dream: all was unreal—still an impression of something inconceivably grand, and inspiring, has come over him—he feels it all fiction, yet it resembled the real. Such their views now appear to us, who have attained the truth. Who can look upon men, whose proudest attainments were only as the faint light of dreams, thus struggling between their own thoughts—the teachings of their own high-born nature, and the vail of ignorance that hung over their unrevealed destiny—and not feel a genuine sorrow superior to sympathy for “human ills?” Immortality—a high and virtuous state of happiness—intellectual joy and purity—these filled the conceptions of their noblest minds; yet doubt fearful, and blackened by an uncertain present even, clouded them in gloom and despair.

But, be it said to the honor of after ages, they have found an immortality whence they looked not for it—and they should ever be remembered as men who could, without a revelation, hope for another and a better world.

If the dim light of nature led to such an exalted aspiration, what should not the full glow of truth do to elevate and dignify the soul of man?

F.

CALLUM DHU.

AN OLD HIGHLAND STORY VERSIFIED.

A warrior bold was Callum Dhu,
 As well his foes did know ;
 No swordsman wielded keener blade,
 Or struck more deadly blow :
 But chiefly was he skilled to bend
 The bow of good yew-tree,—
 'Mongst all the warlike Camerons,
 Was none so famed as he.
 Full many of McGregor's clan
 With him the fight had tried—
 Full many of McGregor's clan
 Beneath his shaft had died.

Their chief, black John, McGregor's son,
 One summer morning clear,
 With three, the boldest of his tribe,
 Went forth to hunt the deer.
 So long they chas'd their mountain game,
 That, straying from the way,
 They wandered far beyond the stream,
 Betwixt the clans that lay,—
 Till, as they climb'd an eminence,
 Rose suddenly to view,
 Beyond the hill whereon they stood,
 The hut of Callum Dhu.

The youthful chief, with ardent eye,
 His foeman's dwelling saw,—
 " Let us go down to Callum's hut,
 His famous bow to draw ;
 His stubborn yew, as rumor tells,
 No man can bend but he ;—
 Come ! Donold, Evans, Robin, come !
 That bow we bent must see.
 Our oldest warriors say we are
 The best men in the clan ;
 And if we were the weakest four,
 We need not fear one man."
 So down unto that lonely hut
 Right speedily they ran.

The chief has blown a loud, loud blast !
 The chief has blown, along ;
 And soon upon its hinges turns
 The door of oak so strong :

And forth to them an old man comes,
 With feeble steps, and slow ;
 And him they've asked of Callum Dhu,
 To tell what he may know :
 " We long," said they, " your chief to see,
 And bend his stubborn bow."

" Black Callum's on a journey gone,
 Off to the Colquhon clan ;
 But his bow still hangs behind the door,
 There ! bend it if ye can !"
 He flung the bow down on the ground,
 The arrows by its side ;
 The young chief tried that bow to strain,
 But all in vain he tried :
 And one by one his followers three,
 Did their utmost strength essay ;
 But still upon th' unbending yew,
 All slack the bow-string lay.

" No man on earth that bow can bend,"
 At length the chieftain said.
 The old man smiled to see his rage,
 And calmly shook his head.
 " There's many a gallant Cameron
 Can bend that self-same bow,
 And send a cloth-yard arrow forth,
 Death bearing to the foe :
 And I myself have learned the knack,
 But I have sworn to none
 The secret ever to reveal,
 Save Camerons alone.
 To strangers, such as ye appear,
 I dare not make it known.

" But go ye forth to yon gray stone,
 Beneath yon old oak tree,—
 For though the secret none may learn,
 The shot yourselves shall see.
 The bended bow I dare not show,
 Till ye go up the hill,
 Lest, by remaining here, ye learn
 The secret of my skill."

So forth they went to that gray stone
 Beneath the old oak tree ;
 And on the summit of the hill
 They turned the shot to see.
 And grimly then the old man smiled,
 And keenly eyed them there :
 " Now shall ye see the bended bow,
 But of the shaft beware ! "

And as he spake, that bow he raised—
 That bow of yew-tree strong,
 And at the instant to his ear
 He drew the arrow long,
 Which, whizzing from the bounding
 string,
 Like swiftest swallow flew,
 And reached the young McGregor chief,
 Ere he his weapon drew.

Just as he grasped his claymore's hilt,
 All eager for the fray,
 Through the broad belt that girt his side
 The sharp shaft made its way.
 The eagle wing that plumed the dart,
 Was dabbled in his gore ;
 And toppling back, like shattered oak,
 He fell to rise no more.
 Then Callum raised his battle-cry—
 " Take up your wail again ;
 The hand hath shot another shaft,
 That never shot in vain. "

A moment fixed the clansmen stand,
 Then two have turned to fly ;
 But Donald feared not mortal man,
 He raised his claymore high ;
 " Our chieftains death demands revenge,
 Unpunished shall it go ?
 Fly if ye list—I fight till death, "—
 Thus rushed he on the foe.

But naught had Callum Dhu delayed,
 When first he arrow sent ;
 Nor was his arm a moment stayed,
 When that first shaft was spent.
 As reached his dart McGregor's heart,
 Another touch'd the string ;
 And as the second foe came on,
 The second shaft took wing.

So near th' impetuous Donald came,
 His arm was raised to smite,
 When forth the thirsty missile sprang,
 And met him in his flight.

He waved once more his sword, and
 strove
 To raise the battle yell ;
 But the dart was planted in his heart,
 And headlong down he fell.
 Thrice o'er th' ensanguined ground he
 rolled,
 Then feebly quivering lay ;
 And at his foeman's very feet,
 He gasped his life away ;—
 " Ah ha ! " exulting Callum cried,
 " Take up your wail again ;
 The hand has shot another shaft,
 That never shot in vain. "

And fast and fast like startled hares,
 The frightened clansmen flew ;
 But faster whistled after them
 The shaft of Callum Dhu.
 And in the shoulder Evan pierced,
 As down the hills he sped ;
 High in the air, like stricken deer,
 He bounded—and fell dead.

Now Robin flies at double speed,
 For still in thought he hears
 His enemy's unerring shaft
 Shrill whistling in his ears :
 But now he's gained the pebbly stream ;
 He plunges from the shore,—
 Safe landed on the farther side,
 He fears the foe no more.

* * * *

Black John has gathered all his clan,
 T' avenge his slaughtered son,
 And marches down in war array,
 Upon the Camerons.
 Old Callum for attack prepared,
 His men in order set ;
 And on the borders of the stream
 The clans in conflict met.

Then claymores glittered in the sun,
 And arrows cut the air ;
 And the ravens croaked in joy to think
 Of the feast preparing there.
 Black John McGregor, sword in hand,
 Stalked foremost through' the fight ;
 Not one of all the Camerons
 Could stand before his might.

* * * *

Amid the dying and the dead,
 The chieftain stands alone ;
 His clansmen all in hot pursuit
 Of the flying foe have gone.
 "And where is Callum Dhu?" he cries,
 "Shall he escape my wrath?
 Oh, who will show me where he is?
 Would he might cross my path!"

An old man on that battle field,
 'Mid a heap of corpses lay ;
 Through a ghastly wound in his heaving
 side,
 His life-blood ebb'd away.
 He beckoned to the raging chief,
 And thus to him did say:

"My wound is deep; my senses fail;
 My throat is parched and dry,—
 Fain would I taste the cooling stream
 Once more before I die.
 Then take my bonnet to the brook—
 The brook that murmurs near;
 And bring, to quench my raging thirst,

A draught of water clear;
 And I will show your deadly foe,
 To glut your heart's desire;
 For Callum Dhu is living yet,—
 Haste! haste! my brain's on fire!"

Straight to the brook black John has gone,
 And low he bends him there.
 A bow-string's twang! a whistling sound!
 A keen shaft cuts the air;—
 And tumbling headlong from the bank
 He falls, pierced through and through;
 And the stream runs red with his gush-
 ing blood,—
 There shot old Callum Dhu!
 Then grimly smiled the dying chief,
 At the fall of his mortal foe;
 And cried once more, as o'er his head
 He feebly waved his bow:
 "My race is run; my wars are done;
 Take up your wail again;—
 The hand has shot its last, last shaft,
 That never shot in vain!"

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MILTON AND SHAKSPEARE.

PHILOSOPHY may number among her disciples some of the most celebrated names that adorn the annals of our race. Bacon, Newton, and Locke, will ever be proudly claimed as her most distinguished and devoted followers, and as most eminent and worthy among those who have entered her sanctuary and sat at her feet. These philosophers, men who united to uncommon talents all the depth and reach of immortal genius, may be emphatically called the great high priests of nature, by whose ministrations, the grand secrets of the universe, both of mind and matter, have been revealed, and the sublime mysteries unveiled and interpreted to the popular mind.

We see one far back in a distant age, by a rare exertion of intellectual might, roll away the clouds of error that had so long involved and impeded philosophical inquiries, and with prophetic certainty foretell the rise and progress of the arts. Another, by the noble efforts of his searching mind, solves the chief problems in mechanical philosophy, and opens upon physical science the clearest light of demonstration. A third, with not less steadiness

of vision, marks with accuracy and settles with confidence the laws which direct and determine the phenomena of the invisible world within. And each by the consecration of stupendous abilities to the discovery and advancement of the great truths of science and philosophy, has acquired for himself imperishable renown.

As much however as philosophy may boast of her great names, literature has those equally distinguished, whose labors, if less valuable on the score of mere practical utility, are not less entitled to the highest admiration as the products of elevated genius. In English poetry, Milton and Shakspeare present the fairest claim to the noblest pre-eminence. And though they lived centuries ago, not one of those bright luminaries which have since peered above the horizon and crossed the same field of vision, has in the least eclipsed or shaded the lustre of their fame.

Milton's mind was cultivated to the highest degree. To rare endowments he added the severe discipline which is imparted by studies in abstract science. His was a gifted intellect enriched by vast acquirements in ancient and modern learning. Skilled in the tactics of political and religious controversy, the powers of his understanding were invigorated and sharpened by its warm conflicts with vigorous minds. Though he received much from nature, he was still more indebted to the training of science, to the polish of art, and the embellishments of learning for the splendor of his literary career.

Shakspeare was more the child of nature. He grew up like the oak of the forest, in all the luxuriant wildness of native freedom. His mind was not fashioned by rule, not formed in the school of barren dialectics, but seemed to shoot forth under the guidance of its own instincts, and to expand and mature by the spontaneous and self-training impulses of his original genius. When we reflect upon his early circumstances, the age in which he lived, the state of learning and public sentiment at that period, we are inclined to regard him as the most remarkable man that any age or country ever produced. That he should have emerged, in the short period of a few years only, from the obscurity of a shepherd's boy, without the assistance of powerful patronage, depending solely on the unaided resources of his own mind, and have attained to that distinguished place he now holds in the consideration of all who can appreciate him, is, in our view, little short of a miracle of genius.

The efforts of Shakspeare were all expended in the fields of literature, and a rich harvest of reputation has he gathered for his toils. He seems, however, to have written in utter unconsciousness of his matchless abilities, to have been wholly thoughtless of his fame with posterity, not even dreaming that those pictures of men and things, which he seemingly sketched and threw off with scarce an effort, were to bear his name down to future ages.

Of all the forms of literature, perhaps none gives us more correct notions of the general manners and habits of a people than its dramatic poetry. Dramatic writing may furnish the best means of estimating a former age, since it reflects so faithfully the prevailing opinions, feelings, and character of a people, shadowing forth the living world, as it then was, in all the freshness and vividness of real life. And here we may notice one of the excellencies of the great dramatist. He delineates with a correct hand, and paints in appropriate colors, drawing the picture distinctly to the eye. Nothing appears overwrought, nothing distorted. His descriptions of characters and events are so striking and so lively as to leave upon the mind the strongest impressions.

Nor do we observe in his portraitures of the passions the slightest tinge of melancholy, nothing that would indicate a diseased, spasmodic temperament. His mind exhibits none of those fitful fevers of passion, none of that short-lived energy of madness, which modern ingenuity has discovered to be the unequivocal token, or at least the usual accompaniment of true genius. But the calmness, dignity, correctness of sentiment, and natural expression of feeling, that characterize the productions of Shakspeare; the cheerful light and genial warmth diffused over the writings of this immortal bard, are a standing refutation of this most absurd conceit of modern times.

A nation's poetry ought to be esteemed one of the most valuable departments of its literature. It is important as having a practical influence on national character, by qualifying in a great degree the sentiments and taste of a people. Notwithstanding this, poetry, with other forms of light and agreeable literature, is often decried by what are sometimes called practical men, men of routine, men wise for to-day and not for to-morrow, and meets the ban of indiscriminate censure from the utilitarian spirit of this mechanical age. It is not unfrequently objected to poetry that it wants reality, that it is mere fiction; it is said to be a sort of "airy nothing," fit to amuse the fancy, but of a nature too ethereal to be of any substantial utility. Moreover, its moral effects are deprecated, as if its legitimate tendency were to give false views of life, and to lead the young to cherish extravagant expectations and romantic hopes, such as in this world can never be realized.

But we beg leave to dissent from all such views of the subject. All genuine poetry, if not strictly true in the letter, is essentially so in the spirit. It may not always represent life as it is; yet it often gives us an idea of what it should be. Truth is its object; truth of description, feeling, character; and when it departs from this, it is no longer poetry. But how are we to determine whether poetry be any thing real? Obviously by its effects. If it produces effects, and if those effects are salutary, it must be something, and something, too, which is valuable.

The lightest air bubble does not burst, nor is the most delicate gossamer lifted and borne in the air without the operation of some cause; and may the depths of the soul be stirred from the very bottom; may the human breast heave with emotion, can the feelings be made to ebb and flow without the agency of a cause adequate to all these effects? Yet poetry may do all this. There is in man an innate perception and sense of the tender, beautiful, and sublime, which the true poet, who feels the impulse of the divine instinct, by a skillful touch, may awaken and thrill at pleasure.

Again, poetry has a direct bearing upon individuals and society. In its highest forms and noblest manifestations, it is addressed to our spiritual nature, and bodies forth to that, images and scenes, which gratify its longings after something purer and higher than ordinary life affords. Its proper effect is to quicken that part of our nature which conceives better than the hand executes; to aid that faculty by which the soul strays off from imperfect and worn realities, into the ideal world, and enjoys those glorious visions that are to be realized only in a future life. We all have the sentiment within which is constantly pointing us to higher and still higher degrees of perfection. We are never fully satisfied with our present proficiency and attainments. We vainly strive to execute our purpose, to clothe our conceptions in a visible form, even after our best efforts have been expended and the work of our hands stands up completed before us, we are smitten with disappointment. We find that our intelligent nature has preceded by a wide interval our active powers, and that performance has but poorly imitated that ideal perfection, that wholeness and unanimity which our spiritual faculties covet. Hence we delight in those golden visions and majestic images of the poet. And hence the tendency of poetry to redeem man from grovelling propensities, and to warm and cherish those affections which are more worthy of his destiny.

We have spoken above of poetry as something real; this is strictly true. Those representations found in our best English poets, as Milton and Shakspeare, are not unfrequently as much realities as any of which we read in sober history. It may not be true that there ever were such personages as are described under the names of Lear and Othello, but an assemblage of qualities often unite in man similar to what are attributed to Shakspeare's poetical characters. We may conceive it possible for such persons to exist, and to feel and act as they are represented to feel and act, without involving any absurdity, and this is sufficient. Here we are led to observe one of the main points in which the poet and philosopher differ in their mode of instructing mankind. The philosopher makes use of his reason, while the poet employs his imagination chiefly.

The philosopher calmly and deliberately investigates the nature and effects of the passions, by tracing their history and influence on the character of individuals, and on society, giving the result of his observations in general terms. The feelings and sentiments are taken up by the judgment, commented upon, and certain conclusions drawn, from which general laws are resolved. The poet, on the contrary, imagines an individual with certain qualities and passions, whose effects and tendency he would exhibit. He places him in a situation fitted to call them forth. He puts such words upon his tongue as become him to speak, and makes him utter such sentiments, and show such passions as are consistent with his character, and such as any given occasion ought to call forth. By an effort of the imagination he throws around this personage the drapery of fancy, and with a fascinating hand he depicts to the mind's eye the same great truths as the philosopher, but in a more lively and animated way, even by words, thoughts, and actions.

Though we feel that poetry is a deep and sober reality, we are not inclined to venture an attempt to define it. It is far beyond the power of expression to bring out fully the idea, which the term signifies to one whose sensibilities are not wholly dead to its spirit-kindling impressions. It is loosely called the language of passion; but every one must feel how poor, barren, and inadequate is this description of a power that has all the varied effects of delighting the sense of beauty, of moving the sympathies, of arousing the feelings, and of kindling the whole man into high-wrought emotion.

That was poetry by which Homer moved and thrilled the barbarian's heart, by which he stirred the passions and drew the tears of men who were swayed more by imagination than reason, men, who would have listened with cool and stupid indifference to the prose efforts of a calm philosophy. Homer by a sort of intuitive sense of propriety, addressed himself to the strongest propensities of the age; and under the direction and impulses of poetic inspiration, sings of war, recounts the deeds of heroes in battle. His figures are so bold and striking, and yet so simple; his descriptions so picturesque, his appeals so forcible, and his patriotism so exalted, it is not wonderful that his rustic auditors should catch a portion of his own inspiration, and kindle with the flame of martial ardor, breathe with him the noble sentiments of courage and magnanimity, melt in pity, or nerve with indignation, under the divine power of his exquisite touches.

It would be an interesting and grateful task to trace the progress of English poetry from its early history up to modern times. Observing its feeble manifestations during the middle ages, while almost all other forms of literature, as well as philosophy, were immured and bewildered, if not lost and extinct, until we see it

start into new life, as the gray dawn of civilization began to dissipate the mists of feudal barbarism and gothic ignorance, and share in the universal activity consequent upon the revival of letters. Our interest would undoubtedly increase, as we left the early and somewhat rude specimens of Chaucer and his cotemporaries, and followed the course of its progress through the intervening period, until our curiosity is made to pause in admiration before the immortal productions of Milton and Shakspeare. But our limits would forbid us to attempt the humblest sketch of a field so broad, even were we in any way competent to the work. It will be our design, therefore, to restrict the following thoughts to classic poetry in connection with the two great names just mentioned.

In order that a work may be considered strictly classical, it must hold a high rank by the general assent of mankind. It must have merits such as will not only recommend it to the perusal of cotemporary readers, but to posterity, in a word, it must contain the living germ of immortality. The age in which a work is written is not to decide for its character. For how often does it happen that a production which is received with the unqualified praise of cotemporaries, is almost wholly neglected by those who immediately follow them. The next generation view it through a medium less illusive and distorted. The occasion which brought it forth, and the purpose it was intended to serve, are alike unknown to them, or if known, have no power to bias their decision. Posterity weighs its merits with deliberate impartiality. If it has no claim to the interest and attention of a succeeding age, its mission is accomplished, and now, after its short existence and transient distinction, must fall into neglect and forgetfulness. But on the contrary, if the work be found to possess real intrinsic merits, which are independent of circumstance, if it survive the ordeals of criticism to which an enlightened posterity will subject it, if the judgment of sober, educated men, who are not affected by the dazzle of surprise, or the buzz of ignorant applause, confirm the general impression, the author's production will probably live to be read by coming generations. Why are Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare admired even at this distant day, by all who make any pretensions to learning, taste, and refinement? it is because the conservative principles are inwrought through the whole texture of their works; and their excellencies such as are adapted to reach and affect the universal heart. Milton owes his celebrity, for the most part, to his great epic. Though his labors in other branches of literature would have immortalized any other man, this is the work, that will carry his name down into future time. It was the conception of his lofty theme, one which required all the stores of his vast and matured mind, all the fire of his ardent enthusiasm, all the daring of his intrepid genius, and all the re-

sources of his bold and excursive fancy, to sustain it, that formed the basis of his durable fame. After the foundation of his great work was laid, the outlines sketched, and the plan completed, much was to depend upon the execution.

We must, however, leave for him, to say how well Milton sustained the majesty of his theme, whose heart has been touched by his divine pathos, whose fancy has been refreshed by his striking and tasteful imagery, whose mind has been enlightened by his acute reflections and profound views, whose piety has been warmed by his religious devotion, and whose craving for greatness and sublimity has been fixed and filled by the wide scenes of the universe he throws open to the view.

The dramatic writings of Shakspeare are, perhaps, not less deservedly celebrated than that of the author to whom we have just alluded. It may be true, that all his productions are not equally worthy of that high commendation which has been universally bestowed upon a part. Some of his plays may already have grown obsolete, while others are to live as long as the English tongue is the vehicle of thought. Doubtless, the critic may see, or think he sees, in some of the parts of this author great blemishes; but the candid, who are competent to judge, must concede that his excellencies infinitely outweigh his faults. The general popularity of his writings is strikingly evinced by the frequency with which he is quoted. Perhaps the beauties of no English author are so constantly met with, in every variety and class of composition, as those of Shakspeare, or whose excellencies are so fully incorporated into the great body of our literature in the form of apt quotations. His drama is literally the great store-house of wise and witty sayings, from which moderns feel at liberty to draw. We find everywhere scattered over his pages great truths compressed into brevity of language, lofty sentiments clothed in the purest saxon, and brilliant images set off by the witchcraft of diction.

Shakspeare is emphatically called the great anatomist of the human passions, and his claim to this title is undisputed. No man could portray the darker passions in deeper colors, or the nobler sentiments in pencillings more radiant and attractive. No one could get such hold on the feelings, and drag the heart to and fro with such magic power. He sweeps its chords with a master's hand, and they vibrate submissively to his touch.

His descriptions are eminently picturesque, and seem to have all the freshness and vivacity of original observation. His mind possessed a nice and quick perception, a delicate sensibility to the slightest indications of truth everywhere to be met with; and every impression was reflected with such wonderful exactness, that we see in his drama the living, and breathing world act before us, in all the animation and incident of real life. The unity of interest is so well preserved, the course of events so natural,

the moral of his plays so fully and happily brought out, that his works may become a living source of moral instruction. We have thus hinted at some of the excellencies, which entitle these two great English poets to the distinguished eminence they now occupy. Excellences that will command admiration, as long as there exists in the human breast its native sense of beauty, and its latent sympathy with all that is appropriate, touching, grand and lovely. The names of Shakspeare and Milton reflect the highest glory upon the country of their birth. Their fame is a part of England's noblest inheritance, and forms the just cause of her pride and boast.

Their works bear not the impress of common minds, they are not the puny and perishing efforts of ordinary men, but the durable monuments of strong and gifted intellect.

He who writes, not for his own time merely, but for extensive and lasting renown, must labor from the impulses of deep, original genius. It is a work reserved for the far-sighted, those who may send keen and searching glances into the future, and who can anticipate, in some degree, the wants, as well as the judgment, of posterity.

R....

HOME.

Home! oh, home! how I long to be home,
When the clear, bright days of the spring time come;
When nature, wrapped in a robe of light,
Wears a smile on her face, as pure and bright
As the angel-guide, when he ushers in
To heaven, a soul redeemed from sin.

Home! oh, home! how I long to be home,
O'er the fair green fields of spring to roam;
The first sweet breath of the flowers to seize,
As they toss their heads in the morning breeze,
And their fragrance send, toward the rising sun,
As their incense gift to the Glorious One;

The first, sweet song of the birds to hear,
As they welcome back the beautiful year,
And the groves and fields with their melody fill,
Which gushes forth, like a murmuring rill,
Proclaiming that spring with her joyous train,
Has come to the lonely earth again.

In many a place have I seen and heard
The spring's first flower, and sweet-toned bird;
But they come to the heart with a fresher flow,
With a kindlier thrill, and a warmer glow,
When seen and heard at the home we love;
When amid the scenes of our youth we rove.

E. Y. T.

FISHER AMES.

No portion of American history, will be read with deeper interest in after ages than that which records the progress of the human mind towards independence—its struggles to rend asunder the shackles which have fettered its freedom; and not the least interesting part of that history, is the influence which individuals have exerted, in its consummation.

The past, to every American, is full of admonitory lessons; lessons, which we are not at liberty to disregard. And in proportion as our early history becomes well understood, and its influence on the general welfare of mankind is made known and appreciated, the virtues which that age reflected, must become more and more dear to memory. To us, who are now gathering the fruits of their labors who toiled not for themselves, the recollections of those toils, cannot fail to awaken the liveliest emotions of gratitude; and it should be no less an incitement to confirm and justify their hopes, than our own wishes for the future and permanent happiness of our race.

While we must acknowledge to a former age, a sincerity of zeal and singleness of patriotism, perhaps unsurpassed, we think it unnecessary, because it is unjust, to decry what is so often called the degeneracy of the present. If we see, even in the best men, an infusion of selfish motives, we can also discover, disinterested efforts to make the condition of our country, what it should be from the great promise of its beginning. In the infancy of our freedom, with all its facilities for attaining to distinguished honors, only men of eminent talents could rise to eminent stations, and men of integrity and principles alone, could embalm their names in honorable remembrance. To be numbered among that constellation of heroes who acted so distinguished a part in our early struggles is honor enough. To shine conspicuous there, is a glory permitted to but few of mortals. It was the good fortune of Mr. Ames to share that glory—a glory which will brighten and brighten to “the last syllable of recorded time.”

We do not speak of Mr. Ames to praise the severity of federalism, or to decry the laxity of democracy; but to contemplate his character as a man—the maturity of his wisdom, the perfection of his virtues, the brightness of his example.

The early period of our constitutional history is full of examples of patriotism, as ardent, of devotion to country as true and loyal, as any recorded in the annals of freedom;—of men who had no interest separate from the happiness of their country—

who knew no principle of action but duty, who sought no honor or reward, but that which arises in the breast conscious of its rectitude. And we have as just a cause of pride, that such men were our ancestors, as that we derived from them so priceless an inheritance; for to those who were influential in defending, not less than to those who were the immediate framers of our constitution, is due, in part, the honor of originating a system of government, which has shed its influence and its light throughout the civilized world. In times when the violence of party strife convulses to its very centre the whole fabric of society, when tempting allurements are held out, to make compliances with the rise and overthrow of parties, and the rewards of victory, it is consoling to find a man of sufficient discernment to point out the right course, and of that integrity which is alike uncorrupted by the promises of reward, and unmoved by the threats and buffets of opposition. He who rebukes the inactivity and supineness of his political coadjutors, while he resists the measures of his adversaries, shows to the world that the contest in which he is engaged, is not a contest of party, or promotion, but an act of duty, a defense of principle. But he who stakes his all upon the success of party, has only a claim to public fame, as perilous as it is frail. He cannot expect to rise but with the tide, and must not murmur if he sinks as it retires. And though compliance may make easy the acquisition of honors, it should not be forgotten, that honors gained without merit, are withheld without pity.

Examples of eminent talents, which have been faithfully exerted, and unvarying virtue which confirms their principles by an upright and consistent practice, should be held up to the public view, both as models of character, and an illustration of that lasting and deserved esteem which is the natural effect of a disinterested and well-intended endeavors. Real worth, though without that notoriety which is often mistaken for true honor, and denied those stations which it amply deserves, and would honorably maintain, cannot fail of finally securing that kind remembrance, that only homage which is worthy of regard, which will live when their names who have courted the applauses of the fickle and unreasoning multitude, shall have been forgotten, or remembered only with disgrace. Of that integrity and uprightness of character, of that sincere and honest devotion to duty and truth, which is neither led, nor swayed, by the aspiring and ambitious, the career of Mr. Ames was a happy illustration. As such, though his life was not faultless, though to his political creed there must be admitted exceptions, he was in all respects a patriot and an honest man. To such men, who enlightened the public mind by the wisdom of their principles, and taught lessons of self-government by the consistency of their practice, we owe the tribute of everlasting gratitude.

As a public man, he believed he could render more important service to his country, by resisting ill-founded opinions, than by devising schemes of government; and was less ambitious to make himself notorious, than to check the progress of evil. He saw more accurately, as well as more remotely, than most men, the tendency of measures; and to a keen perception of danger, he united a resolute determination to avert the calamities which impending dangers threatened. He could not sleep while the cloud, black, and big with destruction, was gathering to break upon us; nor cease to watch with untiring vigilance, while steering over the angry billows of contention and discord; but calling aloud to his country, to rise and gird on their armor, for he heard the footsteps of the enemy approaching—while he himself, rushed fearlessly forward, with spear uplifted, to the rescue! In admiration of such loyal and disinterested zeal, we should forget the contemptible distinction of federalist, or democrat, and look upon him as a man, in the noblest and holiest exercise of his powers; and receive with gratitude the benefits which he conferred, rather than look with an eye of censure, at the peculiar means by which they were rendered.

Mr. Ames was a member of Congress during the administration of Washington; a station, which, at that period, called for all the abilities of the wisest and best men; the duties of which he discharged in a manner highly honorable to himself and his constituents, and equally advantageous to the interests of the country. To that age, so fertile in great intellect, his was an ornament and an honor. He was equally respected for his talents, and beloved for his moral virtues. Among the eminent statesmen of that day, he had few equals; in the rectitude of his principles, and the purity of his virtues, he had no superiors. Violent as were party animosities, his name was never mentioned but with respect even by his political enemies, for they could not doubt the goodness of his heart, nor refrain from indulging in feelings of admiration, of the ability with which he defended his principles. The eloquence and force of his speech, softened the violence of opposition, and lent a charm and beauty to all his sentiments. He spoke, indeed, as a man should, with fearlessness and freedom—suffering neither defeat to damp his ardor, nor success to express itself in the display of triumph. Uniformly observing a singular and commendable prudence, he neither offended the prejudices, nor wounded the feelings of the opposition; yet exhibiting at all times, a resoluteness of principle, which corresponded with the importance of the object he endeavored to secure.

He lived at a time, when to be inactive was to be useless; and he felt deeply and powerfully, the force of the injunction,—“Do with thy might whatever thy hand findeth to do;” for “the night cometh when no man can work.” He thought and feared

he saw a night approaching the declining day, which would be succeeded by no cheering rays of morning. Held in fearful suspense between apprehensions of the fatal effects of party strife to the government, and hopes of its ability to sustain its assaults, he resolved to labor while labor was not yet hopeless. While others were desponding, he toiled with an unwearied diligence, and difficulties only presented new motives to exertion.

He had strong feeling, yet a calm and discriminating judgment, without inconsiderateness or precipitancy. Duty reigned in his breast with the "steadiness of a law of nature." In the strange mixture of good and evil of human nature, when unworthy motives discolor and darken the virtues of good men, it is delightful to find an example elevated above the envy, the prejudice, the ambition which enter so largely into the composition of human action. Such an example we find in Mr. Ames. And it is fortunate, that he held a conspicuous station, that his virtues might attract by their loveliness, and win by their own kind influence, the affection and esteem of mankind. It is delightful to meet a character so perfect in virtue, from another consideration. It relieves us from the necessity of indulging in such dark views of the mournful depravity of human nature. Mournful as it is, the dark shades of evil may be removed. It is a representative of that happy condition which would be our common lot, were human virtues what it might become.

It is unnecessary to speak of his works. They have been long before the world, and are the best commentary on his character. The impression which the perusal of them will produce, far exceeds all the feeble voice of praise can do. But to praise him, is not our object. Mere praise, from any source, could not brighten the luster of his fame. It is the influence of his character, his example, which is chiefly worthy of our admiration. He had no rivals; exalted virtue, refused place to envy, at the promotion of others. He was alone, like himself only, in the purity of his heart. Instead of repining, or relaxing in effort, when great men were elevated to stations of responsibility or honor, he rejoiced rather in the promises of good to his country. And what was his love of fame? Not a feverish, restless anxiety to do something which would force posterity to remember him; it was the desire, if the ardor of his love of duty and truth did not extinguish the desire, to be united to the company of the great and good of all ages.

Our country has indeed been fruitful in, and many will boast of her great men; but it is not every age which can claim a model in all respects so unexceptionable, and so worthy of imitation. Reason, and the force of moral principle, spoke audibly in his actions, and rendered more service to the progress of virtue, than the preachings of a thousand mercenary declaimers. When

the long array of evils were gathering, which had their origin in discordant counsels, and warring interests; consequences, which however, fatal to liberty, could not deter the ambitious from their purposes, we cannot too highly prize the influence of a man, who preferred duty to fame; who steadily advocated truth in spite of its adversaries. And we should cherish for him a gratitude as unmeasured as the blessings he helped to confer were invaluable.

He died in the midst of his activity and his usefulness, but he was already fitted for a divine abode! How well may that be said of him, which was spoken over the remains of one who was cut off in the midst of a career of usefulness,—“If he had lived longer, he might have reared a more enduring monument of fame for posterity; but his virtues could not have been more mature, or more endeared.” Such was Mr. Ames; the scholar, the statesman, the patriot, the christian; and probably such greatness and such goodness will never here receive its just reward.

The death of few public men has ever caused more universal sorrow; of none more heartfelt. And what is the true criterion of esteem? Not that temporary applause, which is gained without merit, and expires when the excitement which produced it is calmed; not the high places of power, which may have been occupied—for these are often conferred upon the most profligate and the most debased;—nor the host of hireling minions which may be held at bidding; for such the allurements of wealth can always call forth, or tyranny raise up to be its defenders. But it is the depth of that affection with which we cherish the man while living, and the weight of sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced, when removed from us. True respect can never be felt for a man, however brilliant or exalted his talents, unless they be adorned by virtue. The rank which posterity assigns to eminent men, is not determined by individual acts, but by the whole life, and the influence of their principles on the happiness of mankind. Mr. Ames was faultless in the former; the latter were salutary and widely felt. As a friend, he was the center of numerous and strong attachments; as a senator, he held, by the consent of all, the highest rank; as a man, few could be found so perfect. Elevated above those sordid motives which so often darken the character of the best men, he went forth like the morning star, in the purity of his life, and the brightness of his example. And though he no longer instructs us by that example, the memory of his virtues survives, and will live forever; for “thought, affection, piety, usefulness, do not die.”

He possessed that “strong divinity of soul,” which needs no guide, and follows no model. With a mind too discerning to be governed by prejudice, too great to be overawed by fears; he sought only for truth, and followed wherever her honest deductions bade him.

A character so mature in wisdom, so perfect in virtue, we cannot but admire and love. But we cannot do him justice. It required that discerning wisdom which can see the extent of his influence, and an exalted purity like his own, to estimate the worth of his example.

W. C.

THE FAIRIES' HOME.

METHOUGHT, as I stood on a jutting rock's side,
And gazed on the mirror of ocean's deep tide,
I saw through the wave,
In a coralline cave,
The queen of the fairies in past time and play,
Entwining her hair with the beams of the day.

I gazed on her beauty with transports of joy,
And longed to engage in the elfin employ,
So down through the wave,
To that coralline cave,
I plunged where the fairy-queen danced as she sung,
The sides of whose dome were with diadems strung.

The home of the fairies below the deep sea,
Seemed holy, and happy, and lovely to me;
Its breezes so pure,
And its joys so mature,
Delighted, entranced by the magical spell,
I roamed o'er its mountain, its rock, and its dell.

In meadow, in gardens, in bower and in glade,
Mid poplars and elms, with the zephyrs I played,
In sports like the fawn,
On the green velvet lawn,—
Each pool was a fountain, each bush had its rose,
And soft was the light as from Hesperus flows.

Long, long did I linger, those bright scenes around,
My senses enraptured, in ecstasy bound,
And oft through the wave,
To that coralline cave,
My fancy still goes in the dreams of the night,
To roam with the fairies those fields of delight.

MODERN LATIN ANTHOLOGY.

No. II.

PASQUIN AND MARFORIO.

MORE than three hundred years ago, there dwelt in the Eternal City, a certain cobbler,* Pasquin by name. A keen wit was he, and an unsparing satirist; a most industrious retailer of shoes and scandal. His shop grew quite famous, and soon became the general lounge of the small wits of the day, who all acknowledged the little cobbler as their leader.

"Sed omnes una manet nox," as old Flaccus hath it; (I believe Horace is the most genteel author to quote from, Messrs. Editors,) and that impartial old gentleman, who, as we are informed by the same high authority,

"Aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
Regumque turres—"

Walked into Pasquin's shop one day, and carried off the Aristophanes of the sixteenth century. Soon after his death, the statue of an ancient gladiator was found under the pavement of his shop. It was immediately set up, and by common consent, the name of Pasquin, was given to it; and the Roman satirists immortalized their friend by the anonymous lampoons, which they from time to time affixed to his namesake. Not long after, a statue of *Mars* was found in the *Forum*, (hence the name *Marforio*;) and this was erected at the other end of the city, as a sort of opposition to Pasquin; those personages who were attacked by one, being defended by the others. The Popes, who were not always the most virtuous of men, were the principal subjects of these satirical effusions.

The pasquinades were afterwards collected in two volumes, one containing the verse, and the other the prose lampoons. Every effort was made to suppress the work, and so successful were these exertions, that at one time, only a solitary copy remained in existence. This was purchased by Daniel Heinsius, who inscribed in it with his own hand, this stanza, commemorating its rarity, and the price it cost.

* There seems to be some dispute as to Pasquin's profession; D'Israeli, speaks of him as a knight of the thimble. The Encyclopedias maintain, that he was a cobbler. On the ground of analogy, I should be inclined to decide in favor of the latter, as I know of no tailor who ever attained any literary distinction, whereas there have been some cobblers, Gifford, for instance. "Sed non sit nostrum tantas componere lites."

"Roma meos fratres igni dedit; unica Phoenix,
Vivo, aureisque veneo centum Heinsio."*

"Rome burned my brothers, I alone remained,
Whom Heinsius for a hundred ducats gained."

But the work has since been multiplied, though it is still very rare.

The following epigrams may serve as samples of these pasquinades.

Alexander VI, was supposed to have obtained the Popedom, by intrigue and bribery. After his elevation, he made no scruple to dispose of various ecclesiastical honors to the highest bidder. His conduct is thus ironically defended by Pasquin:

"Vendit Alexander claves, altaria, cœlum,†
Emerat ille prius: vendere jure potest."

"Our Alexander sells the keys, the altars, heaven and hell—
He bought them first, and certainly he has a right to sell."

Leo X, was as we might suppose, a fertile subject for pasquinades. He was said to have died without receiving the sacrament. Hence the following sarcastic epigram:

"Sacra sub extremâ, si fortè requiritis horâ
Cur Leo non potuit sumere—Vendiderat."

"'Tis said, that when Leo was dying,
The sacrament passed by his door:
Do you ask why he did not then take it?
Poor man! he had sold it before."

Dr. Curtius, who was supposed to have hastened the death of Clement VII, by his prescriptions, is thus eulogized:

"Curtius occidit Clementem; Curtius auro
Donandus, per quem publica parva salus."

"Pope Clement died at Curtius' hands; sure Curtius has deserved
Reward, as a good patriot, who well the state has served."‡

* I suspect that D'Israeli, from whom this stanza is quoted, must have made some mistake in transcribing the second line. It should be a pentameter; but as it now stands, it is of no particular metre, that I can discover.

† D'Israeli has "Christum;" other authors quote the line as above.

‡ A similar occurrence took place at the death of Adrian VI. Adrian was virtuous and upright to a surprising extent, considering the age in which he lived. Indeed it was said of him, that he was too good a man to be a good Pope. But his stern and inflexible integrity so little pleased the corrupt courtiers of his time, that after his demise, which was supposed to have been occasioned by a blunder of his physician, the following inscription was affixed to the door of the unlucky son of Galen:

"Patris suae *Liberatori*.
S. P. Q. R."

In an epigram on Paul III, whose progeny seems to have been as troublesome as himself, the people are advised to strike at the root of the evil :

"Papa Medusaeum caput est coma turba nepotum,
Perseu cæde caput ; cæsaries periet."

"The Pope's Medusa's head ; his sons the Gorgon locks supply ;
Perseus cut off the head, and the locks are sure to die."

In another, the satirist intimates, that his silence would be particularly acceptable to the pontiff :

"Ut canerent data multa olim sunt Vatibus aera,
Ut taceam, quantum tu mihi, Paule, dabis?"

"In olden times by singing, did poets purses fill ;
Pray how much will you give me, good Paul, for keeping still."

Most courteous and respectable reader ! if I can collect sufficient material, (which is rather doubtful,) I purpose to inflict upon you another number, next term, Editoribus volentibus. If I cannot, perhaps you will not be very sorry—so adieu for the present.

CEBE.

AD HENRIETTAM ROSAE MORTEM LUGENTEM.

COMITES dulces habitare tecum
Splendidi flores soliti, Henrietta,
Qui omnibus gratum voluere odorem
Mittere semper.

Maximè Rosa, foliis ducenis
Lumen hortorum, decus atque florum
Omnia implevit suavitate amœnâ
Nocte diuque.

Concidit Rosa miserabilis flos !
Graviter lugent moritura mater
Arbor, et vultus oculi tuique.
Flebile visu !

Flectitur nullâ pietate casus ;
Incidit rosis pariterque amicis.
Aspice ad cœlum ! juvat haud videre
Te lachrymantem.

GULIELMUS.

TALLEYRAND.

BY F. EGO BROWNE, ESQ.

I.

MAURICE, dear Maurice, hear me—one word—nay, frown not so fiercely upon me. It is I, your poor Adèle, who, who, loves you too well to “——.”

Overcome by her passion, the fair speaker burst into tears. Covering her beautiful face with her hands, through which the bright drops gushed, she threw herself upon a sofa near, and sobbed as though her gentle heart would break.

The young man stood perfectly still; his keen eyes now bent upon the floor, and now wandering to the girl’s reclining form, while his hand grasped tightly a bit of paper, evidently the object of his indignation.

“Weep not Adèle, *mignonne*,” he said, “little cares Talleyrand, for such poor slights as these. Hush, hush thy sobbing; let me kiss away these tears. Now what think you is written here?” and he held up the ruffled and torn billet. “Here ’tis said, the house of Périgord, disdains to bequeath its ancient title to the owner of—what think you?—*a club-foot*!—Yes, look there—and he pointed to the deformed member—*this* banishes me from home; this deprives me of my hereditary rights, and ’tis this, chère Adèle, shall be my guardian deity, my household god. Convenient too, for wherever I go, I may bear it with me.” He laughed scornfully.

“Cousin,” replied Adèle, “I see no cause for your bitter words. You know well enough what reason, your father has for sorrow, nay even anger. No wonder, when he sees you, every night returning, with the marks of frays and tumult about you, and hears everybody speaking of you, as the adored hero of a thousand disorderly scenes, slanders though they be, ’tis no wonder, indeed it is not, that he should write thus unkindly. Now confess, Maurice, ——

But he interrupted her. “Unkindly! I tell you, my little cousin, I am *discarded, disinherited*. To night my father, yes, my *father*, gives a splendid *fête*, and my elegant and accomplished brother is to take my place at his right hand. Shall I behold him there? Yes, once, and then, hey for the Sorbonne! Will they recognize in the ardent and laborious student, in the reserved frequenter of libraries and halls of philosophy, the *blasé, roué* incarnate devil, Talleyrand. Ah! will they, belle ami?”

“I could even laugh at the idea myself, Maurice,” was the answer.

"Laugh if you will ; things still stranger than this have happened. Gabriel Mirabeau, you know him, Adèle? well, he too has been forced to leave the home of his ancestors, and by his dear father, and he has told me of much, that may be done for their own advancement, by those who defy fortune, and can bring to the work, cool heads and bold hearts. Look out over the city. Every thing seems calm and peaceful. You can hear the sounds which betoken tranquility and the undisturbed occupation of the inhabitants. But, by and by, will come a new *régime*; the ball has already begun to roll, and its dimensions daily increase. When a few years have passed away, the present powerful lords of the realm may dwell in the humble cottages of those, who will then sit upon their golden thrones. Who knows but even the *discarded* then may" —

"Hush ! for heaven's sake and mine, do not indulge these terrible fancies. Oh ! when you have gone, what will become of Adèle?"

"My brother" —

"What of him?"

"Bestow your smiles there. He will know well enough their worth."

"Maurice."

"Adèle."

"Do you seek to wound the heart ; that is all, all your own?"

"No ! no ! but this cursed letter seems to clothe every object with the sad and sombre hues of disappointment."

"Shall you come to night?"

"Perhaps."

"O ! come—banish that dismal frown from your brow, and be there as you were wont ; cheerful and smiling. You will."

"Dearest Adèle !"

"You will?"

"Yes, for the last time ; and so, one soft, sweet kiss ; nay, no struggle—here let me breathe my fond, fond *Adieu*."

II.

Ah ! how little do we know, we poor republicans, whom fortune binds to our native land, of the splendor and magnificence of the nobility ! And of all people under the sun, who doat so fondly upon pomp and display as Parisians ?

The Prince de Périgord, gave a grand and sumptuous fête, and as a fête should always be—of masks. Aromatic perfumes filled the saloons, with a delightful fragrance ; the halls glittered with light reflected from a hundred gemmed chandeliers. Soft, lulling music, such as we hear in dreams, marked the commencement of the festivity, but, anon, as the merriment of the revelers increased, as the stately *pavanne* gave way to the rapid

waltz, the minstrels sounded wild and stirring accompaniments. There were real princes and citizens, and false princes and citizens, priests and warriors, prophets and mountebanks ; all appeared in appropriate costume. The mask covered all deformities ; no, not *all* ; but it could not conceal *beauty*. The dark veil might shroud the lustrous charms of the nun's countenance ; but when she raised the white and glittering cross, suspended from her swan-like neck, she displayed the rounded fulness of her arm, the whiteness of her small hand, and the taper of the slender fingers, as well as the pretty little foot and ankle, peeping out from under the folds of the monastic robe.

The Prince de Périgord, unmasked, as the giver of the feast, passed through the apartments, and his bright eye glistened with pleasure, as he beheld the glitter of the revel and the gayety of his guests. He was tall and his form nobly proportioned. By his side, walked the pride of his family, his youngest son ; far surpassing his father, in elegance and grace of demeanor. Worthy descendants of the sovereigns of Quercy ! Worthy the title of the most handsome men in Paris, at a time when handsome men were not rarely seen.

But see ! some one in the ermined robes of a Bishop approaches. A pair of star-like eyes glitter through the velvet loop-holes of his mask. Listen ! his reverence speaks ; his voice is low and tremulous, one would think, disguised.

"My son, if the blessings of a cowled monk can avail aught to the increase of your happiness, it is freely given."

"Thanks, reverend father, may we ever enjoy and merit the blessing of holy men."

"This young man by your side—who is he ?"

"My son, the hope and stay of my house."

"Ha ! this then is he of whom I have heard so much—the disturber of men's peace ; he whose eye charms away the judgment, and whose tongue completes the victory. This is Maurice de Talleyrand !"

"Breathe not that name, holy sir, for it is accursed. He is no longer son of mine. The gambler—the adulterer—the forsworn, who seeks the society of the *canaille*, leaving his place vacant in the halls of his father, bears no longer the name of Périgord. You are mistaken in your guest ; this is his brother."

"Tell me, my honored host, where now is he of whom you have spoken—the unhappy object of your anger ?"

"He left my house this morning, for he was told that his presence was no longer desired, or to be endured. Whither he has gone, I know not."

"And did you feel no regret, no secret sorrow ?"

"Sorrow ! ah no, poor boy,—he was *défiguré*."

The robes of the Bishop flutter, as extending his arm like a prophet, he muttered : "The time will be when the floods shall

come, and the winds blow, and beat about your house, and it shall not fall,—for the son you have disowned, true to his blood and birth, shall rescue you when there is no other arm to save. Farewell, and remember.”

Drawing his robe more closely around him, the Bishop slowly retired. The father and son passed on.

Brighter and still more bright shine the lamps “o’er fair women and brave men.” The instruments breathe harmonies more thrilling and celestial. Noiselessly the fair feet of the beauties glide in the swift and mazy dance. Bosoms are heaving, cheeks are burning, hearts are throbbing, hand meets hand, and all goes “merry as a marriage bell.”

“By my sword, Prince, Paris hath seen no gayer scene than this, thanks to your hospitality.”

This was said by a young man in the dress of a French officer, whose rank might be that of Lieutenant. He was stoutly built and with little grace. He wore no mask. His head was uncommonly large. A pair of intelligent blue eyes redeemed his face from the charge of stolidity. He had one peculiarity in his features about the mouth, for his lips seemed to be painfully compressed, as if with an affectation of decision.

“And can the studious Napoleon desert his learned avocations to honor my poor festival with his presence?”

“The toils of the camp and the pleasures of the court are, thank Heaven, not incompatible, Prince. But, prithee, kind host, what has become of the gay Maurice? I see him not here. I always think of him with affection; he has often been my *camarade*.”

“Unhappy boy! he has left us forever.”

“Whither has he gone?”

“I know not,—his vices, his crimes have separated him from his family.”

“Prince! mark me,—that boy will yet become a great and distinguished leader. I have noted him in our intercourse. His knowledge of the human heart, his keen perception, and his wonderful decision, will yet make him as resistless as”——

“Buonaparte?”

“You flatter; but it is my conviction.”

“Enjoy it—he was your friend.”

“And is so still,—but hold; Junot is beckoning me. Prince, adieu!”

Then came a splendid display of fireworks. The grand illuminations of Tivoli were nothing so gorgeous. The gardens, bright with a soft and mellow light, needed no oriental perfumes, though they had them; for here were frail and fragrant exotics, all blooming and budding as joyously, as though wasting their fragrance on their own desert air.

What is more delicious than the shelter of a bower—softly lit—when the queen of stars is sailing up the sky, her glittering veil

floating over sea and subject land? But if it is a source of delight so exquisite to sit alone, will not joy become rapture when the dear one hides her blushes in the bosom of her betrothed!

So thought Adèle. She thought she was alone. She sighed for the voice and presence of her lover. She looked at her Nun's habiliments, and again she sighed—for the dawn of the morrow was to separate her forever from the most loved being in the world.

"Will he not come to say, farewell?" she said. "Ah! should he be driven in despair to commit some crime or horrid outrage—this would be worse than death. Too well I know his wild nature, to think he will become the calm and sober student he told of. Grant, holy Mother! grant him peace and joy!"

The flowing robe of the Bishop darkened the door of the arbor.

"Bless thee, fair sister, for thy prayer."

"Maurice! is it thou?"

"Even so,—these sacred robes become me, do they not, Adèle? No one under this disguise would detect the banished *défiguré*."

"Forever brooding over that slight mishap!"

"It has deprived me of a home."

"Whither will you go?"

"Into retirement—deep, deep solitude—there will I dwell and mature my plans. A new order of things may come round, and with it prosperity, and that which is still nearer my heart—*Revenge*."

"Will you never come to console Adèle for your desertion?"

"Yes, often,—but thou must conceal my visits. Here, in the privacy of these bowers, we may meet undisturbed, till Talleyrand can bear you his, *honored bride*, to his own palace. Ha! some intruder approaches. Ever thus—ever doomed to disappointment. Farewell, Adèle; weep not so bitterly, dearest,—soon shall you see me again. Once more, farewell!"

The guests begin to depart; for the morning dawn has surprised them in the midst of their festivity. The music ceases—the "lights are fled"—the merry maskers return their thanks to the Lord of the festival, who wearied with the excitement and toil of the entertainment, beholds with joy, his "banquet hall deserted."

III.

On the celebrated day of the Federation, the city of Paris presented a lively and striking scene. The Days of Terror had just passed by, and their horrors were still fresh in the recollection of the inhabitants. The star of Napoleon was now lord of the ascendant, and under his patronage exiles and refugees returned to their beloved France. But woe to him who cherished loyal affection for the *ancien régime*! The Bourbon no longer sat upon the throne. The Emperor and his Generals, and the

great men whom his discriminating genius had selected from those multitudes who sought wealth and distinction in the dreadful scenes of the revolution, now directed the movements and policy of the French nation. Wonderful changes took place. Of the friends of the royal family, some were scattered through foreign lands, and others were hiding themselves in the suburbs of Paris, and the villages of the kingdoms, deprived of wealth and honors, and comforting themselves as well as they could, with faint hopes of future restoration to dignity.

To none was the reverse more painful than the Prince de Périgord. He belonged to a race whose wealth was as boundless as their pride, and his life had been passed in the presence of royalty, where he was ever a welcome and honored guest. Bound to the court by such ties, he became the conspicuous object of proscription. He remained in his palace until his life was threatened, and then, in sorrow and humiliation, left it for a humble dwelling, in a retired district of the city. He was now childless, for the heir of his name and title, resisting the commands of the new government, died within the walls of the Bastille. Of his remaining child, his reflections were bitter indeed. Sorrow had so softened his stern nature, that he could not but consider him the victim of cruel prejudices. Of his fate he knew nothing. Once he heard of him as buried in the shades of the Sorbonne ; and again, that he had visited foreign lands ; but his face he had never seen, since the day when he was driven from his home. It was then he found, nor for the first time, how fond and soothing was the attention of his faithful niece. Adèle was ever cheerful, her spirits ever buoyant. Her gentle voice was ever whispering hope and future happiness. Her soft hands smoothed the gray hairs upon his aged and furrowed brow. When she was near him, he forgot his grief, and to her guidance he entirely surrendered himself. She it was who warned him that the soldiers of the government were haunting his Chateau, and that instant flight alone could preserve him from destruction. How she discovered all this, the old man wondered ; but upon the subject her lips were always sealed, and to his anxious inquiries she only replied with a laugh and a jest.

On the morning of the famous day above mentioned, the streets of Paris were thronged with citizens and soldiers. Strong patrols of cavalry were constantly seen passing towards the court of the Louvre. The *Cafés* were thrown open, and crowded with numerous idlers in their holiday dress. Here might be seen a picturesque *bivouac*, and there the passage of a splendid cortège. The Boulevards, the Palais Royal, and all the places of public resort, were filled with crowds evidently expecting some uncommon occurrence.

The dwelling of the Prince de Périgord was in the Rue St. Méry. He lived alone with his niece, on the first floor of an

angular, old fashioned building. How different was his position now, from that on the night of the fête, when with his son hanging upon his arm, he was the proud entertainer of the noblest men in France!

The old man had just risen from his oaken arm chair, to look out upon the noisy bands constantly passing the window, when Adèle, simply but tastefully attired, came dancing into the room. Her raven tresses were braided, like a Grecian beauty's, over her white forehead. A Cashmere was negligently flung over a dress of fleecy whiteness. Her eyes sparkled like two bright gems. There was innocence, and health, and beauty. She wore the straw hat of a *grisette*, but it could not hide the brilliancy of her complexion—her fresh and indescribable loveliness.

"Uncle, uncle," she cried, "take your cane and hat, and let us walk to the Louvre; there will be a glorious sight there to-day. Napoleon is going to address the citizens; the troops will all be there, and the Empress is to appear in the court, with her children, and the Bishop of Autun is to bless the Emperor and his family!"

The old man sighed. "Adèle," he said, "would you have me gaze upon the triumphs of my enemies, and the pride of those who have driven their rightful king from his throne?"

"Nay,—but uncle," she replied, "who knows whom we shall see there? Perhaps we shall meet some kind friend, who will recognize us, distressed as we are, and intercede with the Emperor for our pardon."

"No—no," returned the Prince, "there is not one left now, to succor the last offspring of the house of Périgord."

Again he sighed, for he thought of the child that was dead, and of him whose early prospects his own rashness had blighted.

"Now, father, do for this once consent, and oblige your Adèle."

"My child—my dear, dear child—for you I will do any—every thing; your life has been embittered by my sorrow; I consent."

"I am grateful, indeed I am," said Adèle, "And I dreamed last night that something would come of this day's spectacle. I had a golden dream of a Palace and a long train of courtiers, gorgeously attired—a dream of luxury and magnificence. But come, here is your cloak, uncle. Now, do you hear the sound of the tocsin—the loud roar of the cannon, and the shouts of the people? Oh! it will be a splendid sight!"

While Adèle was thus gaily giving loose to her ecstasies, she guided the old lord down the stone steps into the streets. It was nearly noon. The suburbs were mostly vacated; the vast mass of inhabitants were pressing onwards to the Louvre, to witness the consummation of their patriotic hopes.

The garden or plain behind the Louvre was destined to be the scene of the ceremony. The French troops, drawn up in order about the Court, presented the most remarkable specimen of military display in the world. A temporary balcony had been raised, spread with gorgeous and costly carpets, and decorated with the insignia of the Emperor, and illustrations commemorating his most distinguished victories. Upon it were erected a throne and fauteuils, for the Emperor and the illustrious members of his court, over which waved the Oriflamme—the national standard—as much adored as though under its waving folds defeat were impossible.

The military then began to perform a series of complicated revolutions, a matter of but small pains to those who had learned their tactics at Austerlitz and Moscow.

There was a flourish of trumpets, and amid the acclamations of his subjects and the ringing *bruit* of artillery, the grand object of these preparations presented himself to the public eye. By his side walked the famous Bishop of Autun, arrayed in gorgeous pontifical robes, and bearing in his hand a golden cross. The Emperor had changed but little since the night at the palace of Périgord. If at all, his eye was brighter and more restless, and his form somewhat more compact; but there were the same compressed lips and tranquil features. The appearance of the Bishop of Autun was remarkable. He had the air and manners of a man of rank. His eye was unspeakably dark and penetrating. There was an habitual sneer upon his upper lip, which was full and voluptuous. His person was massive and apparently unwieldy, though in consequence of his priestly attire, its outline could not be well distinguished. But, save the expression of his eye, there was nothing to reveal the workings of his mind. His features seem to be moulded in bronze, so complete was their immobility.

He smiled exultingly as he addressed Napoleon.

“Sire! you have won the hearts of the French people.”

The Emperor made no reply, but advancing to the edge of the Balcony, waved his hand to the multitude. At once silence reigned throughout the vast assemblage. All eyes were fastened upon the beloved form of the Conqueror; every ear was open and eager to catch the least sound of his voice.

“FRENCHMEN!

This is a glorious and patriotic spectacle; this day repays, more than repays me, for all my toils. The citizens of Paris, ever foremost in the discharge of their duty, have this day surpassed themselves. Frenchmen! behold the standard—the colors of France. It is to my Generals you owe it, that they now wave over the throne, spotless and unstained. It is to my Ministers you owe it, that justice is equally administered in France. To them your

gratitude is due. To-day the venerable Bishop of Autun will consecrate the alliance so publicly and solemnly celebrated.

"Vive la France! Vive la patrie!"

The air was rent with the shouts of the multitude. The cries—"Vive l'Empereur," and "Vive l'évêque d'Autun," were mingled together.

Adèle and her uncle had, with marvellous difficulty, succeeded in pressing near enough to distinguish the features of the different actors in the celebration. Boast as you will of sharp elbows, broad shoulders, fierce countenance and consummate impudence, for making their way through a crowd, but a beautiful woman—as she can any where else—there too will prevail. At any rate, Adèle did, but she had to encounter bold glances and sly winks, and listen to many a coarse though not ill meant jest.

"Voilà! la belle soubrette!" "Ciel! c'est une ange!" and such like ejaculations were frequently repeated around her, and she gladly sought refuge among a bevy of fair dames whose lovely and tender forms, opposed an impervious barrier to the encroachments of the polite citizens.

She pointed out to her uncle those persons upon the Balcon, whose faces she knew, and the prince recognized among them many an associate in the days of his prosperity. He read in the face of Napoleon, the stern decision which condemned himself to obscurity, and his eye dwelt with glad relief upon the placid beauty of Josephine and Hortense, who stood just behind.

The Bishop of Autun advances; his countenance beams with sacred fire. He raises his eyes to Heaven and consecrates the union of the emperor and the people.

"Adèle!" murmurs the trembling prince; "whose is that voice—that form?"

She replies not. He turns to look upon her. Tears stand in her eyes, but a smile is on her lip,

"Speak, girl!" he passionately exclaimed. "Is it a dream, or do the dead leave their graves, to reproach their living oppressors? Is it—Is it—"

"Maurice!"

Mute and pale stands the prince. "Gaze on, old man, 'tis thy son—'tis *Talleyrand*—and as in the warmth of his zeal, he raises his robes, thou may'st discern the hated *foot*—the origin of thy unnatural persecution!"

His resolution is taken—hurriedly he starts forward. With difficulty Adèle succeeds in keeping by his side, for the frame of her uncle seems endowed with the energy of youth. The crowd give way before him. The soldiers gaze upon him, as though he were a mad man. He is at the foot of the stage; his straining eye is fixed upon the majestic form of his offspring.

Suddenly he extends his arms, and in a faint voice cries—"My son!"

The Bishop starts and gazes intently upon the figure before him. A moment,—and the father and his child are clasped in a fond and mutual embrace.

"Pretty Adèle! art thou happy now?"

"Pardon, my dear son, for my cruel, cruel injustice!"

"My forgiveness is easily obtained; but there is another, more powerful than I, whose favor you must seek. Come with me, *mon cher père*, and see how gracious a master I serve."

"Sire!" he continued, "you have often expressed a wish to reward me in some way, for what you consider my invaluable services. Here is the Prince de Périgord, who sues for pardon and protection. I myself will vouch for his loyalty."

"Granted as soon as asked," said the Emperor. "The Prince will recollect what a certain lieutenant prophesied twenty years ago. But stay—the people are wondering what all this may mean. Tell them, Eugene, that the good Bishop of Autun has found his father, and I shrewdly surmise," he added in a lower tone, "something dearer still."

The renewed *vivats* of the populace, announced their acquaintance with the source of this curious scene.

"And the Prince will remember, also, the prediction of the masked Bishop, when the real Bishop assures him, he has found his *Revenge*."

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY SHELDON COLLINS, A MEMBER OF THE SENIOR,
GLASS, WHO WAS DROWNED IN NEW HAVEN HARBOR, MARCH 9TH, 1839,
AGED 20 YEARS.

HEARD ye that moan? It was the dirge
Of ocean's deep and foaming surge,
O'er one whose bosom glowed
At yester-noon with youth's gay pride,
But o'er whose corse the evening tide,
With sullen murmur flowed.

Ye hear the billows' heavy swell—
Ye list as to a funeral knell,
With trembling lips and pale;
It moaneth long—still moaneth there;
It saddens music to despair,
With its deep muttered wail.

Ye saw the sun go down in gloom,
 As if descending to the tomb,
 With wailing winds, and clouds;
 Ye heard, ye went, and from the wave
 Ye bore a tenant for the grave,
 Whom early darkness shrouds.

He went with buoyant heart and glee,
 With laughter's voice, and heart as free
 As morning's playful breath;
 He went with hopes that brightly burned
 In his young heart, but ne'er returned,—
 Life's pulse was stilled in death.

I saw ye stand his bier around,
 And from your ranks, nor voice, nor sound,
 In that still hour was heard:
 I saw ye gazing on his deep repose,
 I saw ye mark life's early close,—
 Ye felt your bosom stirred.

Ye walked with slow and measured tread,
 Your thoughts all fixed upon the dead—
 Your comrade, and your friend;
 Ye saw kind hearts in sorrow melt,
 Ye saw, and in your own ye felt
 Ye had a tear to lend.

Ye deeply mourned—yet not as those
 Who did their highest hopes repose
 In him their son and brother;
 Theirs was the anguish that doth rise,
 When death hath sundered nature's ties,—
 An anguish like no other.

Mourn hence for them; the silent dead
 Rests calmly in his lowly bed,
 Where kindred hands have laid him;
 And o'er his grave at dewy eve,
 Shall softly breathing zephyrs grieve,
 And flowers ever shade him.

J. C.

 THE EDITORS TO THE READERS.

IN confiding to others the management of the Yale Literary Magazine, our feelings not less than custom, prompt us to add a few parting words; nor do we fear that we shall be accused of presumption or vanity, if amid the regrets of separation, there blends a tone of confidence and hope. The experience of another year has dissipated the few misgivings which lingered in the minds of some, and established the Magazine

upon the same basis upon which rest the transmitted usages and institutions of college—upon a class pride, emulous of former attainments, quickened into a generous and persevering action, by the ever accumulating motives of utility and advantage. To the support of these, united also to that interest so generally evinced for the success of the Magazine throughout the Institution, we cheerfully commit its future growth; confident that they will sustain it in an energy and vigor, which will be equalled only by the beauty it will borrow from the ripening hand of improvement.

From the reciprocal action of the Magazine upon the production of literary talent, we anticipate much. We knew not what resources were hidden in this intellectual mine, until we had planted a shaft; and not a little did it surprise the first pioneers to discover the most varied riches, where they were told they should meet only the same dull material which covered the surface. With what success, explorations have since been conducted, it is not for us to decide; that they have not furnished out a Cabinet to which many of us will resort with pleasure and interest, will scarcely be affirmed. We have only to review the volumes which have already appeared, to convince us how many thoughts are there treasured, which had otherwise been hidden beneath the rubbish of study, or passed away with the moment which gave them birth.

College literature has often been reproached with the charge of insipidity and vagueness. To the justice of the censure, we have nothing to reply; we are at a loss, however, to discover the reason why those upon whom it has fallen, should have rendered themselves obnoxious to such an imputation. Study is not surely incompatible with the production of thought and sentiment; the familiar contemplation of classic models, ought to promote a clear and elegant diction. Warmth and enthusiasm are the best pledges of animated, vivid sketches; while a calm, philosophic temperament, prompts those deeper and more placid views, which please the staid, the unruffled and thoughtful.

The scope allowed to subjects in a Magazine like ours, is almost unlimited. To the didactic, the imaginative and sentimental, to the wrinkled and smooth, to the sombre and airy, we offer a place. Thought and fancy—the elaborate, dignified Essay—the sportive, flexile Tale—Description, with its rainbow hues—and Morality, with solemn port and mein, may here stand in motley mosaic.

It has been our earnest endeavor to foster in our pages, an open and manly tone of thought, to encourage freedom and ease of style, and above all, to select from our materials, such a variety as would best suit the diversified tastes of those to whom we have paid our monthly visits. If in the discharge of our duties to the Magazine, we have offended the feelings of any, we beg him not to carry his ill-will beyond this page. *Errare est humanum*, and we claim no exemption from the common failings of mankind.

To our own class, we owe many thanks. Their liberal and generous support, their uniform kindness and indulgence, merit our warmest remembrance. To them and to all, we tender a respectful *Farewell*.

CHARLES HAMMOND,	} Editors from the Class of 1839.
RICHARD D. HUBBARD,	
HENRY R. JACKSON,	
ISAAC P. LANGWORTHY,	
JOHN D. SHERWOOD,	

Yale College, April, 17, 1839.

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TO OUR READERS.

FELLOW STUDENTS,

AN opinion that the days of original thought and reflection are almost over with the world, has not been without its supporters. In modern days, a communication with the greatest minds that have adorned the past or the present age, an easy access to all the most important events that this changing world has witnessed, and a faithful knowledge of those high spirits who have always been alike the representatives and the teachers of their respective generations; all these aids may be brought to bear upon every one who has enterprise enough to seek them. It is not then a theme for wonder that limited minds should be indebted to others for much of that intellectual vigor which they deem their own. But man is originally the same in all ages; and if minds differed in ancient times, they will always differ. A true intellect is cast in its own mould, and must hold a separate place in the scale of intelligences. But notwithstanding its firm, intrinsic nature, it is still capable of refinement and modification in a thousand ways by contact with others. With this truth in prospect, all may go forward, and those who cannot instruct their fellows, may at least improve themselves. To do either, an early beginning and constant practice are the surest warrant of complete success. Whoever would be eminent or useful should begin in season to lay the foundation, and then, if he rears an edifice, it will be secure and worthy of implicit reliance. But, to men who are designed for public action, thought is not the only requisite: the mind must be polished by actual practice and taught to impart as well as acquire instruction. As members of an institution like this, we believe nothing better calculated to promote our object than some repository where our mutual labors shall meet at the same time with the close inspection of critics, and the pardoning spirit of brothers; where preparation may be made for a field of wider employment and more serious exercise; and where we need not fear the chill voice of tried experience, which, wrapped

in its own maturity, forgets the slow gradations by which it was attained, and condemns youth for not being manhood. Whatever is here deposited has a peculiar charm imparted to it from a thorough acquaintance with the author; we know the source from whence it sprung, and every contributor to these pages is present in person. By such means the actions and sentiments of the individual are both before us, and each serves to illustrate the other. Opinion is free to reject the bad or extol the good, for this is a place of perfect liberty and equality. There is here no authority of great names to sanctify an absurdity, or cover a conceit; each must hold his legitimate place and rely entirely upon his natural merit. Every one who is fledged may test the strength of his wings, and if he cannot fly at first, nay, should he even "make an unearthly fluttering," let him remember that long courage and effort should precede despair. The magazine which your kindness has entrusted to our care is in good health, of a sound constitution, and remains without a symptom of consumption or decay. From its first establishment its growth has been gradual, yet perceptible; it has superseded public prejudice, and now stands fairly and plainly, a credit to those who sustain it. In forming an estimate of its merit, we hope our readers will bear in mind two things. One is, that these are the productions of youth, and cannot with reason, be supposed to contain the perfect ripeness and judgment of later life or longer exertion. Spring is usually the time to gather flowers,—summer and autumn may best warrant the search of perfected fruit. And as fancy spies the loaded tree through the medium of its blossoms, so he who peruses these pages should regard the authors, not so much for their present worth, as for their future promise. A knowledge of facts and a cultivated understanding, is far from being the only requisite of good writing; experience is as desirable here as in the principles of government or the practice of war. The other charge, good reader, with which we would burden your memory is the following; that our publication is in one respect like a wandering Arab, without any fixed means of subsistence: confident of some support, but ignorant of its nature. Spare your wonder, then, even if some solitary number should evince signs of poverty, and let your happy benevolence hide a multitude of faults. For ourselves we have only to say, that were it not for the high confidence which your able correspondence has justly inspired, we might be disheartened; but as it is, no apology will be offered on our part, nor any expression of inability, but seconded by your efforts, we will go on secure of your approval. If we may not be dignified, we will at least be simple; and if excellence is denied us, we will endeavor not to forget that modesty is the best excuse for weakness.

Respectfully,

THE EDITORS.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE EARLY PROTESTANTS.

"Mens agitat molem."

Few subjects present so wide and interesting a field of inquiry as the progress of society. Enlarging its limits as we advance in knowledge, and adapting itself in one or more of its aspects to the taste and capacity of every mind, it never loses the charm of novelty, nor fails to repay the most diligent research. Even the obscurity which shrouds so many circumstances, and the doubt that must often attend our examination of the changes which society has seen, are unable to abate the interest with which we always recur to times long since gone by. This instinctive curiosity to know all that can be told of those who have lived before us, will, however, by its eagerness, often lead us to forego reflection; to believe accounts unsupported by evidence; and even make us the dupes of imposture. Especially are we liable to this danger, when the 'enchantment which distance lends' to the subject of our inquiry, is secured in its power to charm, by our own imperfect knowledge, or by the bias of preconceived opinion. Hence the endless disputes upon almost every important event in history, fostered as they are, not less by our love of contradiction than by an apparent impossibility in some cases of finally deciding where the truth really may be. How for instance shall we account for the barbarism of the middle ages? In following civilized man from the brilliant era of Augustus through the declining years of the empire to that dark day when he even lost sight of himself, and forgot the end of his creation, we are presented with one of the greatest problems in the annals of our race:—How could man bury himself in ignorance? How yield his noble faculties, that had cast off the superstitions of pagan Rome, to a slavery but little less degrading? Besides being foreign to our present purpose, these questions are too difficult for us to answer; and their difficulty must still increase as science and learning continue to pour their genial influence upon the world. As the human mind advances towards perfection, the gloom which hangs over this sad period of its history will only thicken by the contrast, and the mystery of its former bondage become still more impenetrable. In our investigations of the past we cannot then be too guarded, lest the judgments we may pronounce upon particular events be swayed by error or prejudice. That charity too 'which thinketh no evil' should by all means be shown to the opinions of men un-

blest with the privileges of our day ; and their conduct be tried by the temper of their own times, and not by the refined and enlightened sentiment of the nineteenth century.

With these cautions in view we approach the subject before us, though fully conscious that from its extensive scope we must fail to do it justice in the limits to which we are confined.

The legal establishment of Christianity by Constantine has often been assigned as the cause of all those corruptions which subsequently crept into the church. Without stopping to canvass the truth of this assertion, suffice it to say, that it was perhaps well for mankind that there was formed in that age a union of the secular with the spiritual power. Despotism alternating with imbecility in the government of the empire, had gradually undermined all the authority which the laws derived, either from the fears, or the affections of the people ; and the discontent which arose from long misrule, by ripening into anarchy, made Europe an easy prey to those savage hordes which soon after overwhelmed her. Society being thus overspread with barbarism, and almost a chaos, the institutions of Christianity stood alone the landmarks of civilization. The only hope, the last inheritance of Christians, now lay in their religion ; and it was but natural that they should have reposed a blind confidence in those who guarded its mysteries. Thus was it, when the church was 'a single column standing in the midst of a world of ruins,' that she attained her fearful ascendancy. We are not then to regard the Papacy as a splendid scheme of imposture devised by some arch deceiver, and transmitted from age to age only to support an arrogant and ambitious priesthood. To our view, it was the creature of circumstances, the monstrous progeny of a barbarous age ; whose deformity the Reformation first fully revealed, but which still remains unseen by half the world.

It might not be altogether proper for us here to inquire, to what extent the mental degradation of Europe for so many centuries may be referred to the policy of the church of Rome, or even to offer an opinion upon that delicate and oft mooted point, without supporting it by an ample detail of facts. In regarding however the Reformation, as the grand result of the revival of letters, the starting point of emancipated Reason in her bright subsequent career, we are not to be rashly opposed. Every page in the history of the last three centuries is beaming with this great truth. Nor, when we ascribe the present enjoyment of our richest blessings to the triumph of Protestantism, may we be justly charged with prejudice or perversion. We value our rights too highly not to *know* through what instrumentality they have been secured. It is therefore vain to tell us either plainly or by implication that we are falsely honoring the reformers in calling them the fathers of our freedom. The first mind which caught a

glimpse of man's highest prerogative—liberty of conscience, was that of John Wicliff, the 'morning star of the Reformation.' The influence of his writings, especially of his translation of the New Testament, heralded as they were by the fiercest denunciations of the Vatican, was felt in the remotest parts of the continent. John Huss, and his pupil Jerome of Prague, nobly seconded what Wicliff had begun in England ; but their efforts were easily overborne by the resistless power of the priesthood, and their last testimony to the truth was given amid flames kindled by the Council of Constance. Another century rolled darkly over Europe, till circumstances well known to all aroused the spirit of Luther, who, with an intrepidity which nothing but the firmest assurance of truth could have given, boldly challenged the authority which dared to deny man the free use of his Creator's noblest gift. The principles he taught at once provoked the fiercest hostility of the ecclesiastics, and were quickly recognized by the Pope and Catholic princes as having a tendency to overthrow despotism of every kind.* It adds nothing to the merit of those principles to say they were new ; nor does Luther's reputation as the author of the greatest revolution society has ever witnessed, at all suffer by denying to him their paternity. Such paternity was never avowed ; for they claim a higher source in being the only inference from the innate endowments of the mind. The possession of our faculties implies a title, nay a command from God for their exercise ; and as it is by his reason alone that man can be said to know what duty is, so to impose that as a duty upon which neither reason nor conscience is allowed to determine, is to compel man to obey a fellow rather than his God. This great principle then—the right and duty of private judgment, Luther, though not its discoverer, nevertheless first successfully maintained against the opposite doctrine of the church of Rome. And though he may not have fully comprehended its entire scope, nor foreseen the magnificent results it was destined to effect in releasing Reason from her long thralldom ; still the deepest gratitude is due to him and his compeers for being the earliest champions of a truth which we regard as the basis of all freedom. It was moreover for their triumphant assertion of the right of free inquiry that the reformers received and still retain the undying hatred of the papal hierarchy.† The ground, the turning point of their controversy with Protestants has ever been the same. It was the avowal

* Francis I, remarked to Brantome, a Catholic historian, that " this novelty (the Reformation) tends to the overthrow of all monarchy, divine and human," *scil.* the popedom and the throne of the Capets.

† Every year in the service for Holy Thursday the Pope thus proclaims the changeless principles of his church : *Nos igitur vetustum et solemnem hunc morem sequentes, excommunicamus et anathematisamus ex parte Dei omnipotentis, Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti ac nostra, omnes hereticos, necnon damnatam im-*

of the one great principle which the church of Rome then saw and still sees is to sap her broad foundations, and to expose her empty boast of infallibility. Her ceaseless opposition to the claim which in the name of God, reason and nature, first make for man, still proclaims that fear of investigation which can only exist in a bosom conscious of, but obstinate in error; it declares eternal war against liberty of thought and speech; and proves to the world that she still reposes her struggling hopes of dominion in the fetters which for so many centuries bound man in ignorance, and in which they still hold him, wherever papal authority is fully honored.

Protestantism, the foster-parent of regenerated reason, it is therefore evident, first developed our modern principles of civil and religious liberty; which, as they are her offspring, naturally cling to her for support. And although in many Protestant states the doctrine of equal rights is not yet formally acknowledged, still that equal protection, which the laws in those countries afford to all men of all religions, proves the 'root of the matter' to be in them, and that in due time its proper fruits will appear. That "the right of thinking as we will, and of speaking what we think," contains within itself the elements of every other right, will not we suppose be questioned: that the exercise of this right moves hand in hand with Protestantism admits of as little doubt, though the fact is too often overlooked. It is surely not essential to the recognition of a principle, that it be followed out to every result it will give; else we are not certain that in this boasted land of freedom, equality of rights to all is the fundamental doctrine of our law. The lapse of another century may prove even our generation to be ignorant of some great and obvious consequent of tenets now in vogue: quite as much so, indeed, as the comprehensive views of human rights which obtain among us show the reformers to have been unacquainted with the entire scope and tendency of their principles. It is therefore a palpable *non-sequitur* to argue from the apparent inconsistencies of European Protestants, or their great progenitors, either an ignorance, or a dereliction of those distinctive maxims of Protestantism that are so beautifully developed in the Constitution of the United States. From the fact that we happen to be the pioneers of our race in the attainment of freedom, there is no proof that others are not traveling the same road with ourselves, but rather of the contrary. Let us not therefore be guilty of the gross injustice of taunting those less fortunate in their cir-

piam et abominabilem Martini Lutheri hæresin sequentes ac omnes fautores, et receptatores librosque ipsius Martini aut quorumvis aliorum legentes, et generaliter quoslibet defensores. Happily for us only, the spirit of Hildebrand remains—the power has gone. "Illum fuit!"

cumstances than ourselves, for not fully acting up to the sentiments they avow, nor reproach the memory of those great and worthy men, who first struck out the path we have so gloriously pursued, for conduct which in this enlightened day, would justly be regarded with horror. To judge men thus rigorously, is far from indicating that comprehensive liberality which we sometimes hear so indignantly urged upon the religious community; but rather betrays a guilt of the very fault condemned, and a prejudice the most deep seated, because the possessor is unconscious of its existence.

It is not the least surprising circumstance, in this prolific age of wonder and discovery, that sentiments not only unsupported but absolutely contradicted by facts, should be gravely delivered by men of acknowledged intelligence: by men, too, who are professedly given to accurate, as well as full investigation, upon the subjects of their inquiry; and who declare that they take none of their opinions 'upon trust.' The only way in which we can account for this otherwise inexplicable circumstance, is, by proposing a paradox which of late has not been without its supporters—'that from the same premises, and under the same circumstances, the unperverted reason of different men may arrive at opposite results!' How else are we to account for the opinion, that the church of Rome with her *acknowledged* "idolatry," and "absurdities," should be regarded by the voice of reason and justice, as on a perfect equality with every other in view of the influence which she exerts upon our fallen nature. In combatting this sentiment, we shall not suffer ourselves to be tempted to the use of theological arguments, which would be the most pertinent; but will merely point to a few facts, which speak from every town and hamlet in Europe; facts, which are too well known to be distorted by any prejudice. The least objectionable, because most obvious method of forming a true idea of the relative merits of the two great systems of belief which divide the religious world; is, to make a comparison of the moral and political conditions of those countries, in which they are respectively dominant. Compare then Prussia and the two Saxonies with southern Germany; Sweden, Denmark, or Holland, with Belgium; and England with France or Spain. But what shall we contrast with Italy? For centuries overborne by the most debasing superstitions, and still the passive slave of priestly rule, Christendom contains no object so pitiable!

"O'er her the earth's once potent lord,
Still wields the crozier and the sword,
Alternate tyranny."

If the influence of the church of Rome be that of pure Christianity; why, within the sound of her pontiff's voice, where her

will is supreme ; where the contaminations of the execrated Protestant are unfelt ; where genuine catholicism is allowed the undisturbed exercise of all its power ; why, we ask, do we not find the good fruits of a good tree ?

It is often convenient to assign as a reason for the opposition which Protestants make to the Romish tenets, that they are prejudiced. Perhaps they are ; but we ask, what are really the grounds on which the charge is brought ? When we know that the haughty boast of the Romanist is, that the doctrines of his church are unchanged and unchangeable, are we *justly* chargeable with prejudice if we evince a peculiar anxiety at the spread of principles, whose legitimate effect on mankind is seen to perfection in Italy ? Is it prejudice, to appreciate and to speak the truth ? Is it prejudice, to contend for liberty of thought against her unbending foe ? Is it prejudice, to plead the claims of conscience, and her supremacy above all earthly power, whether resident in king, priest, or pope ? If so, then as freemen, as Americans, as the friends of man, our prejudice is our pride.

This brings us to speak of "toleration," a word which should be marked obsolete in American lexicons ; and which, if the tongue of truth had never been unfettered by the Reformation, had never passed into use. All the meaning it ever had, Protestants gave it ; and to this hour it is known only as their principles are acknowledged. What it signifies, as it has been used of late, it is perhaps impossible to say. Taking it however in its usual acceptation, we would ask, if—when we oppose the tenets of the church of Rome as inconsistent with reason and revealed truth, while we leave, and wish to leave her members, to the free exercise of all those rights which they possess in common with ourselves, and in defense of which common rights, we would give our lives—we are guilty of intolerance ? Are we more so than they who would cast this reproach upon us, for using our sacred privilege of saying what we think ? We question the genuineness of that sympathy which is so freely given where it is not wanted. Any one who reads our Roman Catholic periodicals, knows that they speak with the utmost freedom of what they consider the errors of Protestants ; and let them do so, it is their right, and if sincere in their belief, it is their duty. It is by courteous controversy alone, that the characters of opposing sentiments may be tested. To check all dispute, is to stop the march of mind and to put an end to all discovery ; for where there is no contradiction, there is no inquiry ; and where there is no inquiry, there is but little truth. Let not then the mere contradiction of opinions, and the assertion of what men, upon evidence, believe to be the truth, be branded with the stale and odious name of intolerance. We press our objections to this abuse of language with the more earnestness, because the feelings which

it is fitted to engender, are calculated not merely to lead some persons to form erroneous estimates of the character of the early Protestants and of Protestantism; but even to give mistaken views of the end and aim of Christianity itself. This same word, 'toleration,' it is well known, is one of the party cries of that class of men who arrogate to themselves the titles of 'liberal,' 'disciples of reason,' &c.; terms, by the way, which indicate only less presumption than 'infallibility.' But without dwelling on this point, we cannot forbear to notice that injustice which the memory of the Reformers almost always receives, at the hands of these impartial, unprejudiced, and ready champions of a cause which is its own best advocate. Because excesses were committed by both parties to the great revolution of the sixteenth century, somewhat similar in kind, but immensely different in degree, the strange inference is drawn, that the motives which urged to those excesses were the same. The persecutions on both sides have, moreover, with a seeming candor, been ascribed solely to the then existing spirit of the age; without thinking that because it was the spirit of the *age*, and exerted an equal influence upon all, it cannot account for the very different conduct of the parties towards each other; so that it must therefore be assigned not as the cause, though it may be as the nurse, of the spirit of intolerance. If, however, we wished to discover the true origin of that foul temper, which has marred the beauty of Christianity, and made her too often a reproach among mankind, need we go farther than the claims of 'infallibility' and of 'universal dominion', which to this hour are asserted by the church of Rome? Are not these its very elements? Would an *a priori* argument from these principles, give us any other results than the sternest dogmatism and intolerance? Whatever then of these bad feelings Protestants may have displayed, towards Romanists at least, must be referred to another cause.

We wish not here to extenuate the guilt of Cranmer and of Calvin, for their share in the martyrdoms of Joan Bocher and Servetus, further than sheer justice will allow.* The reputation of John Knox we may safely leave with the historian of Scotland and his biographers; in whose hands it is proof at least against mere assertion. For Luther's character we can only say, that as it is above all reproach, it is not less beyond our praise. Not a

* Servetus was condemned not so much for heresy, as for blasphemy; the most flagrant crime against society, as was thought in that day, and which is still recognized as a penal offense in our statutes. Further: all the heretics punished by Protestants, suffered according to civil laws enacted under the papal domination; and as public sentiment generally takes its tone from the laws, they who make the laws are chiefly responsible for the opinions their acts instilled into the minds of those who came after them. The last execution for heresy in England was in the time of James I. and by virtue of an act passed years before against the Lollards.

stain of blood, not a breath of slaughter, tarnishes his fair fame.*— But admitting the charge of intolerance against these men and their followers; may not much of what has been called persecution at their hands, have been just? Have they who now so rigorously censure their conduct, no knowledge of that essential element of our being, the principle of resentment, (not revenge,) on which is founded nature's first great law of self-preservation? The Reformers beheld Catholic Europe leagued for their destruction. The church of Rome first drew the sword and lighted the fires of persecution, and it was but the joint dictate of nature and of reason, that the mode and means of defense, should have been in some measure proportioned to those of the offense. What then made Protestants intolerant of the church of Rome? The blood of their brethren crying from the ground. Could they have been men, and yet have remained deaf to all its calls? Could they have preached only peace, and yet have remembered the Vaudois; the disciples of Huss and Wicliff; the thirty years war in Germany, and the massacre of the St. Bartholomew? which last they saw commemorated by a medal that still fitly graces the walls of the Vatican, bearing the woful legend, "*Vgonottorum Strages!*" In view of all this, the reputation of the early Protestants certainly will not suffer, even though the charge of persecution be admitted to the extent to which Roman Catholics themselves may urge it.

We surely need say no more; even thus much on a trite topic being only called for by a disposition abroad, which seems to indicate a forgetfulness of what we have here briefly presented. Interests of high moment hang, as we believe, upon a just view of this subject; and we have therefore advanced no opinion which is not well supported by facts. Protestantism and the cause of civil and religious liberty, as the present state of the world declares, are so intimately connected, that our strongest hope of the final triumph of republican principles, lies in our belief, that the doctrines of the Reformation are destined to an universal reception. Viewed in this aspect, our subject is one of deep interest to Americans, in whose keeping the ark of this world's safety has been placed. Our country is the arena on which enlightened controversy is now accomplishing the discovery of those great truths which are gradually moving mankind onward to perfection. Here the principles of every sect and party, in church or state, will, nay, must be, rigidly examined; their merits be approved and their faults condemned. No artifice can here for any length of time shield error from observa-

* For Luther's sentiments on toleration, see Scott's Life of Luther, Vol. I, pp. 221, 330, sqq., where there is abundant evidence that he did not think "*Arians*" or other heretics ought to be put to death; and where the most liberal of this liberal age may learn a wholesome lesson.

tion and rebuke. Neither the authority of great names, nor the sanctity which age may give opinions, can screen them from the searching eye of free inquiry; much less will idle cries about "persecution," and "intolerance," prevent men from exercising their unquestioned right, "*et sentire quæ velint, et quæ velint dicere.*" Truth has nothing to fear from this ordeal; no, not even the prejudice of a partial examiner; it is those opinions only which were conceived and brought forth in darkness, while reason and conscience were asleep, which shrink back, pained by the light of our day.

Opθos.

NIGHT MUSINGS.

THE farewell glow of parting day,
That flushed so late the brow of heaven,
To marble paleness sinks away
Before the cool of youngest even;
'Twas flushed,—like mortal brow, when
roll

The storms of passion o'er the soul;—
'Tis faded—like that brow, when thought
From eve a kindred calm hath caught.

Swift over Twilight's lovely face
Those changing hues each other chase;
Trembles from snowy depths afar
The dawning of her earliest star,
And glows the crescent's subtle horn,
From the expiring sunset born,
And binding night to day,
Where evening hangs on day's retreat,
Where bounds of light and darkness meet,
And each, on heaven's azure-sheet
In the other fades away.

Wan Night upon her vesture's waste
With pen of fire that bow hath traced;
But coloring of darker beams,
As of the sunless hue of dreams,
Hath fully bodied forth that sphere
The brighter crescent but begun,
And bound beside the bright form there
A quenched and rayless one;
The living with the dead,—
The present with the past,—
The spirit's vital essence wed
To the cold clay in which 'tis cast.

Well were it did the spirit's light,
Like that orb, struggling from its night,
As surely, on its destined way,
Wax brighter to the perfect day.

Deeper hath swelled the evening shade,
And mingled wooded hill and glade;
And raven-pinioned Night,
In sable mantle dight,
Arousing from her orient deep,
Rides low'ring up the darkened steep,
While Heaven's numerous pageantry,
Light onward her triumphal course,
Those watch-fires, fed unceasingly
From light's own holy source.
Down, down the welkin's slanted side,
Her robe of shade descends,
On the last ebb of eventide
To earth it slowly bends.

Beneath her solemn temple-roof,
Night walks in lone supremacy,
And Darkness weaves his braided woof,
To deck her boundless canopy.
Ye stars! that strew his funeral veil,
Ye are no fleeting, changing race;—
What are ye? all beyond the pale
Of Death's cold reign, and stern embrace?
Are ye immortal? have ye caught
A spark from the creating soul,
And deathless nature? are ye fraught
With life beyond Time's vain control?

If not unfading, yet are ye,
Most fadeless of the things that be,
And nearest immortality.

Brightly ye burn on heaven's brow—
Ye flashed as bright a ray as now,
When imaged on the unruffled wave
That whelmed earth's millions to one
grave;

And ye shall yet burn still the same,
When blends with yours that mighty
flame,

That shall wrap earth in deeper tomb
Than closed o'er Eden's primal bloom.

And now ye burn, as pure as then
On Eden—as ye shall again

On fires that mock your stedfast gaze;

As undismayed and firm your rays

As the right hand that placed you there;

From cloud, and storm, and meteor's
glare,

And from the azure-curtained day,

That fills with light the dazzling air,

Soon as they pass in haste away,

Ye dart again your changeless ray.

Shall ye not thus forever beam?

Must ye too pass, as doth a dream?

Can ye fear change, or death, or blight,
Isles of the blessed! on your sea of night?

We may not pierce with curious eye
The mist that shrouds your destiny;

Your present might—your home, the
abyss,

Oh! 'tis enough to gaze on this;

To feel that in the eye's embrace

Lies an eternity of space,

That vision hath no term—no bound

To hem its endless circle round,

But that with which it may converse

Is boundless as the universe.

It is a joy as wild and deep,

As ever thrilled in pulse and eye,

In the lone hour of mortal sleep,

To look upon your majesty,

And with ye your lone vigils keep,

As your vast depths before me lie;—

And when the star-mailed giant*

A blaze of glory sheds,

And, high in heaven defiant,

His lion mantle spreads,

To watch his mighty form uprear,

As, spurning earth with foot of air,

He mounts upon the whirling sphere,

And walks in solemn silence there;

To watch him in his slow decline,

Until, to ocean's hall restored,

He bathe him in the welcome brine,

And the wave sheathe his burning
sword.

M. N.

* Orion.

THE STRANGER LADY.

"I'll ne'er forget that look of thine,
From thy dark eye so brightly flashing:
Its glances pierced this heart of mine
As sunbeams pierce the waves when dashing."

Forget that eye?

As well by an effort of the will stop the pulsations of my heart!

Or that fairy form?

'Twas as it had been chiseled by the hand of Phidias—sylph-
like!

Forget that graceful step, light and free as the antelope's?
Never!

Or that "pale glorious brow," radiant so with the glow of thought and beauty's sheen? Never! never!

'Twas commencement; day of days.

What is it that redeems commencement from the horrid epithet, *bore*? 'Tis the ladies. Talk not of music, vocal or instrumental, though it possess all the charms with which poetry has invested it. And who cares for your eloquence and your patriotic peals of declamation at such times, if you take away the ladies? After all, they are the only tolerable things there, except the colloquies, if they have any thing to say about them.

I wish to tell the following incidents just as they occurred to me, and if I succeed in once getting thy cue, doubtless I shall please thee, reader. I had sojourned beneath these classic shades one year only, when that day of days, commencement, came; and with it came a great crowd of fashion, and some beauty, and whatever else is wont to come. Through the dense mass I urged my passage into the gallery, where first I saw the stranger lady. By and by, if I feel romantic and poetical enough, I will try to describe her. At present I can only say, she was just what she should be; that is, she disclosed not one blemish to the eye of a young man, sufficiently romantic and fastidious, if not quite a perfected connoisseur. Never shot brighter glances from any bright eye. There is about the eye—about a woman's eye—something mysterious, and that cannot be described. The chief beauty of the countenance depends upon that strange expression of the eye, through which the soul is always speaking and conveying out the qualities of the mind and heart. There is a kind of communion of the eyes which every one has sometimes felt, and through the eyes formed acquaintances. My acquaintance with the stranger lady began to be of this kind. She also sat in the gallery. Her appearance early attracted my attention. It was strange—I could not account for it, yet every now and then my thoughts and eyes wandered from the busy scene before me to the seat occupied by the stranger. Several times I fancied that she was just turning away her head, as I fixed my gaze upon her. I watched, till once I caught a glimpse of her full, dark eye. An instant, and it encountered mine. A blush mantled my features which I almost, nay quite, fancied was reciprocated. From that moment, I felt an indescribable kind of restraint, a sort of thrill of delight, a mystic spell, and I could not tell wherefore. It was no time to philosophize—those same large, dark, lustrous eyes, fascinating, and irresistible, reading your very heart.

"Morn came and went," and afternoon came also; and we were both again in the gallery, nearer to each other, each looking, blushing, our eyes still better acquainted, but each more embarrassed. As the day, its excitement and interest drew to a close, and the venerable man pronounced a parting blessing upon the graduating

class, and all that multitude went away, I too went away with a saddened heart. But I did not go till I had watched the final exit of the fair stranger. She glided away with an attendant through the crowd, and as she turned out of my sight and I caught one last glimpse of that lovely form, I too turned away and came up to college. That night I dreamed a dream, which really "was not all a dream. The bright sun was *not* extinguished, nor did the stars wander * * *" but the bright sun shone out with cheering and most beautiful beams. A fairy form was near me, and we were out on a bright sunny hill. We wandered on, and came to a quiet, lovely vale, and there sat down, out of the warm sun, under a cool, fragrant shade. Here I gathered for her flowers and fruits; and Oh! how rejoiced was I to see her partake of their richness. All was bliss save one thought, and that was, that 'twas too ethereal for sober reality. I feared it was what it seemed too much like—a dream.

But now that I am awake, I again assert that "it was not all a dream." I know not as the lady of the vision could be identified with the fair stranger—her fine, large lustrous eyes, or her sylph-like form, or her snow-white neck, or her pale glorious brow, or light, free step. But when I awoke I thought of the stranger lady.

That morning, as the coachman shut the door of the carriage, he told me he had engaged to drive to No. —, T. street. Judge of my surprise and of the fluttering about my heart, as on my arriving there, the first I saw were those same fine, dark, brilliant eyes of the same beautiful stranger. Again the coachman shut the door, and we were the only passengers. The fair one sat in one corner of the coach, and I already had occupied the other. Again all crimson and beautiful, rose to her face the purple current; and again I felt the warm blood flow into mine. Oh! the pleasure of mystery, and the torture of too exquisite delight! Think not that I addressed her, or wished her to address me. Think not that I handed her down from the coach, or dared to do so, even had I had a desire. No! 'Twas on that night that I had dreamed a dream—that I had dreamed of an angel, and now I wanted no experimental evidence, that of all woman kind, the beautiful stranger at least was not an angel! I would not for the world have taken her fair fingers in my own. 'Twould have broken every charm and dispelled every feeling of mystery. For the world I would not have thought her flesh and blood, or in any way akin to mortality. She did, nevertheless, alight from the coach and go on board the boat.

It was a lovely day of summer, and a fine, warm day it was, and a fine, fresh breeze fanned softly o'er the dark, blue waters. As the beautiful steamer, all majestically "like a thing of life," walked those dark waters, I too walked the cabin and deck,

where, ever and anon, I saw the stranger lady, and then our eyes— Why, of course they would meet, and of course we would ——— 'Twas strange. Think not that she appeared in the least bold, or in the least lacked any womanly grace, or modesty, or refinement. Far from this: she seemed some child of nature, some fairy creature, lovely and innocent. There lingered about her a quiet irresistible charm, a kind of native, bashful way, giving to every movement an indescribable grace. Said to me, an acquaintance of mine on board, "That beautiful young lady I have seen watching you continually. Are you acquainted with her? Who is she?" "Ah, my friend, I wish I knew," said I.

We had now come to the great city of the great empire state. Here I was determined again to observe her departure, and not permit her to vanish entirely out of my sight. I did not feel my interest in her in any manner abate, and I had now begun to feel an unusual and altogether indescribable sensation near the region of the heart. While I stood near the boat side, gazing upon her exquisitely moulded form and noble features, as I feared for the last time, I thought to identify her with the ideal of some old vision or reminiscence. She was now going to depart, and as she stepped from the boat and set her delicate foot upon the plank, my pulse beat quicker, and my heart throbbed faster, and I felt then a sensation, as it were, like the blood gushing from it in large, warm drops. She went with her companion, a venerable looking, gray headed old man, and as the vehicle rolled away bearing its precious burden, I followed it with my eyes as far as eye could reach, or penetrate the winding streets of the dense city. "*There*, all is over, and she is gone again," thought I, and with this thought, I frankly acknowledge, the big tear began gushing forth and running down my cheek.

Ask me not, nor wonder why, for I cannot tell. Call it a weakness, or what you will; but it is my way. Nature is my governess, and reader, she should be thine also. Thy prerogative it is to weep if thou wilt, or smile, as thou chooseth. Yet in all things be sure to follow the dictates of nature: when or wheresoever thou witnesseth ought of the morally great or sentimentally tender, weep, I say, if thou wilt, and believe me, thou wilt feel better. I knew not then why I wept. Perhaps it might be explained by some principle of the power of association. I would give a world could I account for this principle, or communicate intelligibly what I now mean. I cannot tell exactly what I mean. The sentiment which I would express, or something like it, may be, in part, embodied in these lines from Byron.

As "Auld Lang Syne" brings Scotland one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills, and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's Brig's black wall,

All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring—floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine :
I care not—'tis a glimpse of "Auld Lang Syne."

And who has not by some little occurrence, some sight or sound, been thrown back into the past, perhaps half or more of his existence, or even to his early childhood? And as the association first strikes the mind, who has not felt a sudden thrill of pain dart through him like an arrow? Better than it can be described, does he know what it is like, who has ever felt that complex emotion of pain and pleasure. As the night wind of autumn, or any wind, has sighed or whispered around your dwelling, or be it what sigh or sound it may, perhaps the noise of a spinning wheel, the hum of an insect, or even the chirp of a cricket—who has not as he has listened, been borne back to his early childhood, when like sounds were ever welcome? At such times all one's childish feelings come back to him, and he lives over again, in a few moments, all his past life. He thinks of his early sports and pastimes, of his childish companions, and as the little group pass dim and distant before his mind's eye, perhaps he recognizes some cherub—a frail, delicate little one, that he used to love, and whose young ideal has ever lingered about him. This is no visionary or sentimental web, but is what every heart will respond to—and he who can give an intelligent response to this feeling, knows somewhat of my emotions as I caught a last glimpse of the stranger lady. The intensity of those feelings and the momentary excitement produced a sort of pressure on my mind, which for an instant seemed to quicken my memory, and thoughts like the recollected fragments of some old dream, again darted dimly before me. It was only for a moment, for I was soon startled from my reverie by the well known, harsh cry of the hackmen.

"Carriage sir! carriage sir! Do you wish for a carriage sir?"

"Yes; take me to the Albany boat."

"Aye, aye, sir."

In a moment was I rattled through the busy streets of the busy city, amid the hum of the busy men, and again embarked for the continuance of my journey.

Romantic reader! hast thou ever navigated either up or down that river of rivers, vulgarly ycleped the North River, but which also beareth a more classical appellation of Hudson? This glorious river slumbers like a proud giant in one of the most lovely vales. It rolls majestically on through the very finest and most picturesque scenery; and it is all along hallowed by the noblest and most classic associations. Never did a more delightful water

flow oceanward. The very first time I saw it, I was in ecstasies. It called back to my recollection the benevolent aspect of my old bachelor uncle, who fond and full of all oddities, used to take great delight in reading to me Irving's inimitable caricatures of the old inhabitants of Nieu Amsterdampt. Thanks to the prolific pen of the redoubtable Diedrich, their fame and their virtues shall go down to posterity!

But what boots it to talk forever of facts and localities *as such*? Let abler pens, and such as like, describe the tall spires of the receding city—expatiate on the beautiful waters that cradle it—the Palisades, West Point, or the Highlands, *et cetera*. There are good reasons for thinking the majority delight more in the ideal and romantic than in the unpoetical and practical. It is the peculiar province of genius, imagination and taste, to combine, mould and convert to sentiment all we see passing around us. Genius creates, and from the vast store of material afforded everywhere in the external world, the imagination combines new and palpable forms, and gives to these new creations tangible shapes, while at the same time a delicate taste relishes all as a rich repast. And thus it is that from this matter-of-fact world we manage to create to ourselves new and ideal scenes.

Indulging in such reflections, I sat alone upon the upper deck gazing now upon vacuity, and now at the monotonous volume of smoke and sparks which issued from the pipes of the laboring engine. It was evening, clear and cool—no moon, but not very dark. I had been there some time, and thought there was no one near. But on turning, I saw on the opposite side of the deck, through the starlight, the outlines of two human forms. The one seemed a man of many years, the other a female, whose slight figure indicated youth. She was supported by the arm of her companion. How long they had been there, I know not; but they had not spoken till now, for they could not without being overheard. Now I was made an unwilling, and to them, an unsuspected listener to their conversation. As we passed along up the river, the gentleman was pointing out and describing to his young companion, as well as he could on such an evening, the romantic scenery of the several localities. He seemed acquainted with every spot and all its associations, and knew all its history as connected with that of his country. As we were borne silently through these places, which had been so long hallowed from being the theatres of some of the most thrilling incidents in our revolutionary struggle, this aged man spoke of the army and of its sufferings and privations, while stationed here in these same places. He spoke with feelings of deepest sympathy, yet admiration, of the father of his country, who ever stood firm as a rock in these trying scenes, that so truly tried the stoutest hearts. He grew even warm and eloquent. It was a deep, rich eloquence, not

entirely of words, but of the heart and of the soul speaking out. And he had not an inattentive auditor. She listened with intense interest, and often made such inquiries as evinced, that for her young years, she had read and thought much. Her inquiries showed intelligence of no common order, and a mind and disposition to understand what she heard.

Suddenly the topic of their conversation was changed for one in which, as the reader will learn, I became more immediately interested.

"Dear Sophia," said the elder, "did you observe that young man who stood near you as you were about leaving the boat this evening?"

"What young man, dearest uncle?"

Her companion then described a person whom I could mistake for no other than myself.

"Did you observe that young man?" continued he, kindly.

"Why—I—yes; but why do you ask if I noticed or even saw a person whom I had never seen before—a perfect stranger in a crowd?"

"Because I thought you did see him, and he saw you."

"Well, my dearest uncle, I think I did observe such a young man as you have described."

"And are you acquainted with that young man?"

"No, uncle."

"And I am to believe, you never saw him before?"

"Yes. No, I never saw him before yesterday."

"Where?—at N—H—?"

"Yes, uncle, I believe he is a member of ———."

"And you know no more respecting him?"

"Nothing."

"Well, my best Sophia, you well know I am never inquisitive. I do not think I ever saw that young gentleman before. I should not have mentioned him, had I not thought he closely watched us, or you at least. And besides, when we came away from the Eastern boat, he stood looking after us until we were out of sight. Though I cannot say that I ever saw him before, I think the cast of his features is familiar to me. I somehow feel a strange and uncommon interest in the young man."

"Indeed! Why, uncle, I too thought—I observed"—

"You thought? but what did you observe, dear Sophia?" suddenly interrupted her companion.

"Why, I believe I remember to have seen some one that looked somewhat—that somewhat resembled—but, that is, it must have been some time—a long time ago—a great while."

My feelings as I heard this strange dialogue can better be imagined than told—myself the subject of it, and one of the colloquists, the reader need not be informed, was the stranger lady.

Though the mystery was by no means explained, but rather increased, yet I now knew I had been observed by each of them, and that in the heart of one, I had, I knew not how or why, excited an interest; an interest too, which I could not but confess to myself I was, by some unaccountable influence, compelled to reciprocate. Again I thought of my dream—the sunny hill, and the cool shade—and then, *Sophia!* To me 'twas not a strange name. Yes, *Sophia!* Again was I borne back into the past. Had the time been one fit for fancy to plume her wings, mine would have flown with me into many endless reveries; but this was no place for waking dreams. I had been their involuntary auditor. They were only a little distance from me, and every moment I feared discovery. They however did not observe me, and went below soon after. We were now ascending the river at a rapid rate, and as my destined landing place was Catskill, I had determined to remain on deck. It was now grown late into the night, and we were near that place. The evening had been rather dark, but now the moon rising all fair and pale, began to shed her silver beams over the shining water. All was still. The passengers were in their berths, and, save ever and anon the bell and cry of the servant in awaking them for their several destinations, there reigned around the silence of midnight. Again was heard the shrill cry,

“Passengers for Catskill! Catskill baggage! Catskill baggage!” and once more all was bustle. The boat now rapidly approached the wharf.

Heavens! there was a collapse!! Louder was that report than a peal of the heaviest artillery. I cannot describe what followed. The passengers male and female were rushing from the cabins, shrieking and rending the air with their cries. Amid the general confusion there suddenly arose a louder cry—a shriek and a shout of “a lady overboard! a lady overboard!” “Where? where?” cried I. At this instant I beheld standing in the crowd, with his hands upraised in agony, the same grey-headed man before described.

“There, there!” wildly shrieked the old man. I saw her struggling with the waves. I plunged in to her rescue! Envy not my feelings, though enviable they were, for proud I felt as I buffeted those ‘proud waves’ bearing my precious burden.

'Twas the stranger lady. I had the greatest difficulty at first in hindering her from embarrassing my efforts to save her, while I had to wrestle against a strong tide. She was soon exhausted in struggling with the waves and lay a lifeless thing on the water. At length I succeeded in reaching the shore with her, and though nearly exhausted myself, had not a thought except for her safety. I could perceive no signs of life, but felt sure that as she had been only a few moments in the water, the vital spark must yet

remain. I clasped her frail form and drew her to my bosom. I warmed her cold fingers in mine. In a moment she breathed. Closer I drew her to my bosom, and felt her breath on my cheek. She opened her eyes—those same large, lustrous eyes, not any the less lovely because those long, dark eye-lashes now hung drooping over them. * * * *

Strange as it may seem no other one had been injured. Through the now bright moonlight, objects could easily be discerned, and my success in rescuing her was witnessed and hailed with much joy by all on board. When the accident took place the boat was near the shore, and afterwards had been easily brought up. Among the first to rush to my assistance was the venerable old man. We bore her in our arms to the nearest hotel. There her companion lavished upon me a thousand thanks, and invoked on me a thousand blessings. He informed me that this was also his place of destination. He “was on his way to the ‘Mountain House’ with his *niece*, and would proceed thither as soon as she recovered from the effects of her accident. Had once lived in this vicinity. ’Twas pleasant to visit the scenes of one’s childhood. There was a melancholy consolation in so doing—besides Sophia wished to see the place of her nativity.” At his request for my address I gave him my card, and finding I could be of no more assistance, bade him farewell. I took a coach for the village, one mile from the river.

It may be that it has never been the good fortune of the reader to have beheld the proud and glorious Catskills, and on them to inhale a purer atmosphere than it is the lot of most mortals to breathe. I remembered them well, but for many years I had not seen those proud, old mountains. In the tide and rush of emigration which beareth towards the setting sun, I had in my boyhood been jostled away to the famous and intangible “far west.” “Ah! yes,” thought I, as I threw myself back into the carriage which was to convey me to the village, “yes, there is a sort of melancholy consolation and satisfaction in visiting the scenes of one’s childhood—a satisfaction almost sufficient to compensate for a long banishment therefrom, and which no one can feel save he alone who has been many days absent from this lovely and endearing spot.” I also “had once lived in this vicinity.” I too as well as Sophia, “wished to see the place of my nativity.” Ah! Sophia! In that name there was to me a mystic meaning. Sophia, too, was as it seemed born here, and had also gazed upon these old mountains. Suddenly a new thought like a ray of light flashed into my mind. “What! could she be Sophia E——? and she that ‘little Sophia,’ the ideal of that long dream become now a grown up woman? And that Sophia the Stranger Lady?” Thus doubting and conjecturing I arrived at the Mansion House,

where soon after I received by a messenger the following communication.

B——'s HOTEL.

My very kind sir—I cannot refrain from taking this first opportunity to express to you my deep gratitude for the timely assistance you rendered my dear niece in that moment of such imminent danger. Had it not been for your exertions she must have perished. For this great kindness accept from me my most hearty thanks. That you might be able to appreciate my gratitude you would need to know how dear to me is the being you have saved. Sophia earnestly joins me in this, as she considers you the preserver of her life. She has nearly recovered from her fright and injury, which last was very slight. We go to the Mountain House immediately.

Dear Sir. Could it be convenient for you to join us there? Nothing will afford more happiness to us than the acquaintance of one to whom we are under such obligations.

Very truly yours,

H. A. E——.

Reader! It is left entirely to thine own sense of propriety whether I shall inform thee or no in my next that I accepted this kind invitation, and am now no longer able to speak of Sophia E—— as "the Stranger Lady." It is also left to thine own imagination to fill up and carry out the reward I did enjoy if I did go, or I might have enjoyed if I had gone.

H——.

TEARS.

WHENE'ER the troubled heart is bleeding,
And strives in vain to find repose,
Then springs the tear for pity pleading,
And then its soothing balm bestows.
O! deep indeed that burning anguish
Which will not lend the eye a tear;
Which bids the heart to pine and languish,
With not one tender drop to cheer.

Let splendid pageants gloom with mourning
To tell the world when greatness dies;
Let sculptur'd marble, death adorning,
Shine o'er the grave where greatness lies:

But purer far that fond affection
Which lingers weeping at the tomb ;
Whose tears, true tokens of affliction,
Bedew the flow'rets there that bloom.

When pity points to sorrow weeping
And melts the heart to kindred woe ;
When sadness o'er the soul is creeping
At pain which other bosoms know :
O ! then what floods of kindly feeling
Within that little orb appear !
O ! then what messenger is stealing
From pity's fountain but the tear !

S.

 SKETCH OF CAPT. NATHAN HALE.

THE best tongue that can spread the fame of public transactions, is the impartial one of history, and the fairest verdict to determine their moral bearing, must be afforded by posterity. Candor lives with difficulty, in the atmosphere of passion, nor is self-interest often worthy to hold the balance of justice. A few years ago, the American Revolution was another name for rebellion ; the present generation throughout the world regards it, not only as a successful, but virtuous effort for liberty. Such a direct change has the expiration of a few years wrought upon public opinion, with respect to the motives of our ancestors. The high principles that actuated their resistance, have already met with due reverence, and can never lose the estimation which they now hold. Whatever could have nurtured such fondness for freedom, whatever inspired the courage to seek liberty by a trial of the sword,—certain it is, that they were sincere men, and felt as they acted. In maturity of purpose, and steadiness of execution the sons of Sparta could lay no claims to rivalship ; and in the depth of their policy, or the penetration of their plans, the democracy of ancient times seems almost lost. Men arose as if by instinct, to the highest political knowledge, and without the practice of soldiers, evinced the effectual skill of veterans. They were firm and exalted as the patriarchs of old, and it is good that we, their sons, should strictly guard our heritage, and deeply cherish their memory. If the purity of that government, which was instituted and established by their wisdom, is worthy of exclusive preservation, it ought to be cherished by a deep reverence for their venerable characters. When respect for them has perished, a regard for their works will perish also. In order to keep this sentiment alive, they must be revered individually ; for, as in religion, the

symbols of a Deity are needful to fan a flame of devotion, so here, the mind needs to dwell upon particular characters, if it would have a sure warrant of true, and active patriotism. Such being the case, it is useless to dwell on the necessity of keeping every partaker in that important enterprise constantly in view ; the danger as well as ingratitude of neglect, must be obvious to every rational and reflecting mind. We do not deny that much pains have been taken to transmit the names of those honored men, both by means of anecdote and authentic biography. But to assert that a just quota of commendation has been bestowed upon all, that no one has been unjustly neglected, would be to suppose a perfection of judgment, which history in the brief space of half a century could scarcely attain.

Such we believe to have been the misfortune of Capt. Nathan Hale. He was a son of Connecticut, born in South Coventry on the 6th of June, 1755 ; a child of pious parents, and favored with careful instruction. Gifted with a high order of intellect, he was a scholar from choice, and parental assistance encouraged his young efforts by the advantages of a college education. Having made himself a thorough proficient in the discipline of those early times, having matured his understanding in the search of science, and exalted his mind with the richness and refinement of classic learning, he graduated at Yale College in the year 1773, with the highest reputation as a scholar and a man. A votary of truth and a hearty lover of humanity, he had fixed upon the ministry as affording a field of labor most accordant with his wishes, and best fitted for the employment of his enlightened mind. His prospects of eminent success were bright and inviting ; an admiring circle of friends and acquaintances looked to him with expectation as the future advocate of truth, and the stable supporter of religious principle. But the completion of their hopes was prevented by a sudden change of circumstances. News of the battle of Lexington gave another turn to his pursuits ; it was the voice of his struggling country ; and he left the labors of the pulpit for the less congenial toils of the camp. The true patriot has no will but duty, no inclination, but that of his country ;—such a patriot was Hale.

Before reaching the early age of twenty-one, he accepted the commission of captain under Col. Knowlton of Ashford. Though his career as a soldier was short, the sequel will amply demonstrate that it was honorable. Among the other distresses of '76, a scarcity of provisions was not the least alarming ; the Americans were compelled to contend not only with the dangers of war, but with the wasting evils of poverty. Such was the sad state of our affairs, while the two armies were in preparation for that fatal action on the 27th of August, a day which cost the cause of liberty many of her most ardent defenders.

News now reached the American camp, that an English sloop filled with supplies had entered the East River, and was lying at anchor under the protection of a ship of war of ninety guns. Capt. Hale conceived the bold project of capturing this sloop to supply the wants of his suffering brothers. Having communicated to those under his command the plan which he had devised, and the spirit that prompted the enterprise, they expressed their readiness to second his views. In the stillness of the night they embarked in a little boat, and, passing silently over the water, screened themselves in the shadow of a projecting point, near to the object of pursuit. When the light of the moon was withdrawn, and the unsuspecting enemy were buried in slumber, they suddenly darted from their concealment, boarded the sloop, sword in hand, and, having confined the British sailors in the hold, speedily returned again to the city with their valuable prize. To have seen this young commander sailing back under the colors of the enemy, must have been a sight well calculated to revive the sinking spirits of the Americans; and we need not wonder that three hearty cheers welcomed his landing. The food and clothing which were the result of his nightly excursion were quickly and justly distributed among the famishing soldiers, and the satisfaction of Hale was no doubt a rich compensation for the hazard of the undertaking.

Had this been his only worthy deed, it must have given his name a deserved title to immortality. But the latest act of his life cannot fail to give him an undisputed rank among the noblest of those who resigned their breath for the liberty of succeeding generations. In the summer of 1776, a landing was effected by the enemy on Long Island, with a force far superior in number and discipline to the American soldiers. General Washington had been compelled to withdraw from the island and retire to New York, which movement took place on the morning of the 30th of August. It is needless to say with what skill it was effected, since it is known to the whole world. Hale was present, and assisted our Commander-in-Chief with his accustomed readiness and sagacity. Never was a period of such vital importance to America and the world of republics as this. Congress had just sent forth that heretical declaration so odious to tyranny, and the support or failure of it was entrusted to the wisdom and valor of Washington and his fellow patriots. The strength of the enemy was entirely unknown to our army, and without suitable information, no measures could be taken for opposition, nor was there any hope of security. At this crisis of danger, a council of officers was called, and it was determined to send one of adequate talents and courage into the camp of the enemy, to examine their forces and their probable design. The duty of selection devolved on Col. Knowlton. He submitted the proposition to the young offi-

cers, but not a single individual was found except Hale, who dared to undertake the hazardous enterprise. Washington, who was well aware of his abilities, gave directions to the generous youth in person. His learning and polished manners seemed to recommend him above all others to the confidence of his General. It was in vain that his many friends, who foresaw the fatal consequences of the undertaking, endeavored to dissuade. He felt the pure fire of liberty within him; he saw her star alone in the horizon of his hopes, and, like the shepherds of Bethlehem, he was ready to follow it. It was enough for him to know that the exposure of his life was essential to freedom. The man, who most of all urged him to disregard the wishes of his commander, was Capt. William Hull, the same man whose cowardice or treachery was subsequently shown in that shameful surrender of the American army at Detroit. "Death," said he, "will be the sure reward of discovery." "A soldier," was the unshaken reply, "should walk in the path of duty, though it be the path of death; the safety of my country calls for my service, and it is her due—I may not tarry to calculate the chances of danger." This dastard, had he not been already perverted, might have drawn from such patriotism a better moral than his future life evinces. This was the first true development of the man.

In accordance with his instructions, our youthful hero passed over to the island, examined with the eye of a soldier the lines, discipline, and contemplated movements of the enemy. With all the desired information he had reached the water's edge, and was about to embark for his return, when he was recognized and betrayed by a relative. Nothing rendered the revolutionary struggle more bitter, than that fierce enmity which raged between those of kindred blood; by this, families were severed, and "a man's foes were those of his own household." Such was the melancholy fortune of Capt. Hale. A distant relation, who had been laid under the deepest obligations to him in early life, was the shameful cause of his death. He was immediately brought before Sir William Howe, who, without even the formalities of a trial, ordered him to be executed as a spy upon the gibbet. This base, unmilitary order, was carried into effect in the most ignominious manner, by the hand of a refugee. His traitorous kinsman may well meet the hearty execration of every American; and we believe none could withhold his assent to those strong lines of Moore:

" Oh for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the councils of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup, for him,
Be drugg'd with treacheries to the brim."

Thus perished a noble youth as ever resigned life for liberty, with the solitary regret "that he had but one life to lose for his country." The sacred volume had ever been the guide of his youth, and by it he had moulded his character. On the evening previous to his execution, he requested the attendance of a clergyman, but was refused; he begged a copy of the Bible to console him in the hour of death, but even this was denied him. The farewell letters that he wrote to his beloved mother were meanly committed to the flames; with this alledged reason to palliate their guilt, "that the enemy should never know with what firmness a rebel could die."

The fortunes of Capt. Hale and Major Andre have been justly considered as analogous; both were young, both accomplished, and each fell in accordance with the laws of nations—the one for the dearest rights of man, the other for military fame. Yet how different the circumstances of their execution, and how unlike, the regard that has been paid to their memory! Andre was tried before officers of rank and character, over whom the generous Greene presided; even Washington wept at his untimely fate, and after every sympathy and kindness that rigid justice could allow, his letters were transmitted as sacred relics to his friends. But Hale was hurried away without a trial, without sympathy. The ashes of the Briton were restored to the land of his birth, placed with those of the great and brave, and a costly monument now points posterity to his name. No monument proclaims the spot where our hero lies; his memory is all that remains.

As sons of Yale, children of the same mother, the name of this devoted patriot should be dear to us. In this fair retreat of learning, he trod the steep path of science; here he formed his taste after the pure models of antiquity; and here, perhaps, from these classic pages, which we peruse, he caught the first spirit of liberty. These walls have responded an echo to *his* voice, and these spreading elms lent *him* a shade. It is ours to cherish a like spirit by bearing his deeds in memory.

<p>Yes! thou wert Freedom's proudest son, The boldest of her manly few— Whose heart beat on, as it begun, In calm assurance, firmly true: Thy country may not boast a name More worthy an immortal fame.</p>	<p>While the broad billows heave their weight Against the isle that guards thy clay, Our country shall bewail the fate, That snatch'd her rising hopes away. There sleeps not in her faithful breast, One who deserves more honored rest.</p>
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No willow hangs its leafy shade,
In weeping sorrow o'er the spot
Where thy insulted dust was laid—
Yet thou shalt never be forgot;
For if the bosom has a shrine,
Sacred to virtue—it is thine.

Thine was the heart that could not cool,
Or shrink from terror's frowning brow;
Too deeply taught in Freedom's school,
It might not meanly waver now:
Devotion had no wish to flee,
Nor was death terrible to thee.

But shall the marble's chiseled pride
 Proclaim to ages yet to be,
 How nobly gallant Andre died—
 And not a stone to speak of thee?
 He fell in glory's high career :
 Doth *freedom* less deserve a tear?

Were ye not brothers—young and high,
 Both martyrs of a glorious crime?
 Yet one could meet no tearful eye,
 Though falling in his native clime—
 The stranger on a foreign shore,
 Found foes to pity and deplore.

THE BIRTH OF THE LYRE.

Upon the authority of the "*Pictoribus poëtisque, &c.*" the author has ventured to deviate from the legend of the lyre's discovery, as chronicled in Homer's Hymn to Mercury, (V. 47—55,) so far as to substitute a more fanciful one.

MORN is glancing o'er crag and dale,
 Chasing the beams of the moonlight pale ;
 The dew exhales in a fragrant mist
 From the lips of the flowers by its warm rays kissed,
 And bright-hued birds from the soaring wing
 The radiant drops of its moisture fling ;
 Air is filled with soft melodies
 Floatingly borne on the fitful breeze :
 The leaflet's light rustle, the stream's low fall,
 And the sounds of life that are musical
 From the carol clear of the joyous bird
 To the hum of the insect, faintly heard.
 Earth is gemmed by flowery eyes
 Staining its emerald vest with dyes
 Bright and varied as those that glow
 Where smiles amid tears the iris bow ;
 The light of the sun, as he floats on high,
 Piercing the forest canopy
 Checkers the landscape of lawn and glade
 With golden glimpses, and spots of shade.
 So graceful and tranquil the sylvan scene
 You might deem it the home of the huntress queen ;
 In truth, the picture new charms could gain
 From the presence of nought but her woodland train.

From out yon grove a rustling grows
 Like the swaying back of parted boughs,
 A light step presses the herbage green,
 And from the copse's verdant screen
 A form advances, of godlike mien.
 Unfading youth in his features glows :
 Beauty its glory around him throws ;
 From the curls that cluster about his head
 Two downy wings their pinions spread.

Two wings, from the ancle's turn, unfold
 Their plumage tinted with purple and gold ;
 And by these signs to men 'tis given
 To know the messenger of heaven.

A rill that from a hidden source
 Steals down the glen its winding course,
 Checked by a moss-grown rock in its tide,
 Changes its bed to a basin wide.
 Pure sparkling sand the bottom paves,
 Soft, grassy banks restrain the waves ;
 And a laurel grove with its starry flowers
 Rears on the brink its mazy bowers.

Beneath the shade as Hermes bends
 A rosy shower of buds descends ;
 And as the turf his form receives,
 Gently and coolingly wave the leaves.
 But little he heeded the turf's soft ease,
 Odors, or blossoms, or balmy breeze ;
 For deep and sad were the thoughts of his breast,
 And his wakened passions refused him rest.
 His thoughts were of ISSA, the sylph of the wood,
 Whom long he had sought, though still vainly he sued ;
 Of her fawn-like form, and her step as light,
 And the beam of her eye, divinely bright,
 And her long, rich tresses, dark as night ;
 Of her fear and flight, when first he told
 His ardent love, in words as bold ;
 How, when the nymph to list would deign,
 The music of his voice was vain ;
 And honied words, and studied art,
 Had nought availed to touch her heart,
 Till, as he mused upon his care,
 He half was tempted to despair.

* * * * *

Just then through air, there seemed to float
 A passing sweet, yet strange, wild note :
 Again !—he started at the tone,
 Unlike aught else his ear had known ;
 And yet again that strange sound thrills,
 With wilder power, and deeper swell,
 Rising and growing, till it fills
 All air with its harmonious spell ;
 Then, with a tremulous, dying strain
 It faintly fades into silence again,
 As clear and sweet, but more thrillingly low
 Than the sound of Apollo's silver bow.*

* Δεινὴ δὲ πλαγγὴ γένηται ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.—*Il.* (*passim*).

There is a spot in that laurel bower
 Where the sunbeams fall in a golden shower,
 And through the clusters of blossoms pale
 Sweeps the free current of the gale.
 Full in the path of the zephyr's sighs
 The stony shell of a tortoise lies :^{*}
 Time, and the touches of decay
 Have mouldered the softer parts away ;
 But the rigid chords of the sinews still
 Are tightly strained o'er the hollow shell ;
 And the air, as it vibrates o'er the strings
 Bears their rich tones upon its wings.

Soon as the trembling notes expire,
 The god, transported, grasps the lyre,
 And lightly bounding down the glade,
 Speeds him to Issa, scornful maid.
 Tired of the chase, the nymph reclines
 Beneath the shade of tendrilled vines,
 Where the soft southwest, from its pinions flings
 The perfume of all odorous things.
 Hermes bends his plumed head,
 Veils his eyes as if in dread,
 Sinks to earth upon his knee,
 At her side, adoringly :
 Places so the mottled shell
 That the zephyr's fitful swell
 Freely o'er the chords may thrill.
 It comes ! it passes !—wild music rings
 At its flying touch, from the quivering strings.

* * * * *

The nymph, enchanted, heard the wind-notes wild
 To Hermes murmured, 'I am thine'—and smiled :
 The god, transported, clasped her to his breast,
 And owned his sorrows soothed, his labors blest.

AREH.

TRUTH THE AIM OF AN AUTHOR.

THERE is a very striking contrast between our writers of the present day, and those great authors who shone during the last two or three centuries. While we have been advancing in general knowledge, and in the various departments of science, we seem to have lost that literary genius and taste which so distinguished our ancestors. Our writers are wanting in that honest

^{*} λιθοόφλινοιο χελώνης.—*Hymn to Merc.*

good sense, that simple, and natural feeling, that royal might of intellect, which singly, or united, we almost always see in the standard writers of our literature. There is less of the free soul, and the strong reason, now, than there used to be.

When men first began to compose, their feelings were wild, and unchained as the mountain wind. Hence it is, that we always find the earliest literature of every original nation, marked by a sublime beauty, and by a disregard of the petty rules of civilized imbecility. But when society has become more closely bound together, and men's intellects have become whetted and polished by continual contact; when the knowledge of the world, and what is in it and around it is extended, the literature is changed. We then have an era, marked by the union of the energy, and, now chastened, boldness of earlier years, with the industry, activity, and acuteness, of a later, and more elegant age. During such a period, did Milton and Shakspeare write. It was a day of transition in the national mind, which was awakened and strengthened by a stirring and sturdy conflict.

The times with us are different. Many of the present day seem to write and speak, merely for the sake of doing so, because it is the fashion, or because they think thereby to gain reputation or wealth. Indeed, which way soever we turn, whether to the discussions in the public journals, to the speeches in Congress, or in our various popular assemblies, we cannot fail to be struck with the almost universal want of a sincere, and strong love of truth. To this cause can be traced, I think, the worst faults of our writers.

For, in the first place, it is very clearly seen in the unmeaning length and artificial, tinsel style of many of their productions.

He who intelligently esteems, and ardently seeks for truth, conscious of how much there is to be found and presented to the world, prizes time too highly to be willing to stop and sport with his readers, or to astound and petrify them with his erudition and eloquence. He has something to tell, and it is told. He has a mark to hit, and plants his bullet there; while others less wise and more ambitious, scatter their small shot round about it, in noisy but innocent confusion. He has sought for clear and definite ideas, and has got them. They occupy a definite space, and have a perceptible weight and meaning.

The lack of this principle appears, likewise, in that great want of moderation and modesty which our writers so often show. There is almost always a sort of humility, or at least a charity of opinion, discernable in the writings of those whose aim it is to find and unfold the truth. They are men who comprehend themselves so well, their own liability to err, and the difficulties, so numerous, in their way, that they are willing to weigh with frankness and care, the opinions of others. They never seem to

take it for granted, that reason and wisdom dwell with them alone, or that their Maker has gifted them with the sole power of judging, and the sole right to dictate and decide what is expedient or just. There may be warmth of feeling without passion. The subject often requires it, and no man of good feelings and benevolent purpose, can restrain it. But the advice of Bolingbroke is good: "Write as you live, without passion; and build your reputation, as you build your happiness, on the foundations of truth."

The mass of light literature that is so eagerly sought for, and *consumed* at the present day, speaks sadly for the taste that is abroad in the country. The mind that can take delight in reading, and meditating on works of this stamp, can have little real relish for truth, and, it is to be feared, is but poorly able to comprehend or to find it. For these outrage all truth; and he who can see and feel this is at once disgusted. For the same reason that he loves Shakspeare and Milton, and can linger with admiration on their pages; that he delights to "live along their lines," and luxuriate over the beauty, and strength of their language, the deep sublimity of their conceptions, and the true characters they have drawn; for this reason, does he put away in displeasure and sorrow, such superlative farces on human nature. And yet, these devourers of love, and daggers, and nonsense, imagine that they are studying "style," or searching out the "secret springs of action," or cultivating the "finer feelings," and would fain have others believe it too. But the truth is, that there are few things that so belittle the soul as the reading of such works. If they displayed any of that high, native romance of feeling, so richly eloquent in the great English poetess; any of the intellect of De Stael, or of that consummate knowledge of men which has so distinguished Sir Walter Scott, the case would be different. As they are, their natural tendency is to beget a puling sentiment, and sickly taste, wholly unworthy of a man and a scholar.

This age has been well named by Carlyle, a mechanical age. Men do, in reality, think, speak, and write, as parts of machines, moving together, and dependant on each other; and yet, obey in so doing, no fixed laws, but change with the changing rules of popular custom. They have at last become so civilized, that their souls have lost much of their own native and guiding power. They are cramped and bound tight about by the stiff restraints of an arbitrary fashion, lest they should breathe deeply and full, of the free air, and grow up to a perfect stature and natural proportion. The barbarian speaks as he feels; our *civilized* man, as it is the fashion to feel. The former may be at one extreme, but the latter is surely at the worse. If it is customary to be unable to comprehend a certain author—he is darker and more obscure than the realms of chaos and old night. If a certain class of men

have begun to prate extravagantly on any subject—at once a thousand ears catch the strain, and a thousand tongues thunder the silly paradoxes over the wide country. Calm eyed, and calm voiced men are few. Our writers receiving their impulse, not from an original, ever active force within, but from the mad momentum of a power without and around, assume language and sentiments that do not properly belong to them. Or at least, they do not write out in the simplicity of their hearts, their own individual, spontaneous feelings, their own original, and calmly digested ideas. Hence, it is plain must proceed much that is artificial and sometimes ridiculous. As in daily life, those who act out their own real candid selves, are seldom or never the objects of sport, so is it in writing. He who writes because his honest, strong convictions force him, is not often foolish or contemptible.

I wish to add a few words on the necessity of always seeking the truth in our investigations, in all its extent and exactness, if we would judge aright, and wish to enjoy the quiet fixedness of certainty.

Moral truth, the most important of all, does not, like mathematical, force itself upon us. The reason probably is, that our perception of the axioms and postulates of morality is slow, dull, and oftentimes false. Here lies the great difficulty. There is danger lest this mental sense be injured so that it deceive, or fail us; for much is required of it. There are many positions in which objects must be seen, and the inward eye must be able to recognize them; there are different mediums through which the light must pass,—the eye must compensate for refraction, and false coloring,—and lastly, the organ itself is exceedingly delicate, and by careless using, the nice lenses are easily turned awry, or so fixed in one position, that they can no longer adapt themselves to the ever changing situations in which they are called upon to judge of complex and difficult objects. We may not tamper with our minds. They are sufficiently erring, of necessity, and too much care cannot be taken to keep them in the right course. The river has once broken its bounds, and though its channel be the straightest, and deepest, and its embankments high and strong, there is always some place of weakness—some small stream still flowing from a gap but partly filled. Be watchful and busy, or it will open a way for the whole body of waters; they will be poured out on the plain,—their strength divided, and their purity lost.

With our best endeavors to reach the truth, we sometimes err; and the more careless we are, the oftener do we wander. He who, for any reason, accustoms himself to write against the opinion his honest convictions approve, will, sooner or later, find his perception of truth less quick, and nice. The order and symmetry of his mind is broken up. His habits of thinking become weak and

loose ; the exact reverse of that close and compact investigation, which alone is sure to guide aright. He learns to seek for arguments in place of truth, and is ever apprehensive lest the next will overturn all that he has found before. There clings about him continually a shackling fear, nay, almost a consciousness that he has foolishly blundered, which gives rise either to a wavering timidity, or a determined and unmanly obstinacy. Like the stream, his strength is divided, and he wanders blindly on, till lost in the pestilent marshes of error.

Every writer ought, therefore, to make it an unchanging principle of action, to seek the exact truth in the case of each particular subject that comes before him, and having found it, to unfold it. He will then enjoy a quiet, unassuming self respect, and command the confidence and approval of his fellow men. He will escape all those contemptible faults of style, which are the constant marks of a narrow mind, or a narrow soul ; and will often, too, show a strength, and self-sustaining loftiness of conception, which will disarm the critic, and oblige him to stop and confess that he has to do with a man. Such an one, he who has this sure consciousness of right, who can feel his vigorous heart at each stroke beat honest blood throughout his frame, alone can walk erect and secure amid friends and foes, through prosperity and adversity. Solicitous for the cause of truth alone, he will see with gladness his own errors uncovered, their ill tendency arrested, and will feel no anxiety lest his works and name should not descend to posterity ; convinced that if they deserve it, they *will* be immortal,—willing that if unworthy, they should die. Such is the spirit our countrymen need. It is that which the *greatest* and *best* of men have almost always possessed in a high degree. Thus has it been in Greece, in England, and in America—with Socrates, with Milton, Newton, Washington, and Franklin. It must be so of necessity ; for in the one case—the *great* man is able to compass at a view so large a portion of all truth, to see so clearly the beauty and symmetry of those different parts of the *one* universe, which are open to his sight, that it would be an outrage on the very laws of his being, it would be going contrary to his own nature, to have a different aim, or a stronger desire. In the case of the *good* man, from the very fact that he is good, he loves the truth as he loves his God, and seeks to know and follow it as he seeks to know and obey his Maker.

By learning from the example that either of these sets us, our countrymen (and we with them) may avoid the worst faults of bad writers, and reach some of the high excellencies of those whose works are a lasting blessing, and an unfading honor to their native land.

THE GRAVES OF THE REGICIDES.

In the rear of the Center Church, in New Haven, are three graves which have long excited interest, from the tradition that they contain the ashes of Whalley, Goffe, and Dixwell, the Regicides. The very minute inquiries, instituted by President Stiles into the last history of these illustrious exiles, render it highly probable that Goffe and Whalley, were first interred in Hadley, and that, for fear of outrage, their remains were secretly transferred to New Haven, and laid by the side of Dixwell, who is known to have been buried beneath the stone which bears his name. The mysterious characters, chiseled upon the now misshapen and rugged monuments, are but tokens of the fear expressed by Dixwell on his death bed, "that his enemies might dishonor his ashes."

Oh! move with noiseless tread;
Wake not the peaceful dead,
Who slumber near!
Earth hath no nobler dust,
Committed to her trust,
Than moulders here.

No marble lends its aid,
Nor cypress bends to shade
Their narrow home;
Yet, where these ashes sleep,
In distant times to weep
Shall pilgrims come.

Once these with princes shone,
And girt a monarch's throne,
Its pride and power:
Among the true, the brave,
Where hostile banners wave,
They led the flower.

One morn, in solemn state,
A lordly council sate:
Its king was there.
No jeweled lustre now
Adorns his regal brow,
Dark with despair.

And deeper grew that gloom,
As his reverseless doom
Was read aloud:
And wild his fierce eye rolled,
But met a glance as cold
From that stern crowd.

Along the vaulted aisle
Forth from that stately pile
With measured tread,

A guard of steel-clad men
Back to his grated den
Their monarch led.

Soon, the brief respite past,
There came upon the blast
A sullen knell:
It loosed that captive's chain,
And led him forth again
From his damp cell.

Close hanging on his path,
A nation in its wrath
For vengeance cries.
An hour—the scene is o'er—
Low wail'ring in his gore
A monarch lies!

Years past—an exile came,
His father's throne to claim:
That once restored—
His long imprisoned ire,
O'er those who slew his sire
In fury poured.

Some on the scaffold bowed,
As watched the gaping crowd
Their parting breath:
Some dragged the clanking chain
Till madness fired the brain—
A living death.

Three crossed the ocean wave,
To find at least a grave,
On Freedom's shore:
The bloodhounds fast behind,
Swift as the viewless wind
Our land explore.

From crag to crag they fly—
 Their roof the open sky—
 Their couch the stone :
 A damp and dismal cave,
 A skiff upon the wave,
 Is theirs alone.

They are waked at the midnight hour
 To retreat from the arm of power,
 Or remain to die :
 They are warned as they kneel in prayer
 To escape to the mountain air,
 By the foe's fierce cry.

It was whispered that holy men
 Had access to these outlaws' den
 And imparted aid :
 That concealed by the laurel's bloom
 Was a stone, 'mid the forest gloom,
 Where their food was laid.

It was thus for a score of years—
 The lone prey of relentless fears—
 That they lingered on ;
 Till old age laid his wasting hand
 On the brows of the exiled band,
 And the conquest won.

It is over—the toilsome strife ;
 The long struggle to rescue life
 Is forever o'er :
 The strict search for the outlawed men,
 Through the wild and the silent glen,
 Shall be known no more.

They who sought them across the wave
 Long have slept in the narrow grave—
 They have ceased to hate ;
 And the son who regained the crown,
 He hath laid it forever down,
 And resigned his state.

Yet betray not the sacred trust,
 Lest some outrage insult their dust,
 From forgotten foes ;
 For, o'erhung by this temple's shade,
 Are the bones of the exiles laid,
 In their last repose.

Fare thee well ! yet with noiseless tread,
 Lest thou startle the weary dead
 From his tranquil rest :
 It was long ere they shelter found—
 Let them sleep 'neath the grassy mound
 Never more oppress.

V. H. Z.

JEDEDIAH BIRCH.

JEDEDIAH BIRCH was a genuine Yankee. In him existed all that frankness, nobleness of spirit and humor, which are characteristic of this class of people. That he was full of the latter, even to overflowing, needed no other evidence than the constant winking of his right eye, and a convulsive twitching of the left corner of his mouth, which habits, it is said, he contracted while an infant, by laughing at his own thoughts. Jedediah, moreover, had been a traveler, and like many great travelers before him, had always performed his journeys on horseback, having been "loaned" while at the age of thirteen, to ride the horse on a neighboring canal. Jedediah was distinguished above all his fellows, and was looked up to by even the highest men in Pinetown, for he stood six feet twelve inches in his stockings. Strange, however, as it may seem, in all the public meetings, Jedediah, although a very fluent and argumentative speaker, possessed but little weight, never exceeding one hundred and fifty pounds.

His dress, which was peculiarly characteristic of the man, was always the same, consisting of a bell-crown'd, broad-rim'd hat, alternately painted white and black to suit the changes of the season;—a short cloth jacket, always patched in the inside to preserve the uniformity of the exterior;—a loose pair of buckskin pantaloons, the appearance of which was varied by turning them inside out whenever he went to church; and lastly, a pair of cowhide boots, the bottoms of which were covered with lead to preserve his understanding amid those roughnesses of life which “try men’s soles.” Jedediah wore no straps,—not he,—they were too expensive; but in order that the interval between his pantaloons and boots might never exceed five inches, a loop of twine from the top of the latter was fastened to a button at the bottom of the former. Such was Jedediah; and the description of him has been minute, as there can be no doubt, that had the distinguished Boz ever met him, Jedediah Birch would have figured as the sub-hero in another set of papers.

It was now the month of June. Since the previous Thanksgiving, nothing had occurred to disturb the quiet of Pinetown. Pinetown is, or rather was, a small tract of land, twelve miles by six, situated in the back part of Massachusetts. Like many other towns in our country equally distinguished, it has suffered much neglect at the hands of historians, biographers and geographers, no mention of it being found in the works either of Bancroft, Marshall, or Morse. The reader will please throw the last two periods into a parenthesis and pass on. Indeed so *very* quiet was the village, that the tickings of the town clock could be heard at the distance of two miles. This may not seem to agree very well with the bustling spirit usually attributed to the Yankees; but the fact is, that the fields had all been ploughed and sown,—the first crop of grass mown and gathered in, and nothing now remained for the Pinetowners but to sit quietly down and wait for the corn and fruits to ripen, and the grass to attain to its second growth. Besides, every man kept a store in his own house, and therefore there was no need of the noisy “running to and fro” to obtain the necessaries of life. Should it be said that this is in opposition to the love of trade and close bargains so peculiar to the Yankees, be it answered, that the purchasers at each store were those of the same household. The father sold to the children and received his pay in labor, while the children always took good care to make the best bargain. There was a double advantage in this; the first is, that it kept all the money within the family,—the second, that it trained up the children for two different professions, the mercantile and agricultural. There was no aristocracy in Pinetown,—that is, every one knew that he was as good as his neighbor, consequently, it was the seat of a pure democracy. Even the village pastor and schoolmaster, identical

in body if not in name, was not considered as very much superior to the rest of the villagers; for while he knew some things they did not, they in turn knew some things he did not, and therefore, of course, their knowledge was equal. If there was a single individual in the place who was allowed any claim to superiority it was Jedediah Birch, and for the reasons already given, namely, that he had been a traveler, and that during his travels he had spent several days in the city where the aforementioned canal terminated.

It has been said by a distinguished philosopher that "there is a time for every thing." This was true in regard to Pinetown. There had been a time for Thanksgiving,—it had passed. There had been a time also for quiet,—that too had passed,—and now it was a time for something else, at least so thought Jedediah, one hot afternoon, as he was lying half asleep and half awake under the shade of a huge oak tree.

"By golly!" soliloquized he, "this is too tarnal bad for nobody to be doing nothin. Here 'tis more'n six months and we ha'n't had no wedding, nor funeral, nor quiltin, nor huskin, nor nothin else. I snum, 'tain't the thing for me. How lazy everybody's grown; I wonder what makes 'em so. There's father, he's fast asleep, and mother's a helpin him; and Jerusha and Charity and Huldah are sittin, with their eyes shut, in a state of vast reflection, as the owl said to the pigeon. Hang me, If I don't do somethin to make 'em wake up again."

Jedediah thought long,—Jedediah thought profoundly too, for he "had studied human natur, and was certain that nothing but what's new will start a Yankee." The idea of a sleigh ride entered his mind; that was out of the question as it was now almost mid-summer. A husking! that too was impossible, for the corn had but just been planted. A quilting! "this might be well enough," thought our hero, "but them quiltins has too much ceremony about 'em to suit me,—I don't like so much perliteness, as the man said when they were carrying him to prison."

Jedediah still continued to think, and very soon became convinced that "there wasn't nothin new under the sun, and consequently nothin could be done to get up somethin." Jedediah went home very low-spirited. He was a true philanthropist, and while his heart yearned over his fellow villagers, he was sadly grieved that he could not ameliorate their condition. After some effort he reached the farm house, and was just entering the little enclosure which adorns the front, when he observed a duck very busily engaged in studying the geological properties of the bottom of a mud puddle. Now there was nothing very peculiar about the duck, or the puddle, or the union of the two. Jedediah had seen the same things a thousand times before; nevertheless, he stopt and gazed and thought. He had never

before philosophized upon the conduct of a duck. "I can't see," thought he, scratching his head, "what 'tis ducks love dirty water for!" Now this certainly was a question which might puzzle the brain of a wise man. Jedediah was puzzled. He looked at the house,—at the setting sun,—at the trees,—then at the duck again. Once more Jedediah scratched his head that he might start something. He scratched hard, very hard,—he scratched with all his might, until suddenly withdrawing his hand from his hair and leaping, at least four feet from the ground, he exclaimed, in the excess of his rapture, "I've got it—I've got it."

What Jedediah *did* get will be seen hereafter.

Near the end of the most public street in Pinetown,—most public, for it was the only one,—stood a small, red house, surrounded at its base by a bed of tan, and ornamented in many places by the recent addition of several new, white clapboards and shingles. Wooden panes of glass also were not wanting in just that quantity which proved the possessor a frugal man. Within, on the evening of the foregoing day, were seated around a pine table, scoured milk white, three individuals,—Squire Jenks, the father,—Mrs. Jenks, the mother,—and Miss Jenks, the daughter. The old gentleman was busily engaged in turning over the leaves of an almanac, which, from its appearance, must have been prepared not only "to suit all meridians," but also "all ages." He was endeavoring to ascertain when the next Fast day would come. His companion was hard at work knitting, while the young lady was striving to unite two parts in her "go-to-meeting" dress, which by some accident, had been "*vi et armis*" separated. The stillness already mentioned existed here also in full glory. Nothing could be heard save, occasionally, a rattling noise in the prominent organ of the Squire's face,—the clicking of the old lady's needles as they, in measured tone, slipped across each other,—and a kind of sawing sound as the thread followed the "wee bit" of steel through the young lady's dress. A tremendous rap, which threatened to beat down the old front door, suddenly started the group, and as the Squire opened it, in stalked, or rather rushed, Jedediah.

"Why la, Mr. Birch! is this you? Well now, I guess we're glad to see you," was the united greeting of Mr. Jenks, Mrs. Jenks, and their daughter, Miss Jenks.

"Yes, this is me," answered our hero, "and if you've no objections I should like to see Hannah alone a minute. I've got somethin' plaguey particular to tell her."

Hannah was not a bashful girl; and instead of blushing and fidgetting and screwing her mouth into the shape of a tunnel with its point outward, as our city coquettes are wont to do, she merely said, "Then just come on," catching up at the same time

the only candle, and retiring towards the kitchen. Jedediah followed his leader.

"Well, if it aint curious!" said Mrs. Jenks in the dark.

"Very curious!" ejaculated the Squire.

"And then he looked so," added the dame.

"Yes, so he did," replied her partner.

Now there was nothing so very astonishing in Jedediah's appearance, save that his pantaloons had their best side out, and his hair had been rubbed down so smooth with lard, that a fly in attempting to alight, had slipped off and broken his neck. Yet Jedediah had often looked so before, and leaving, therefore, the old folks both physically and mentally in the dark, we will endeavor to ascertain the cause of our friend's unexpected visit.

"Hannah!" said Jedediah, "I've been thinkin."

"Have you though? well now, that's curious."

"Yes I have, and what do you s'pose it's about?"

"Well, I can't tell unless it's about me."

"Hem!" said Jedediah with a start, "I guess you want to try my feelins, as the boy said when the bee stung him. No, I was'nt thinkin of you alone."

"I hope you wan't thinking of me and Patty Brown, was you?"

"I did'nt mean exactly that. I meant I was thinkin of doin somethin, and I want you to give me a pull."

"Oh, if that's it, I'm perfectly agreed to help you."

Jedediah laid his hat on an old tub. He did it very carefully, for it was his only hat. Next, he passed both hands across his shining hair, to make smooth still smoother, and gave a violent twitch to his right collar, that he might look the more important. This being satisfactorily accomplished, his next movement was to take a full survey of the kitchen to see that no one was present but themselves. Satisfied of this, he seated himself gently by the side of Hannah and crossing his legs and smacking his lips just three times, he thrust his head still closer to that of the maiden, and then bringing down his right hand with no little force upon her back, he at the same instant whispered, "What do you think of a fishin party?" Hannah started; whether it was owing to the proximity of Jedediah's lips to her cheeks,—to the blow upon her back,—or the nature of the question, is very uncertain; nevertheless, Hannah started.

"A fishin party!" replied she, "I ha'nt never thought any thing about it."

"I know you ha'nt, that's why I asked you! I've an idea of getting up a fishin party, for I guess its a deuced fine sort of a thing."

"But where's the water? There is'nt a single pond in all Pinetown; no, nor any where round."

Now this difficulty had already presented itself to the mind of Jedediah, but his inventive genius soon removed the difficulty.

"We'll fish in the canal," was his triumphant reply.

"But is there any fish there?"

"Fish? is'nt there a heap of water in the canal? and don't fish live where there's a heap of water? besides, what was water made for but for fish to swim in?"

This logic was conclusive, and after a short deliberation it was decided, that on the next Thursday Jedediah and Hannah with such of their young neighbors as might wish to join them, should make sundry experiments upon the fish in the canal.

Jedediah rose to depart.

"Mind now! don't you tell the old folks, because we want to take 'em by surprise, when we bring the fish back. I guess its time for me to go now, so I'll leave you to your thoughts."

Every preparation was made for the coming frolic. All the necessary information as to the nature of bait and arrangement of lines was obtained, and the purchase of hooks made, by the assistance of one of the men on the canal. Not a hint however escaped as to the place of fishing. Every thing was conducted with profound secrecy. A rude raft was constructed to serve instead of a boat, and hidden in the woods near the canal ready for launching.

The day so prospectively fatal to the interests of the piscatory tribe, at length dawned on the quiet village of Pinetown. Even before the first streak of light appeared on the eastern sky, a dark shadow might be seen flitting hastily along the deserted street, now giving a signal tap at one house, and a heavy thump at another, according as the inmates were more or less initiated; and when at last the sun rose, a party, consisting of four men and twelve women, was seen wending its stealthy way across fields and wood-lots towards the canal.

"Well really! this going a fishing is plaguey nice fun," said one of the rustic gallants, to the fair damsel, who was literally hanging upon his arm. "Ain't it queer?"

"I should kind of think it was," responded Miss Tabithy Tuttle, "I guess it's almost equal to a weddin."

"Jedediah! Jedediah! Oh Jedediah!" shouted a voice from a huge bonnet with one of the smallest specimens of the female sex hanging to it.

Now be it known that Jedediah was at some distance in advance, like a noble captain, leading on his little army to a glorious victory, and when he heard his name thus hollowly sounded from the rear, without a moment's hesitation, he did what every wise man would have done under similar circumstances, that is, he stopt, turned round and exclaimed very beautifully, "What?"

"I'm in such a pickle! oh dear Jedediah, what shall I do?"

"Well, well! talk up smart and tell us what's the matter," said Mr. Birch, bringing the whole company to a dead halt.

"I've come off in such a fluster I forgot the dough-nuts."

This certainly was very wrong,—it was certainly very bad; so Jedediah thought,—and so thought all the rest. The dough-nuts were the one thing indispensable, and although they had four large baskets filled with gingerbread and cheese, yet what were these without the dough-nuts. For awhile the party were at a loss how to act, but finally it was concluded that Mr. Obadi-ah Sprout, who was the most agile young man present, should return for the "Sine qua non," while the rest proceeded.

The canal was at length reached and the next thing was to launch the raft. The difficulty of accomplishing this had never once suggested itself to the mind of our hero, while he was constructing it, and when after sundry efforts, the young men found that their united strength was insufficient to lift the raft, anxiety and disappointment were strongly depicted upon the countenances of the whole party.

As when some noble horse, all curried and combed, and saddled and bridled, is led up to the door. His young master, in glorious vesture, comes forth from his splendid mansion, and with a single bound leaps into the saddle, that he may display his superior horsemanship to the multitude of admiring maidens, and when after coaxing and threatening, and spurring and whipping, he discovers that he is unable to start the animal, so was it with our gallants; "the more they tugged and strained over the raft, the more it would't move."

There, reader, how do you like that beautiful figure? It strikes us as being equal to anything of the kind found either in Homer or Virgil, and has been introduced in order that you may imitate the conduct of Jedediah at this stage of the story, which was to stop and breathe.

Yankee ingenuity soon remedied the difficulty.

"I've been thinkin'," said Mr. Timothy Parsnip, "that these girls might give us a bit of a lift. Darn my eyes if it don't go then; there's nothin in this wide world like wimen when a man's got into a snarl."

"My gosh! let's help," cried Miss Betsey Fudge to her female friends, and help they did in good earnest, for in just one minute and a half, splash went the raft into the water.

But a short time was consumed in getting aboard, and in the preparation of lines, baiting of hooks, &c., and very soon every one was ready to catch the first fish, and earn thereby the right to kiss the whole company. Jedediah however is to be excepted, who acted as overseer and baiter-general on the occasion. One long, anxious hour passed away and not the slightest twitch had been felt at any of the lines. Some thought that the bait must

be off, and accordingly pulled up at least twenty times in a minute for examination, but as often found themselves mistaken.

"That ain't the way to catch fish," exclaimed Jedediah ; "you don't give 'em time to see what you want 'em to do. Just hold still a bit and don't be so uneasy, as the butcher said when he was sticking the pig."

Some, however, had kept their lines perfectly still, but with no better success. Jedediah, however, had a word also for them.

"Why, you plaguey fools ! don't you see your bait ain't hardly under water ? you do'n't 'spose the fish is going to trouble themselves to come up here do you ? fish down lower."

"I want to see 'em bite," was the philosophical reply of a young lady in a white frock and black stockings.

"Well, I guess you won't," was the equally philosophical rejoinder.

Another had her hook too low, and the opposite advice was accordingly given.

"I guess you think the fish live under ground, like moles, don't you ? There," drawing up the line a few inches, "just let it be so a minute, and I guess you'll find a jerk directly, as the hangman said to the fellow."

Another hour glided by, and not a fish had left its original element. The sun was now pouring down a scorching heat, and not the slightest whisper of a breeze could be heard among the trees. The perspiration stood in large drops upon every forehead, and all were panting and gasping for a breath of fresh air.

"This is what I call rather hot," said the little maid in the big bonnet.

"Ain't it though ?" briefly replied Miss Hannah Jenks.

"Oh my ! how sweaty I do feel," groaned Mr. James Fidget.

"I'm concludin'," said a trembling, husky voice, "that there ain't no fish here, and we'd better try somewhere else."

Jedediah, by a very wonderful coincidence, had also come to the same conclusion, and the raft, therefore, was pushed about a quarter of a mile further up the canal.

"Now then for it ! I'm certain there must be something here," shouted Mr. Buel, and all went to work with new zeal. Scarcely were the lines down when a cry was heard from one corner of the raft, "A bite ! a bite ! dear me, I've got a bite !"

"You don't say so !"—"By gosh !"—"Go it Jerusha !"—broke forth from the astonished group. All flung down their lines and crowded around the fortunate girl.

"Why don't you pull up !" shouted Jedediah.

"'Cause I can't, it's so big."

"I guess she's caught one of them levithaners we read of in the Bible," said one very wisely.

"Ain't it a whale ?" inquired another.

"What if it should be the sea-sarpint we've hear'n tell of? Oh dear me, I always was afeard of snakes," added a third.

"Let me just git hold," said Jedediah, "I'll pull you up, old fellow, I know, as the elephant said to the toad."

The valiant youth tugged and tugged, but all to no purpose; not an inch of line could he gather in. "What a swopper! he pulls like all creation, as the woman remarked when the horse ran away with her."

Another and severer effort was made, and directly a snap and a splash were heard, for as the line loosed its hold and came up, Jedediah lost his balance and went down. Such a yelling, screaming, and crying, followed on the raft, that it seemed, verily, as if the world had come to end, at least, that part of it where Pinetown is stuck on. Although this, however, was not the fact, yet it was almost so as it regarded Jedediah, for turning a somers-et as he went over, so great was his momentum, that his head was thrust some distance into the mud at the bottom of the canal, and he was left in an inverted position with his legs above water, kicking in the air.

This was very unexpected to Jedediah, and consequently no provision had been made for such an emergency. Besides, he had pitched so far from the raft that it was impossible to reach him, and there he stood, or rather stuck, kicking and splashing for nearly a minute, until his convulsive efforts had loosened his upper, now lower, member from the mud, when suddenly turning another somerset, in consequence of the lead upon his boots obeying the laws of gravity, up popt a head which looked, certainly, very unlike that of Jedediah.

I have said that Jedediah was a philosopher, and were there no other proof, his conduct, at this trying moment, would be sufficient to sustain the assertion. And what think you, reader, Jedediah Birch did?

"Swore, doubtless!"

No! Jedediah never swore.

"Sprung for the raft!"

Not exactly.

"Perhaps he cried."

No, nor that either, for there was water enough already on his cheeks. This is what he did—mark his self-possession—he stood perfectly still and washed his face.

"Well now!" exclaimed Jedediah, when the ablution was completed, "it warn't my intention to have done just so. I don't care much, only I am afeard I frightened all the fish away."

Mr. Birch, certainly, was very considerate. In his philanthropy he had forgotten himself, and thought only of the injury which would accrue to others in consequence of the accident. His unfortunate "exploring expedition," however, was a damper upon

the feelings of the party, and many were for abandoning at once all further effort, and returning home. To this Jedediah was decidedly opposed. "Did'nt they come out to catch fish ; and had they got what they came for ; and ought they to go home without getting what they came for ?" was his reasoning, which certainly was in accordance with the strictest rules of logic, and should have satisfied the discontented ; but some how or other, the idea had become general, that there "either war'nt any fish in the canal, or else they were almighty scarce." After discussing the subject for several minutes, it was unanimously decided, that the weary adventurers should proceed first to refresh their inner men and women with gingerbread and cheese, and then, "if they felt slick enough," to make another trial upon the aquatics. No sooner was the motion carried than all eyes were simultaneously directed towards the baskets of provisions, when lo ! not a basket was to be seen. Here was trouble indeed. What could have become of them.

"I wonder if there ain't no yeller garters here?" asked Mr. Parsnip.

Now this was a very improper question for a young man to ask in such company, and the ladies would certainly have blushed, even to blackness, within five minutes, had not the speaker soon explained his meaning.

"I guess I've read once in my spellin book of yeller garters be-in in rivers, and that they were so plaguey big they could eat up a house and all its chimbleys. May be one of these critters has got our gingerbread and cheese."

The question then was, could such a monster appear and commit his depredations undiscovered ; and as no such animal had been seen, Mr. Parsnip's hypothesis found but few supporters. Others thought that the basket must have been pushed overboard during the recent confusion, but whether this was the case, or whether an alligator had indeed been the robber, it is for the sagacious reader to determine. "Plague take it ! they're gone somehow that's sartin, but what how, darn me if I can tell," was the very wise conclusion of Jedediah. Nothing now remained but to gather up their lines and return home. To fish without gingerbread and cheese,—that was impossible ; who ever heard of such a thing ! as well might they fish without bait ! Accordingly, the raft was pushed towards the shore, and in a few moments the party were once more on "terra firma," wending their way towards Pinetown.

"The next time you ask me to go a fishin Mr. Birch," said Miss Hannah Jenks, "I guess you'd better look out. I aint a goin to be treated so for nothin, I know."

"I wish you'd drowned," cried Miss Fudge.

"You deserve a good lickin," snarled the young lady in white and black.

"Don't you never come to our house agin ; if you do I'll show you what's what," threatened the big bonnet.

Such was the abuse heaped upon poor Jedediah, and so excited did they finally become, that "lynch law" would very soon have been administered to the criminal, had they not descried something at a short distance from them very much like a man asleep.

Such a sight was very common in Pinetown. Miss Fudge had seen it,—Mr. Parsnip had seen it,—all indeed had been eye witnesses of such a spectacle, and the slumberer would have been passed unnoticed had not Jedediah thought that the dress and whole appearance resembled, very astonishingly, those of the young gentleman who had been despatched for the dough-nuts.

"Bless me ! if there aint Obadiah Sprout !" shouted the man of height, thereby turning the current of feeling from himself towards the sleeper, or rather towards his basket, for no sooner were the words uttered than the woods resounded with the shout "there's Obadiah !" and like hungry wolves, all rushed to the prey.

Trouble upon trouble. The basket was safe, but not a dough-nut was to be seen within it, for Obadiah, stopping to refresh himself with one only, had become so enamoured of the rest, that he was unable to check the vibratory motion of his jaws until all had disappeared, and then had lain down to "catch a nap" as a kind of dessert to his dinner. Now the Pinetown party were mortal men, or rather one third were mortal men and the rest mortal women, and it cannot be supposed that they were destitute of the feelings and passions which belong to flesh and blood, and, in the case of Jedediah, to skin and bones. To be betrayed thus by one into whose hands they had intrusted the very "staff of life," was beyond all endurance, and very feelingly therefore, was an application immediately and simultaneously made of feet and hands to every part of the offender's body. But the party were too weak to kick and strike long, so reduced had they become by hunger ; and after venting their rage upon the unlucky Obadiah, they left him, and in a few hours succeeded in crawling slowly along to their dwellings in Pinetown.

"Well Jedediah," said Squire Jenks, a few days after the adventure, "so you went a fishing in the canal. Did you catch any thing ?"

"Why I can't exactly say as we did. Somehow or other the fish didn't understand it, and couldn't get on to the hook no how they could try. But I tell you what, Squire, one of the gals got a most all fired bite, as the chap said when the shark grabbed him."

"Hannah says 'twas nothing but a log."

"Well, now ! that shows most sartinly to my mind that Hannah's a fool. Now I ask you, Squire Jenks, as a man,—as a mor-

alous man,—as a selectman,—as a man who's ciphered to 'the rule of three,' and studied jography,—did you ever see or hear'n tell that a log could bite at a hook?"

That was a poser; it took the Squire "all aback," and, to use his own expression, "completely dumb founded him." Jedediah's triumph was complete; he had silenced the "man of greatest larnin in the town," and from that time not the slightest suspicion was entertained in the mind of any individual, but that either a leviathan or a sea-serpent had been hooked, if not caught, in the Pinetown canal. At the next fall meeting, Jedediah Birch, Esq., was unanimously chosen parish-clerk, vice Mr. Thomas Slump, removed.

H. S.

DEATH OF SAUL AND JONATHAN.

"Now the Philistines fought against Israel; and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines, and fell down slain in mount Gilboa.

"And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him; and he was sore wounded of the archers."—I. SAM. xxxi, 1, 3.

"And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul, and over Jonathan his son."—II. SAM. i, 17.

FAIR Canaan was hushed in the stillness of night,
The winds on Gilboa had ceased from their might;
Not a breath woke the leaves of the cedar's dark bough,
And the voice of the waters was distant and low.
Who stands on the summit, unscreened from the sky,
With a night-clouded mien, and a wild, troubled eye?
'Tis Israel's chieftain, the son of the spear,—
Doth he tremble at battle,—can Saul have a fear,—
The warrior whose name is a watchword in fight?
His soul is unmanned by the visions of night,
For the prophet of Ramah, recalled from the tomb,
Hath foretold him the future, unfolded his doom:
"When the morning shall kindle the waves of yon sea,
Thou shall rest, hapless monarch! in silence with me."

Awake from thy musing—what light gleams afar?
'Tis the ranks of the foe, sweeping onward to war;
Like a blast from the north, like a storm on the deep
They speed, while the Hebrews are buried in sleep.
Rouse up from your slumbers! ye men of the Lord,
Abandon your dreams for the strife of the sword!
The plumes of the heathen float wild on the gale—
Beware! 'tis the sheen of their iron-wrought mail;
'Tis the battle-shout rings over mountain and dell;
May they meet a red welcome—a bloody farewell!

Too late is the summons, the warning in vain,
 The heroes of Saul shall ne'er conquer again ;
 For the spearmen are breathing the breath of the strife,
 And the shaft of each bowman is thirsty for life ;
 The war-horse is trampling their limbs on the ground,
 And the pitiless rider is dealing his wound ;
 Sad Israel faints—her proud warriors are low,—
 They are swept from their ranks by the tide of the foe ;
 Bold Jonathan sleeps on the breast of the field,
 And vainly his father relies on the shield,
 His spirit is drooping, his eye waxes dim,
 For each well-guided arrow is pointed at him.

The conflict was over,—the glad rising sun
 Looked smilingly down on the field that was won ;
 The camp of the Hebrew was still and serene,
 And the banners of Dagon waved wild o'er the scene.

* * * * *

The starry heavens were shining bright and fair,
 Deep was the glory of the solemn sky,
 And the rich fragrance of the balmy air,
 Shed o'er the soul a soothing harmony ;
 It might have cheered the chillness of despair—
 It tamed the grief in youthful David's eye,
 As lonely for a loss he well might mourn,
 He wept a tear o'er Friendship's broken urn.

Strange sympathy ! the heavy hour was spent
 In sadness for the king who sought his life,
 Whose weapon at his loyal heart was sent,*
 When that heart would have quelled the gloomy strife
 Of passions, whose dark, rapid sway had rent
 The monarch's bosom, and had left it rife
 With storms that only music might allay,—
 Deep was the voice that wailed him, snatched away.

Yes ! the same harp whose magic tones could still
 The quick pulsations of a fevered breast,
 And, ready at the minstrel's easy will
 Shed healing o'er the soul of the oppressed,
 Shaping its current with such gentle skill,
 That every list'ning heart was lulled to rest,—
 The same rich harp, now tuned to notes of woe,
 Bade thus its tearful tribute sadly flow ;—

* "And it came to pass on the morrow, that the evil spirit from God came upon Saul;—and David played with his hand, as at other times :—And Saul cast the javelin ; for he said, I will smite David even to the wall with it. And David avoided out of his presence twice."—*1 SAM. xviii, 10, 11.*

- "Breathe forth, my harp! a mournful strain,
A hymn of grief thy chords must yield;
The beauty of our land is slain,
The mighty sleep upon the field;
No shepherd now has Israel's flock,
No kind protector for its aid,
For Saul was like a mountain rock,
A goodly shelter, and a shade.
- "Oh! tell not the dark tale in Gath,
Nor publish it in Askelon,
How in the battle's bloody path
Fell Saul and his devoted son;
Lest with exulting, cruel joy,
Their daughters triumph in our grief,
Proud that their nation could destroy
Unhappy Israel's chosen chief.
- "And thou, Gilboa! may the dew
No more descend upon thy brow,
And may thy fields, where once we slew
The victim, hear no more our vow;
May thy fair verdure feel no shower,
But wither in the scorching ray—
For there the shield, the shield of power,
Alas! was vilely cast away.
- "When, from the javelin's deadly rain,
The charging fury of the foe,
Did our young chief desert the plain,
Or turn away his ready bow?
Whose eye hath marked our king and lord,
Flee to escape Philistia's band,
Or fearful hold his idle sword,
Or wield it with a palsied hand?
- "Yes! lovely were they in their lives,
Lovely and pleasant were they then;
No blot upon their name survives,
They died together, died like men.
They were the first in gen'rous deed,
The boldest to redress a wrong,—
The eagle could not match their speed,
Nor was the lion half so strong.
- "Maids of Judea! weep o'er him
Who gave you scarlet for array,
Now must your beauty shine but dim,—
No gold shall deck your bridal day.
And thou, his son! in pride of youth,
Hast thou descended to the tomb,
Cut off in manhood's strength and truth,
The victim of a mournful doom.
- "No maiden in my father land,
Could gain my love as thou hast done;
Deeply am I distressed for thee,
My faithful brother, Jonathan!
How have the mighty met their fate!
Perish'd the weapons of the war!
Judea wails her fallen state,
Her glorious chief—her morning star."

MODERN LATIN ANTHOLOGY.

No. III.

BUCHANAN.

GEORGE BUCHANAN, who was born in Scotland in 1506, is usually considered one of the first modern Latinists. His translation of the Psalms has been universally admired; his versions of Euripides' *Alcestis* and *Medea* are at the same time remarkably literal and very elegant; and his history of Scotland, though in many respects inaccurate, is scarcely surpassed in its style by the most celebrated productions of antiquity. We have now how-

ever to consider him, not as a translator or a historian, but as an epigrammatist.

Buchanan, like many great men of the present day, was much given to abstraction and generalization. Two of his four books of *Miscellanies* contain little else than panegyrics upon the various royal personages of his time; yet he generalized against them very fiercely in such epigrams as these on Cæsar and Codrus.*

Pro patriâ in strictos Codrus ruit impiger enses;
In patriam flammæ Cæsar et arma tulit.
Ille suo patrias firmavit sanguine leges;
At patriæ peperit sanguine Cæsar opes.
Nemo tamen regum jactat se nomine Codri;
Cæsareum nemo non sibi nomen avet.
Quæ ratio? In promptu est, nam qui nunc sceptra tuentur
Illius oderunt, istius facta probant.

On death rushed Codrus in his country's cause;
Cæsar laid waste his land with sword and flame;
One with his blood confirm'd his country's laws;
The other by her blood, gained power and fame.
And yet no monarch Codrus' name will bear;
While Cæsar's title all delight to claim.
And why? 'Tis plain, who now the purple wear,
The tyrant's deeds admire, the patriot's blame.

Ultimus Actæâ Codrus regnavit in aulâ;
Rex Italo primus Cæsar in orbe fuit.
Nempe imitatores invenit dira tyrannis;
Æmulus in patriam rarus amoris erat.

King Codrus last the Attic sceptre swayed;
Cæsar the Roman nation first obeyed.
Many the tyrant imitated: few
The patriot's example would pursue.

The learned professions have ever been butts for the arrows of the satirist. Buchanan has indeed spared the faculty; but only, as we shall see presently, to give a double volley to the clergy; and he has an occasional fling at the gentlemen of the bar. For instance,

Mnam mihi promissam jubeo numerare Calenum:
Abnuit ille: Aulum consulo causidicum:
Is mihi judicio suadet contendere—causam
Suscipit—hâc quicquam justius esse negat.
Quam mihi dum peragit decimumque extendit in annum,
Pene decem decies jam periire minæ.

* The immortal Samuel Patch assures us that "some things can be done as well as others." I have come to the positive conclusion that some *epigrams* can *not* be done as well as others, especially these two, on which I have spent at least two hours, without being able to effect any thing like a respectable translation of them.

Ne lis quod superest exhauriat veris et ævi,
 Vito reum pariter causidicumque meum.
 Certum est nil posthac promittentive Caleno,
 Hortanti aut Aulo credere. Causa vale.
 Quæris utrum fugiam magis? Aulum; namque Calenus
 Verba dare, ast Aulus vendere verba solet.

I ask Tom Styles his honest debt to pay.
 Not he. To lawyer Nokes I take my way.
 He bids me sue the man—he'll plead my case.
 A juster one, he swears, there never was.
 But while for ten long years he drags it on,
 Well nigh ten times the debt for fees has gone.
 So, lest the suit my purse and life outlast,
 Both suit and lawyer off at once I cast,
 In Styles' promise no more faith have I,
 Nor yet in Nokes' advice. My cause good bye!
 Which is the worst of them? 'Tis Nokes; for he
 Has sold his words: Styles gave his word to me.

Divers old Joe-Millers may be traced back to our author. Take for example the following, the idea of which has been repeated under different modifications, I know not how many times.

Nescio an inspexti Narcissi, Posthume, fontem.
 Hoc scio, deliras, Posthume, amore tui,
 Ille tamen merito; nam quod malesanus amabat,
 Ante quidem id multis causa furoris erat—
 At tua non paullo est major vesania, qui te,
 Sed sine rivali, Posthume solus ames.

I know not if a glimpse of Narcissus' fount you've had;
 But this I do know, Posthumus, that with self-love you're mad.
 He had excuse, for that which he so madly did adore,
 Had been the cause of madness to many a one before.
 But you indeed, my friend, have far greater madness shown;
 For the object of your passion is loved by you alone.

His epigram on an envious critic, is another of those standard repartees which every retailer of jokes attributes to his own favorite wit.*

Frustra ego te laudo; frustra me, Zoile, lædis.
 Nemo mihi credit, Zoile, nemo tibi.

In vain I praise you, Zoilus; in vain you carp at me;
 For none believes me, Zoilus, none credence gives to thee.

The "Fratres Fraterrimi," one of Buchanan's earliest productions, is a series of lampoons upon the Roman Catholic clergy,

* I am by no means certain, that Buchanan did not himself borrow it from one of the old Grecians.

in which he evidently imitates Pasquin ; but in most cases falls far short of his model, or rather models. Some of these epigrams, however, are by no means deficient in sarcasm, as may be seen from the following specimens.

Vendidit ære polum, terras in morte reliquit ;
Styx superest Papæ quam colat una Pio.

The heavens for gold Pope Pius sold,
The earth at death he left ;
So he must dwell for aye in hell,
Of all but that bereft.

Stare diu haud poterant Mundusque et Julius unâ,
Omnia perdendi tam ferus ardor erat.
Ergo ne ante diem mundi structura periret,
Ad Styga discessit Julius ante diem.

The world and Julius both could not long flourish ;
So fierce his all-destroying rage did glow :
Wherefore, lest ere its time the world should perish ;
He prematurely sought the shades below.

Paulus ab Hebraeo scis quantum distet Iuda ?
Hic cœli Dominum vendidit, ille domum.

Wouldst know from Hebrew Judas how differs Paul of Rome ?
One sold the Lord of heaven, the other sells his home.

Contendunt specimen pistor pictorque titer edat
Pulchrius, hic fūco doctior, ille foco.
Hic fecisse Deum se jactat ; rettulit ille,
Corpus ego verum, tu simulacra facis.
Dentibus assidue teritur Deus hic tuus, inquit ;
Corrodunt vermes, rettulit ille tuum.
Pictor ait, multos meus integer astat in annos ;
Sæpe una innumeros devorat hora tuos,
At tibi vix toto Deus unus pingitur anno,
Pistor ait, decies mille dat hora mihi,
Parcite, ait mystes frustra contendere verbis ;
Nil sine me poterit vester uterque Deus.
Et quis utrumque Deum facio, mihi servit uterque :
Namque hic mendicat, manditur ille mihi.

A baker and a painter once into a quarrel fell,
Whether the skilful artist did the man of dough excel :
The painter boasted he made God ; the other made reply,
" You fashion but his image, his real body I."
" Your God is ever chewed by men," " And yours the worms devour,"
" My God remains for years entire, a witness of my power ;
Of yours some tens of thousands are eaten in an hour."
" But you can scarcely paint a god in one revolving year ;
Of mine a hundred thousand in one short hour appear."
" Stay," said the priest, " my children, nor quarrel fruitlessly ;
Your gods of bread and canvass are nothing without me ;
And since I make a god of both, they both promote my good,
The painter's god must beg for me, the baker's be my food."

And now, courteous reader, I must take my leave of thee. I am well aware that this series of articles, short as it is, is very rambling and unconnected. No wonder that it should be so, for while I was writing one number, I had but a vague idea of what were to be the contents of the next. I had, nevertheless, determined to impose upon your patience for some months more; but divers circumstances, "too tedious to mention," have compelled me to stop here. The period to which I have restricted myself* is but a small portion of the time during which the modern Latin poets have flourished; for a host of them might be readily enumerated, from Casimir down to Sir William Jones. The subject is truly an extensive one, and I may perhaps seem guilty of great presumption in endeavoring to treat of it at all. Indeed these papers were chiefly written with the hope of attracting to this department of literature the attention of some one more competent than myself to enlarge upon it. I have but set myself up, as it were, for a guide-post in the road that leads to the temple of the muse, (whoever she may be,) who presideth over modern Latinity, that I might direct thee to the

"Flores et fructus nascentes limen ad altum,"

as my friend "Pars Fui" hath it. A few of these blossoms and fruits I have laid at thy feet: the rest are waiting to be gathered by thine own hand. So now good bye—yet stay—I am loth to leave thee—I would fain trouble thee with a few more "last words," in the shape of three epigrams taken at random from as many different authors—

1. Melancthon's epitaph on Luther.

Occidit omnigenâ venerandus laude Lutherus,
 Qui Christum docuit non dubitanda fide.
 Ereptum deflet vero hunc ecclesia luctu,
 Cujus erat doctor, veriùs imò pater.
 Occidit Israel præstans auriga Lutherus,
 Quem mecum sanus lugeat omnis homo.
 Nunc luctumque suum lacrymosâ carmine prodat:
 Hôc enim orbatos flere dolore decet.

Luther is dead, to whom all praise is due;
 Who taught the Saviour's faith with courage true.
 For him the church is weeping bitterly;
 Her teacher—nay, her very sire was he.
 Luther is dead, our Israel's noblest chief!
 Let each good Christian join with me in grief;
 Let each express his woe in mournful strain:
 With such deep anguish orphans should complain.

* The sixteenth century.

2. Beza's epitaph on Melancthon—

Et tu igitur tandem tumuli sub mole repōstus;
 Die O Philippe nunc jaces;
 Et quam invidisti vivus tibi tute quietem
 Cunctis quietem dum paras,
 Ipsa tibi cura et sancti peperere labores,
 Carum o bonis cunctis caput!
 At tu funde rosas funde isti lilia tellus,
 Ut lilia inter et rosas,
 Quo nil candidius fuit et nil suavius unquam,
 Recubet Melancthon molliter.
 Et gravis huic ut sis caveas juvenisve senexve,
 Qui nemini vixit gravis.

At length to the calm slumber of the tomb
 Illustrious Philip, thou art come.
 The quiet by thyself refused while living,
 And to all others quiet giving,
 Thy holy labors have procured thee here,
 Thou to all good men dear!
 Pour forth thy lilies and thy roses, earth,
 That 'mid the lily and the rose,
 The fairest, purest man of mortal birth,
 Melancthon, softly may repose,
 Nor young nor old molest his humble stone,
 Who while he lived molested none.

3. *Quidam haud mihi notus*, on the recovery of Tacitus. The first six books of the Annals were lost during the middle ages. After diligent search they were at last discovered at the beginning of the sixteenth century, in the monastery of Corwey situated in Westphalia, on the banks of the Weser. This discovery is celebrated in the following epigram. The river Weser (*Visurgis*) loquitur—

Exserat Amisius steriles caput inter arenas,
 Et Paderæ socias Luppia jactet aquas.
 Solus ego patrias clarissimus amnis ad oras
 Navibus externas porto Visurgis ope.
 Nec me bella minus celebrant adversa Quiritum,
 Quam quæ per Francos gesta fuere duces.
 Sed quota pars rerum superesset, Roma, tuarum
 Aut quis Arminii nosceret arma mei,
 Ni mihi quam Tacitus scriptor dedit inclytus, illi
 Reddita Corbeis munere vita foret.

Let Ems spring forth amid the barren sand
 And Lippe be of Pader's tribute proud:
 I, first of rivers, to my native land
 Bear foreign wealth in barks that thickly crowd.
 From vanquish'd Romans no less fame I've won,
 Than from the deeds by Franks in battle done,

But what of Roman exploits would remain,
 Or who would know of my Arminius' glory ;
 Had Corwey not giv'n Tacitus again
 The life he gave to me in noble story ?

Lector carissime, "please excuse errors" in the above, as these last two pages have been written *under high pressure*, on the night of June 18th, 1839. So now once more and for the last time, *vive vaeque*.

CEBE.

LAMENT FOR AN EARLY LOVE.

Oh ! lowly thou sleepest
 In thy cold bed,
 And silently keepest
 Thy watch with the dead,
 Unheeded, unheeding
 Of all that pass by :
 My torn heart is bleeding—
 Oh ! how couldst thou die !

A dream of the morning,
 A lone beam of light,
 From Heaven a brief warning
 Of death's rayless night,
 Thou'rt gone from existence,
 Lost Pleiad ! farewell !
 In the far beaming distance
 Thy spirit doth dwell !

Thy form laid forever
 In darkness to lie,
 In life's fitful fever
 No vision is nigh !
 How well I have loved thee
 What language may tell !
 Oh ! couldst thou have proved me !—
 Sweet spirit, farewell !

Yet why thus deplore thee,
 Thou light of my heart ?
 Why sadly weep o'er thee
 Nor ever depart ?
 To my bosom's repining
 A solace is given—
 I know thou art shining
 'Mid the light beams of Heaven !

OUR MAGAZINE.

THE rotation of college events, courteous reader, which indeed seem to pursue each other with the rapidity of the hours, when we have leisure to contemplate their progress, has transmitted to our hands the office of preparing the usual intellectual repast for college companions. Ere this, on our first sheet, we have endured the cold formality of an introduction, and presented our card, and now having welcomed all with the cordial grasp of fellowship, permit us to epilegomenize leisurely from our editorial arm-chair. Without doubt it will quickly be perceived that we have dispensed with the wonted receptaculum for fanciful touches on the seasons and the delights of vacation, and yet we trust its absence will be noticed without regret. In effect we conceive that the gloss of novelty which once rendered this snug "poet's corner" agreeable, has been fast wearing away beneath the touch of time, and the field which the genius of our predecessors invested with such an interest affords scarcely a sheaf to the most diligent gleaner, —or has a flower left ungathered. We could wish no harder fate even to the most brilliant imagination, than to waste its bright colors in so paltry a path, and dissipate its heat and glow in a soil so impenetrable that no fire can warm it. Yet, were we in the mood, it would be easy for us to discourse of the delicate footed May, and the flowery June; we might mention night excursions on our bay waters,

When the moon riseth as she were dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea.

And we might tell too of visions of dark eyes and fairy figures seen in our holiday rambles, and which have floated before us ever since, haunting us with their lost beauty like a dream of remembered joys. But we forbear. Our preceding pages have been devoted to the effusions of our contributors; yet here, on our first entrance on the great theatre of literary action, after having left the green-room of authorship, we have reserved a place to address these words to thee.

Reader, we have deemed it best to address thee with a *courteous* title, trusting that our politeness may not be thrown away upon the undeserving; or if so, that each may endeavor to earn the title by his future civility; at least we shall consider every one who glances his eye over these pages, to be the most clever, agreeable, gentlemanly sort of personage in the world, until he has plainly convicted himself of a want of honor and good faith towards our magazine. On so slight an acquaintance we cannot presume to correct divination of the character, nor are we of those who are much in peril of love at first sight; time must be our interpreter; and yet as we observe thy countenance through our eye-glass, if we know any thing of physiognomy thou art not an ill looking fellow, and we think we can discern a gleam of good nature in thine eye that promises well for thy future indulgence and the absence of ill-tempered criticism. We sincerely hope, nay believe, that our friendship will increase at each periodical visiting, and ripen in the end to true esteem. Still we entreat thy indulgence; we are as yet "raw hands." Gentle Reader, have you observed the canker-worm feeding upon the green leaf of our noble forest trees, until all their beauty and glory are gone, and they are left even in spring-time in the sear nakedness of autumn. Forbear then—thy malice is like one of those.

Before us is the great "round table," celebrated in the earlier annals of the University, and transmitted through each succeeding generation. Its massy board groans beneath the weight of generous contributions. As we glance into the open coffin to take a last look at the "great rejected," our eye falls upon the effusion of a pathetic swain. We shall afford but a touch of its contents as a specimen of the remains consigned to the narrow house. It is entitled "Lamentations discovered in the pocket of a care-worn wanderer found asleep under a weeping willow:"

EHEU ! O ! EHEU !

"The well of sorrow in the heart is most manifestly the deepest when its waters run over the curb."—*Old Writer.*

When sadness fills the aching heart,
And grief bedews the eye,
And sorrows cloud the anxious brow,
How good it is to cry.

And when a mighty whaling wo
Has chased the rest about,
Making the deep to boil not slow,
How roily they've gushed out.

There have been times when I have felt
As I don't always feel,
And from their troubled fountain forth
Tears would unbidden steal.

I'm certain that I more do weep
Than Jeremiah wept;
I'm certain that I less do sleep
Than Jeremiah slept.

For all my trembling fears would there
Like little fishes swim,
And being scared, they wriggling jarred
My sorrows o'er the brim.

I have no doubt that I shall waste
And all dissolve away,
Weeping myself into my shoes
Two quarts of muddy clay.

We extract from the manuscripts which are strewed before us, and which alas ! are never to see the light, some Latin lines in imitation of the Bard of Brundisium, a woful ballad of some sighing Strephon who is afflicted with a malady of the heart. It is a neat and classical ode, and deserves a better fate than to be inserted here. Our scholars will take pleasure in it. Let us listen to our lovelorn swain—

Venus crescit
Dum fervescit
Cupido
Lætus malis,
Et letalis
Arundo,

Volat spissa
Arcu missa
Sedulo.
Venus, ave !
Puer, cave !
Rogito !

Here reader, for the first time in our short experience, we suffer one of the miseries of authorship. Our nimble Ariel has just entered with a note from the publishers to inform us that we are to be permitted no more space to continue our record. We will allow the rest of our communications to remain undisturbed in the dust and silence of their burial place. Requiescant in pace. Let us drop the curtain, and for a moon's duration we part. Vale.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN LANGUAGES.

A FEELING of veneration is the willing tribute which we pay to the past. All its clay memorials may crumble, even the prouder structures of its genius perish, yet this feeling will outlive their decay. Time, in his career of death, seems to relent for the ruins he has wrought, and throws like some charm around them a mysterious sacredness. The future is but a land of doubts and dreams; the present, too often, a scene of sorrow and discontent; the past, alone, is our refuge, where we may separate reality from uncertainty, and enjoyment from pain. A portion of it, too, is the sainted repository of once loved objects, whose forms are lingering like spirits about us. 'Tis the region of memory and association—ground hallowed by every thing we delight to cherish and recall. Hence what we regard with fondness, we are led to view with favor, while our judgment, likewise, is no little swayed by that innate propensity of esteeming a different state or time superior to our own. From these causes originates the partiality with which we are wont to look upon the remains of antiquity. They have a sanctity in our eyes that age serves but to strengthen. "For distance lends enchantment to the view;" yea, the very mist and gloom of hoary centuries, as a magnifying medium, has the power of enlarging them to our distorted gaze. This sentiment of respect for the past, so natural, so honorable, should be fostered; even this delusion in prizing departed excellence, since it is common, ought to be pardoned; but justice must make due allowance for these when she decides upon the rival merits of the ancient and modern languages.

It has long been the custom to consider the literature of Greece and Rome as the only classic ground, the solitary garden whose flowers were to be culled, the field where learning's harvest and fame's laurels could alone be gathered. The time was, when this doctrine might have been, in some degree, correct. Ages after Europe had risen from her couch of darkness to the light of

knowledge and civilization, she had no native literature—few ready materials to build up one. Her easier recourse seemed to be to the masters of old. While she was ignorant, she sought instruction—while she was destitute, she was obliged to borrow until she had riches enough of her own. But those days of her poverty have long gone by, and necessities which once existed can be said to exist no longer. Increasing in her might, she has marched onward in the race of improvement, till she has distanced all her predecessors and outstripped every competitor.

Her literature has been continually increasing till it has reached its present high stand. The moderns have, at length, become sensible of their opulence, and opinions that long prevailed are now no more universal. But there are still many to advocate the almost exclusive study of ancient, in preference to modern languages, in a collegiate education. Now what is the great object of such an education? Surely, to best fit the student “to act well his part” in the drama he must soon enter. To strengthen and enrich the mind, to expand and enlighten its views, to cultivate and refine the taste, and finally to purify the inborn sensibilities of the soul. That modern literature is best suited to promote these ends, seems evident from several reasons. In the first place, it has had a great advantage, in consequence of the improvements of society and the bequests of time. The shades of error which brooded o’er the Old World even in the days of its sunshine, have passed away, while the dawn of truth and revelation has succeeded their departure. Reason has found a straighter path, and science a far wider range. New wonders of nature and art have been revealed—realms of unsearched thought discovered. The human bosom has opened other fountains, and fancy sought out lovelier wilds, to store them with brighter and fairer creations. The moderns have had all the wealth of succeeding ages to swell their treasury of literature, while antiquity has transmitted them the caskets of her choicest jewels. Most of these they have opened and appropriated to their own use. Some have they woven in the strings of their native pearls—the golden lines of their own pages. Others they have taken as models to imitate—a course so long and so often pursued, that plagiarism has now become useless, and copying, but a repetition. It may be said that many master-pieces have come down to us which cannot be studied too much, nor patterned too closely. ’Tis true, there are works of old, whose merits can never die. ’Tis true, also, that future imitators may yet improve upon the past, but the imitation of works so long imitated, is not the spirit of the age. If we must betake ourselves to such a course, let us rather enter new ground. Let the blossoms we seek to transplant be untouched—their hues unfaded. Here we may make a larger and more varied collection, with less labor and greater delight. Such a field

does modern literature offer us. The prospects are more inviting, the access easier, the stores richer—why then not rather gain the key to unlock them?

To assert the superiority of modern literature, as a whole, over the ancient, may be deemed in us too presumptuous; yet, laying aside all prejudice on either side, nothing, we think, can be more evident. When there has been so vast an improvement in every thing else, have letters alone declined? Has genius retrograded, or stooped from his soaring, with every aid to advance his progress, with every encouragement to embolden his flight? Or had he reached his zenith in days long gone? All is contrary to human experience. Who will presume to limit the mind's career, and tell when its proudest trophies shall be won? To proceed from reasoning to fact, if we compare the merits of the two claimants, while we may not less admire the one, we shall find renewed reasons to feel prouder of the other. It can fear no such scrutiny, either in regard to power and sublimity, purity and delicacy of sentiment, in rich and gorgeous imagery, in unity of conception and symmetry of proportion, in happiness and ingenuity of description, or even, lastly, in originality and invention. Notwithstanding the acknowledged excellence, the deserved reputation of Homer's Rhapsodies, and Virgil's song, we humbly think it would be a bad exchange to barter a "Paradise Lost," and a "Jerusalem Delivered," for these noblest specimens of the ancient muse. Who would weigh a Shakspeare alone, in the scales with the whole drama of antiquity? Our didactic and moral poetry is so infinitely superior to any thing of the kind among the ancients, as to prevent all comparison. What have they to match against the specimens of this, existing only in the English language? The prose writings of the one need not be contrasted with the other, as they are enriched by all previous excellences of the ancients, together with many new beauties, and new kinds of composition, before unknown. Should not then such superior merits claim the greater share of our attention? But we would not advocate the study of modern literature for the sole purpose of servilely imitating or filching its treasures. We have at home a sufficiency for every need—mines of inexhaustible wealth and talents capable of refining their gold. A man of true genius, at the present day, requires little foreign aid. He views other's wealth only to acquire greater power and skill in using his own. Whatever may chance to be borrowed is so improved and identified with himself as to receive half the praise of originality. But his noblest works are those reared by his own hands, decked with his own riches, and stamped with his own name.

An imitator, on the contrary, if successful, can acquire no great applause. His master, though scarcely his equal, is yet his

rival, the sharer of his renown; but if he fail, defeat is doubly disgraceful. He has lost the road which a pioneer has marked out, and with it "the Temple of Fame" forever.

The study of modern literature has still higher claims. From our present intercourse with other nations of Europe, some knowledge of their languages has become almost indispensable. It is urged upon us by our intimate relations, our kindred interests, and our common endeavors in the great cause of human good. It is urged upon us by a similarity of laws, customs and religion, by all that can promote our welfare—all that concerns our destiny. Such a knowledge would be a closer bond of union and friendship, a speedier mode of acquaintance and mutual understanding, the most effectual means to heal up many a widening breach, and to reconcile jarring differences that now sunder us apart. But it is truly to be regretted, with all such inducements, these spoken languages have been generally neglected in our Universities, and their place usurped by the dead, silent tongues of yore—tongues uttered by those who were, but are not. Their pristine tones no longer break from human lips—they have been mute for ages—even the pen has ceased to record their tokens. They have had their day and are forgotten; and though we may feebly, for a while, awake their slumbers, yet we cannot revoke their doom. Language, like every thing else of earth, has its season of vigor—its age of decay.

*Mortalia facta peribunt,
Nedum sermonum stet honos et gratia vivax.*

But we may not lament their fall, for the glories of the dead have not vanished. *Multa renascentur quae jam cecidère.* The offspring have inherited the features and spirit of their progenitors. The pliancy, the force, the grace and majesty of the Greek and Latin, are still embodied in the neat and flexile French, the noble Spanish, and the sweet dialects of Italy, while their strength and power of expression are rivalled in the remoter German—the language of a De Vega, a Cervantes, a Corneille, a Racine, of a Goëthe, a Schiller, and that in whose enchanting tones

"Bold Tasso tuned his harp and Dante smote his lyre."

But as some of the modern languages are based upon the ancient, and others have borrowed largely from their vocabulary, it may be thought necessary to form some acquaintance with the latter, in order to gain an accurate knowledge of the former; to go back to the fountains that we may easier trace the diverging streams. This advantage will not be denied. Such an attainment if not strictly indispensable, is yet extremely useful; so that a select portion of the old classics should be studied in our col-

leges, if for no farther end. But this should not exclude an intimacy with the modern at the same time. It would be better were both perused together. The resembling features and peculiarities of their language might thus be brought in contrast, and both become familiar with less toil and more pleasure. A full knowledge of either is not to be expected in the short space the student is confined to the groves of the College or Academy. Here only the fabric of science and literature can receive its foundation. To raise up the structure is the work of after years, but let the base at least be laid. If it be not begun here, it may be neglected ever afterwards. An introduction in all needful branches, is required by the great majority,—those who are to enter the active duties of life. To such the modern tongues will be far more useful. 'Tis only the devotees of letters, the secluded few, who may venture to omit here, the study of these and explore the ancient to their lowest depths. But this pursuit may be followed to a vicious extent. He who is deeply versed in these remote languages, is liable without the strictest caution, to corrupt his own. Foreign idioms, are apt to creep insensibly into his style and destroy, by degrees, that native purity he should so carefully preserve. Stranger words and phrases will likewise be introduced, until his language is, at last, a compound of discrepancies and irregularities—its orthography anomalous, its rules of utterance contradictory.

Such has been particularly the case with the English. When it was deemed barren, its writers stocked it with a liberal importation of Latin and Greek terms. Successors following the example, either through mistaken zeal or foppish pedantry, brought over whole hosts of foreign auxiliaries, and flooded it with burdensome supplies. Even the coining of new names for the arts and sciences, has, in many instances, tended but to make these more difficult and repulsive, as likewise to vitiate our vernacular. What it has gained in copiousness, or rather exuberance, it has lost in purity, simplicity and strength. Still it possesses redeeming qualities in its previous resources. A refined language should have an ample supply for all its wants—all besides is superfluous, yea, a dead weight to embarrass and encumber. An individual may have more wealth than he can use, so may this. Among several words of nearly the same import, *one is always the best*, why then have a multiplicity? Though we desire the benefit of euphony as well as force, yet for this purpose two or three are enough; besides, men of taste doubt not, in most cases, between energy and agreeable sound. A number of words similar in sense, increases also the difficulty of selection, and frequently begets perplexity and hesitation, while he who has but one or two sets, as the light-armed soldier wields his weapons, can handle them with greater ease and dexterity. Hence, the most ready and rapid

writers, the most fluent speakers, as has well been said, are those, who possess the scantiest stock of words. Another evil of this rage for exotics, has been to root out the original settlers, the good old words of our fathers. Many of these short and significant terms have been obliged to yield to their supplanters, of greater length and possessing less force or even harmony. Our primitive Saxon-English words are our best. They combine all the requisites of strength and expressiveness, joined with a wild native sweetness. We shall see this truth in our finest specimens, both of prose and poetry. And why should it not be so? These "household words" are the sounds to which we have been wont from infancy. With these have we associated with the kind friend and boon companion, beguiling many a past hour of social fellowship and convivial joy. With these oft-times have we uttered the heartfelt welcome, the tender farewell. Theirs was the music our young ears drank in as we listened, in the fireside circle, to the mystic legend or the thrilling tale; theirs, too, was the melody with which a fond parent lulled us to repose. Yea, in them are blended our fondest remembrances, with them oft comes back to mind, once happy voices—now hushed for ever. All our best feelings bid us cherish these "sweet memorials of a former age."

Finally, while we study other languages, let us by no means neglect the noblest of all—the language of ourselves, of our father land. It is much to be regretted that upon this, there has been bestowed too little pains. Many who have pried deep into the mysteries of the olden tongues have been strangely ignorant of the one they themselves uttered.

Adepts for their sagacity in unravelling the intricate meanings and in dragging to light the hidden beauties of the dead, they have been blind to the charms of the living—all unconscious of the secret might, the unwakened energies that slumbered in their mother tongue. A part of the time and toil spent upon ancient authors, might have been better employed upon our own language and literature; yet, if the works of antiquity required so much labor to make them known and appreciated, they need less now, since the task has been so fully accomplished. A different path lies open to the literary aspirant and the scholar,—a road where failure is less shameful and triumph more certain. He will have competitors, yet the way is broad enough for all, and competition will only stimulate fresh exertion. It should, then, be the chief aim, the pride of every Englishman, need I say American,—to cultivate and perfect his language, to scrutinize its structure, and search where lies its mastery. If he hopes for that reversion beyond the grave,—a name,—let him employ it as the material from which to build his "mental pyramid," inscribed with his renown. Thus may he stamp duration on his language in the same characters

that engrave his own immortality. It behooves him, too, as he toils for the meed, to be well versed in the classic writings of his own nation, those imperishable records of their existance and glory. He may rove the world of literature, to seek out its beauties and blossoms, but after all, he will find none fairer, none sweeter than adorn his own loved land. Does the young minstrel long to hearken to the soul-stirring warblings of the muses, let him hear them in the strains of his Island bards. Does the infant orator thirst after the pure streams of "eloquence divine," let him imbibe the torrents of impassioned feeling and o'er mastering reason which burst from a Chatham, a Fox, a Burke, a Sheridan, and a Henry,—those mighty spirits on whose words of power, awe-struck multitudes hung with wonder and admiration.

In becoming acquainted with these, his youthful bosom will be kindled with the high ambition of rivaling their efforts, by best using that speech in which they achieved them. But above all will he be prompted to put forth renewed exertions in its improvement, from beholding its prospects. For what true son of his ancestors can contemplate the ultimate extension of his English language, without emotions of pride and exultation. Britain, the now empress of the main, stretches her scepter of dominion to the farthest climes of the East, while her freeborn daughter reigns ascendant in the West.

"Where'er the sun warms or the tempest lowers," there these two kindred people have stamped, by their prowess and daring, the impress of their character. Yes, there are felt the benign effects of their laws and their language; but that language will not stop here. The days of its mightiest triumph are yet to come. It is sweeping on with the tide of English improvement, spreading still wider and waxing yet stronger. Even now, it is swelling in regions where "Morn smiles in her rising;" already the wild glens of the Rocky Mountains have caught its accents, and the green vales of Oregon are beginning to reverberate the echoes. Soon shall it be heard in the whole earth. It shall go up in prayers from all the wilds of Asia; it shall be chanted in strains of devotion through every island of the Pacific. It shall startle the darkest abodes of Paganism and superstition, coming like the voice of a friend to the benighted and oppressed. The light of heaven shall attend its advancement; the blessings of freedom and reformation crown its influence. May all who claim it as their own, strive to render it worthy its promised destiny.

FAREWELLS.

THERE are other farewells for the saddened heart
 Than the frequent ones where the loving part ;
 There are other times, and of darker hue,
 When the soul is wrung with the last adieu ;
 Scarce an hour of our life can escape the spell,
 O'er our feelings thrown, by that word, farewell !

Farewell to the ship, that hath spread her sail,
 To be borne from port on the sea-ward gale ;
 She is leaving the blessings of home behind,
 She has cast her hopes on the faithless wind,
 And danger and storm she must struggle through—
 Oh ! who will return of her parting crew ?

Farewell, farewell, to the rosy light,
 When the sun is setting in burning might,
 And the clouds are darkening the azure sky,
 With the robes of their shadowy company,
 And the storm is ready to burst and roar,
 With a rage and fury ne'er roused before.

Farewell to the snows and the north-wind's breath,
 When nature awakes from her wintery death,
 And the groves with the songs of the wild-birds ring,
 And the fields are gay with blossoming,
 And joy and life are on hill and plain,
 As the south-wind breathes o'er the earth again.

Farewell to the flowers, and the genial sun,
 When the summer months have their courses run ;
 When the glory of autumn has from us gone,
 And ice-mailed winter comes storming on,
 To reign o'er the mountains and fields alone,
 Where the ripened harvest but lately shone.

Farewell to rest and to childhood's joy,
 In the noble heart of th' aspiring boy,
 When the trumpet of fame hath called him far
 To the slaughter fields of glorious war,
 And his brow is scathed with ambition's fever,
 That consumes its victim or burns forever.

Farewell to peace and to happy homes,
 When the deluge of war in thunder comes,
 And over the earth in a rushing flood
 Is poured the tempest of fire and blood,
 And the gore unavengéd reeks to the skies,
 Where the martyr of liberty bravely dies.

Farewell to innocence, love, and truth,
 In the gay, unthinking, misguided youth,
 When evil ones have his heart betrayed,
 And his steps have first from duty strayed;
 Farewell to the peace that was ever his,
 When he sought in virtue his happiness.

Farewell to bloom on the restless brow,
 Where genius' fire hath begun to glow,—
 The hours of wearisome, torturing thought,
 The forms of beauty, but vainly sought,
 The wasting of sorrow and feelings lone—
 All these must be borne by that hopeless one.

Farewell to the world, to friends, to all,
 When the soul hath burst from its earthly thrall,
 And away, away, like light it flies,
 On angels' wings to its native skies,
 Or descends, to fiends, and to darkness given,
 Shut out from hope, and shut out from heaven.

 THE NATURALIST.

It was a beautiful fall morning as a traveller journeyed along a solitary road by the banks of Cayuga Lake. The Indian summer had lingered longer than usual. The rich and variegated foliage yet remained to decorate the forest trees, and the rippling wave sparkled with thousand-fold reflection beneath the brightness of the sun. The birds warbled forth their sweet notes with unwonted rapture, and instead of chirping, at intervals, the dirge of the coming winter, seemed to catch inspiration from the scene, and recall the fullness of their earliest lays. Stillness, unbroken save by the gentle murmur of the waters, the songs of the feathered tribes, and the slight wail of the autumnal breeze, as if betokening that the gorgeous livery which now arrested the eye of the wanderer was soon to be displaced, reigned over the scene. The glowing eye of the traveller bespoke one who was accustomed to gaze on nature with delight, and as it wandered over the glorious landscape it seemed animate with emotion. He reached at last a point which commanded one of the most attractive views of the lake, where, shaded from the heat of the sun, he gazed on a scene of surpassing beauty. Although he seemed to enjoy its rich glory, yet care occasionally marked his countenance, telling that other thoughts than those which harmonized with the quiet reigning around, dwelt within him. Perchance, it was sadly contrasting nature's rest with different scenes where strife and passion held their sway. Or, it might have been, that

the full memory of association called up the landscapes of his native country, and the lakes, and the blue hills of Scotland, thus pictured before him, bade him think of one who had lamented much on account of the wayward fancies of a darling son.

Be this as it may, our traveller did not long remain indulging sombre fancy or saddening thought, but urged onward his journey. As the birds sang around him he would stop to watch them, and their various habits were carefully noted. The flower, in the gaudy coloring of fall, bloomed not unheeded at his feet. The deep ravine roused conjecture as to its origin. Even the insect, by its noisy trill, touched a chord of happiness in his breast. The day passed without any of the stirring incident of travel; and at the few scattered dwellings which marked a new, and as yet, thinly settled country, he enjoyed the simple and honest hospitality of those to whom the form of a stranger was unusual. Evening found him at the door of a cabin, near the shore of the lake, scarcely fatigued after his journeyings, so delightfully had his pursuits accorded with the temperament of his mind.

"I think," said his host, as they sat, after a frugal meal, watching the setting sun, "that travelling such as yours, over a tract of country so much of it wild and solitary, and encountering the hardships which you must necessarily have met, would have often caused you to despond."

"I have found so much that is new to me," was the reply, "and have seen God's creatures so happy, and so admirably cared for, that time has fled almost without my perceiving it. I love to watch the birds. They supply the place of friends; and I am never alone when they are chirping around me. To me they speak a language full of meaning; and their different ways are so adapted to their necessities—so fitted for self-protection and happiness, that I can easily imagine them possessed of thought. I can hardly allow myself to think of them as creatures which can reciprocate no sympathy for the love I bear towards them. However this may be, it exalts one's conception of the Deity to know, that whether they have thought or only instinct, it is sufficient for their wants. Indeed, when I survey creation, I regard instinct, equally with reason, a display of the wisdom and power of God."

"What!" said the other, "are the birds which awake me in the morning, and cheer me with their songs during the day, as wonderful beings as myself? Do you compare the power which enables us to converse about them, and to reason concerning them, to that limited instinct by which they provide for their physical wants?"

"It was essential," replied the naturalist, "for the place man was to occupy, that reason, which combines the past and the

present, and draws its conclusions from the obvious or analogous tendencies of things, should be his high prerogative. The instinct of the bird, (allowing it to be but instinct,) is enough to enable it to accomplish the design of its creation. What *we* have, indeed, gives us the power of carrying forward nobler purposes and loftier designs. Instinct is proportioned to the wants of the animal. Is not that, then, which admirably suits the complicated wants or circumstances of one part of the creation, an equal display of the benevolence and power of God, with any exercise of that power for a higher order of intelligence? It is only seemingly greater because used to harmonize with ends which impress more the imagination. He who rolls the worlds in the starry vault of heaven, and makes yonder sinking sun the source and center of life and light to this poor planet, yet paints the delicate tints of the minutest flower, and the soft plumage of the little bird with its brilliant and exquisitely beautiful coloring. God shines in all his works; and his power is as truly seen in the formation of a blade of grass as in the creation of a soul."

"I admit," said the host, "that God's goodness is shown in every thing; but I cannot see how his power is equally displayed in what is simple and minute, and in that which is complicated and stupendous."

"We are too apt," replied the naturalist, "to think of the Creator as a finite rather than an Almighty being; to limit his power in some sort, by supposing the idea of ease or difficulty to enter into the Divine mind—a theory wholly inconsistent with unlimited might. Besides, how often does what appears the simplest exertion of creative power, prove to be the result of the most mysterious, delicate, and refined workmanship. The smallest insect has a minute conformity of parts, fitted with skillful and wonderful precision; and the blade of grass springs from a seed in which it has been hid and preserved in obscure embryo."

But, good reader, I should, ere this, have told thee that he with whom the naturalist thus held high discourse, was one whose youthful days had been passed amid other scenes. Education, in his parent land, had taught him to think; and he listened with delight to the words of the traveller. After a few moments silence, in which the pride of opinion battled with the admission that truth had stamped with her seal the argument of his friend, he resumed the conversation.

"I grant that your reasoning, thus far, appears to be based upon truth; and as this is all I am seeking, I will ask you another question: Of what use is the knowledge which you may gain of the habits of animals, the varieties of the vegetable kingdom, and, in short, the many different objects of pursuit which take such strong hold of the mind of the naturalist? Are not time and talents engrossed which might be much more profitably employed?"

"I pass over now," said the naturalist, "the numerous discoveries made by the lovers of nature, which attest the practical importance of their pursuits. I rest my argument on this. If knowledge is the key which unlocks the kindlier emotions of the soul, then does an acquaintance with nature's works lead us more directly to admire and adore the goodness and wisdom and greatness of God. Then this lower world appears robed in the richest beauty, and bespeaks every where the benevolence as well as the grandeur of that intelligence and love which characterize the Divine mind. If the Patriarch "went out to meditate in the field at the even-tide," may not we find abundant inspiration for the loftiest thought in the wonders of creation? The fancy—it may not be all fancy—has often occurred to me, that in the primeval days, angel songs swelled with the glad chorus, "God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was very good;" and that in these latter times the same melodious words float upon the evening breeze, affording rapture to the soul of the attentive listener."

We pursue not further this conversation. Briefly, and all too imperfectly has it been sketched. Let it suffice to say, that the poetic hour of twilight had long vanished into the time allotted to repose ere the traveller was shown to his resting place. We have seen how to a kind and thoughtful mind the varied exhibitions of nature are full of joyful instruction. Yet the naturalist goes forth, and is looked upon by the world only as the fond enthusiast. The wreath of glory adorns the brow of the warrior; and the clarion notes of fame are sounded from the battle field. The noisy politician, living in the strife of words, is the hero of the village; and the jargon of party is the familiar language of the mass of men. Nay, even the scholar, since he has book-lore, is gazed upon by the crowd as a being of a superior order. Mystery is thrown around him; for he holds converse with the men of a by-gone age—the mighty dead; and his words are treasured up as delivered from the oracles of their wisdom. Little honor, save from a chosen few, does "a hunter of bugs and beetles,"—the solitary wanderer of the wild woods—the lover of the lone scenery of nature, obtain from a working-day world.

Such reflections, not unnaturally, occur to one as he stands at the tomb of him who, more than thirty years ago, wandered by the side of Cayuga's waters. The hum of business, and the streets of a crowded city surround the simple grave-yard where repose the mortal remains of ALEXANDER WILSON. Yet the poor weaver of Paisley is not all forgotten. We love to think of the man who, rising superior to the untoward circumstances of his birth and the ills of after fortune, achieved at length his own immortality. Strange yet instructive is his history. A poor boy, with few of those outward advantages which are the happier lot

of others, his earlier days are spent with no other mental training than is furnished in the superficial teaching of the common school. Then, during five of the bright years of boyhood, he is occupied in the dull and confined trade of weaving. Yet even here he finds time for reading and nourishes a love for literary pursuits. At eighteen, becoming his own master, he longs to escape confinement, and breathe freely among the mountains and valleys of Caledonia—scenes rich in storied interest. But poverty oppresses him, and it is only in the character of the pedlar that he can traverse his native land. Alas! for bargaining he has but little tact. His mind is too busy with the glories of nature and the animating associations around him to give the necessary attention to his nominal trading. His soul is fired with the vague idea that he is yet to achieve something whereby his name will be cherished. The songs of Scotland, and the recent poetry of Burns are dear to him; and he, too, in the melody of verse, would live in the memory of men. But the muse does not crown all her votaries; and Wilson, in disappointment and penury, left the harp for the loom, determined, so soon as he earned the means, to embark for America. It was in this our land that Providence designed him, thus schooled in difficulty and trial, to finish his career in glory. We remember that the banks of the same broad-rolling Delaware, near whose side now slumber his ashes, first received him, a voluntary exile, penniless and friendless. In imagination we again see him engaged in humble mechanical labors. He still struggles on, and in spite of many hardships, retains the noble sensibilities of his soul unimpaired. At length, he has disciplined his mind by study, and found friends who appreciate his merit. The teacher of a country school, his spare time is diligently improved in remedying the defects of his previous education, and in the zealous pursuit of natural history. In this latter employment he has found a friend and patron in the noble-hearted Bartram. It was with this venerable man that he first took counsel as to the publication of the "American Ornithology." Indicative of the spirit in which he undertook this great work is the reply he made to one who discouraged its attempt: "I shall at least leave a small beacon to point out where I perished." His design was surrounded with difficulties before which almost any other man would have shrunk dismayed. Yet he manfully surmounted them all.

His journeyings in the pursuit of his favorite science, undertaken at a time when modern improvement had not rendered the different parts of our vast territory comparatively near together, rise before us as no common toils. At one time alone, in a small batteau, he is navigating the waters of the Ohio. Again, in the far-off west, the wild tornado sweeps around him in terrific fury. The wigwam of the savage, and the less hospitable hut of the

'squatter,' by turns afford him shelter. He has already visited the colleges of the north to solicit patronage for a work, which, while it is to render its author immortal, is to rouse attention to a science to which he has devoted his life. Again, in spite of disappointment and vexation, he is presenting the same claims to the notice of the south. Seven years of unremitted toil roll away. The letter-press of his eighth volume is finished—the plates are not all completed, when disease lays its ruthless hand upon him. The sands of his life are rapidly running low. Two short weeks, and the grave has closed over him.

As I stood at his tomb, not long since, I thought of the request often made, yet unknown to those who buried him. It bespeaks his character better than can be told by volumes of description: "When I die," said he, "I wish to be buried where the birds may sing over my grave." A solitary songster, the messenger of early spring, had perched upon a tree near by, and, as if in memory of his desire, caroled forth sweetly, methought, the praises of him who loved the birds.

Ω.

TO A ROSE-BUD,

DYING IN THE VASE WHITHER IT HAD BEEN TRANSPLANTED.

"And sweetly woos him—but to spare."—*Giaour*.

Why droops so mournfully thy head, pale flower?
 Why hangs thy green tress on the water's brink?
 Not now thou bendest with the grateful shower,
 Whose drops once woo'd thy thirsty leaves to drink
 Life from their coolness;—no! no freshness now
 Blooms on thy fading leaf, and bud of snow.

'Tis not the dews of night are heavy on thee,
 Starring thy cup with rainbow loveliness;
 Nor yet the bee, so oft that hung upon thee
 Till bent thy blossom to his gentle kiss;
 No! thou art stricken, ne'er to rise anew
 To glad the bee, or drink the morning dew.

A rude hand plucked thee from thy native bower;
 No longer thou by thy loved breeze art fanned,
 And thou art pining for thy home, sweet flower,
 As pines a captive for a distant land,

And therefore droops thy head so mournfully,—
Thy life was broken with its parent tree.

And was it woman's hand that did thee wrong?
Was it frail woman, that so rudely broke
The frailer thing, whose tenderness had wrung
From sterner man remittance of the stroke?
Tell not the tale, ye flowers! that could not save
Your hapless sister from her cruel grave.

June 18, '39.

M. N.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

SCENE.—A STUDENT'S ROOM AT YALE.

"In utraque parte multa dicuntur."

Ogle. Hallo! Grib, how ar' you? I've bought—you said come in didn't you?

Grib. W-h-y y-e-s, oh! of course. Pull up a chair.

Ogle. I've bought a new copy of Byron, Grib. See what fine paper, what clear print; and bound in arabesque too. Did you ever see more splendid work? And what's more, all this well befits the contents as——

Grib. Aye, well befits the contents truly, as the lawn's bright verdure is a fit covering for the venomous serpent that lurks beneath.

Ogle. Oh! you're prejudiced, man. Let me read you a few stanzas from Don——

Grib. With all deference to your better judgment, I am *not* prejudiced; nor do I wish to hear any of Don Juan. In all that Byron ever wrote or said there's not so much good sound sense as in one page of this book.

Ogle. Of that book? Of the old Mathematics? Ah! Grib I did once entertain some hopes of you, but I despair now. Well, when you deliver the valedictory, I will give you both ears, and I shall expect to hear a pathetic farewell to "those lovely diagrams, which have so oft enchained our attention, and have now won a place in the inmost recesses of our hearts; and those rare logarithmic treatises too, the very perfection of books, from you, alas! we are doomed to part——"

Grib. I would be equally attentive to you at Commencement, but, as you will on that day probably speak in private,—true sorrow seeks retirement you know,—I may, with less trouble, expect to hear your sobbings and lamentations at the thought of

leaving in our libraries the writings of Moore, Byron, Bulwer, James, Marryatt and Ingraham, and other *solid* works of like character.

Ogle. Perhaps your irony would flow less readily if you would intermit your ceaseless delving after *roots*, and the Differential and Integral *Calculus*, and take the trouble to acquaint yourself with the writings of those authors whose names you appear to have at your tongue's end.

Grib. Thank you for the compliment. Insinuations of ignorance, however, generally come from those who are most benighted themselves, and who, like the crazy man who charged his attendant with insanity, would fain cloak their own deficiencies, by drawing attention to those of others.

Ogle. You admit then, do you, that you are unacquainted with those authors?

Grib. No. I don't-know-that-I do.

Ogle. But you seem to accuse me of endeavoring to conceal my own ignorance by holding up to view that of some——

Grib. Well, what if I am somewhat unacquainted with those writers, am I not perfectly at home in the text books of the course,—the best means of mental discipline,—the basis of all valuable acquisitions,—the passport to success in any profession? Where's the problem that I hav'nt solved, the hard passage that I can't translate? Point out in any book of the course, a knotty point that I can't understand and elucidate. And there are those beautiful theorems of Euclid, every one of which,—the fifth book and all,—are engraved in unfading lines on the tablet of my memory. When I feel a fit of melancholy coming on, I effectually drive it away, by withdrawing my thoughts from the base things of sense and turning them inwards to the contemplation of those viewless, immaterial existences, the Properties of the Conic Sections, and those *unending outreachings* of the Infinite Series. Possessed, as I am, of these stores of valuable knowledge, I may well afford to slight those light and trivial writings, which seem to constitute the very "warp and woof" of *some* minds.

Ogle. Your exclusive attention to the course, has evidently given you a clearness of conception and a classic elegance of expression, which could not have been acquired in any other manner, but——

Grib. Least of all from the perusal of Byron and Bulwer and——

Ogle. I agree with you precisely. Though Byron and Bulwer give abundant evidence of a lively and luxuriant fancy, and often bear us away on imagination's untiring pinions, they seldom lead us to the contemplation of those *unending outreachings*, which enlarge and brighten the conceptions, and produce a graphic accuracy of expression.

Grib. You are hypercritical. If a man has the thought, a puny critic must he be, who would find fault with the expression.

Ogle. What, though, if he has not got the thought? However, I am far from coinciding with your exaggerated views of the importance of the regular course, and, had you not diverted my mind in your eagerness to calumniate some of my favorite authors, I should, ere this, have told you as much. The grand object of all study is to fit us to sustain our part on the stage of active life, and it is a mistake to suppose, that by reasoning on the fixed and immutable relations of quantity, by demonstration, the mind is fitted to judge accurately of the possible and the probable, to form correct conclusions respecting facts and the conduct and motives of men. As well might you suppose that the mariner, by sailing on some quiet, inland bay, would be prepared to encounter the cross winds and chopped seas of the broad ocean. A mind accustomed to demonstration, often errs in estimating the value of moral evidence; while a mind, that has never been perverted by demonstrative reasoning, acts readily and correctly in judging of the affairs of life. And, moreover, how consummate is the folly of conning the classic page for years, to obtain a knowledge of our own language, when we may arrive at the same end by a much shorter and easier route, by studying our own standard authors?

Grib. I have got the notion, that some of our standard authors reached the summit of excellence by a course far different from that which you recommend. Look back to the age when flourished some of the purest writers of our vernacular. From Shakspeare to Johnson point out one, who did not long linger at the classic fount, who did not "kindle the fires of his mind with coals from off the ancient altars." Methinks, too, that one Lord Brougham has presumed to broach an opinion that is rather opposed to yours, though the opinion of so obscure an individual can be expected to weigh but little against your——

Ogle. Oh! cease your irony. As though the opinion of any man can counterbalance facts and what is obvious to the common sense of every one. Did the charred brands of ancient oratory minister to the fires of Henry's eloquence? Is Irving indebted to Virgil and Homer for his powers of felicitous expression? And, by the mention of his name, you have kindly reminded me that Shakspeare knew naught of those of olden time. In the writings of his cotemporaries, and in the inexhaustible stores of his own mind, he found that which enabled him to dispense with the rusty scraps of antiquity.

Grib. I see that you are disposed to infer from a few anomalous instances, not only what has been, but what ought to be, the course of instruction for all. In short, you have a strong propensity to generalize upon the basis of two or three particulars.

Ogle. But I am not disposed to pursue a prescribed course, because many before me have done it. I choose rather to break away from the influence of that stationary spirit with which *some* minds are so thoroughly imbued, and to adopt the improvements of the age. If a man's life is to be passed within monastic walls, it matters little whether his mind is occupied in counting beads or in contemplating the truths of science. But, if he is to be engaged in the rough contests of the world, in the cut and thrust of life, let him be encased in armor that will afford him protection in defense and fortify him for the onset. Train his mind to those modes of reasoning which will there be required. Store it with the facts of history and the principles of moral, mental, and political science. Add to these the rich ornaments of poetry and fiction. Above all, do not contract it and freeze it by contact with the ice and frost of the mathematics.

Grib. Improvements, indeed ! that would exclude from all consideration a class of truths to the unrivalled value of which, as a means of mental discipline, we have the united testimony of Plato and Bacon ; upon which, as a foundation, rests our knowledge of the laws of mechanical philosophy, and of the sublime truths of astronomy ; than which, says Madame de Staël, nothing better prepares the mind to thread the mazes of metaphysics ; the investigation of which has occupied the minds and built up the reputation of such men as Descartes, Newton, and Laplace. It strikes me that it would be no intolerable misfortune to have one's mind "contracted" to the capacity of a Newton's or a Laplace's. Some, however, might object to it, of whom you perhaps are one ?

Ogle. I am one, who choose to advance my own views and my own reasons, and not to catalogue and retail the opinions of others.

Grib. With a full estimate of my own importance, I, nevertheless, place some value on the authority of such names as I have mentioned.

Ogle. Even to make a show of authorities, I would not ascribe to others opinions which they never entertained,—remember, too : "*nil de mortuis nisi bonum.*"—That commendation of the mathematics, which escaped the pen of Plato, was intended to embrace only the less exceptionable parts of the science,—simple arithmetic, a knowledge of which is sometimes convenient,—and geometry, which exercises the imagination in some of its lowest forms. But of algebraic lore the "old man eloquent" was entirely guiltless. Bacon, in his earlier years, when he was more able to advance an opinion than to judge of its correctness, did express himself in favor of this kind of study ; but, under the guidance of his maturer judgment, he was induced to qualify that opinion and divest it of all its force. To Madame de Staël you seem to have

assigned a special opinion to qualify her for the support of your views, well aware, doubtless, of the value of her sanction. In her "Germany" she remarks, that metaphysical reasoning is, in one respect, like the reasoning of geometry. So far, however, is she from throwing the weight of her name on the side of the mathematics, that she has written, that "in the young the study of mathematics arrests the spring of the imagination, then so fair and fruitful;" that "habituating us to certainty, it inflames us against opinions in contradiction to our own;" that "nothing is less applicable to life than a mathematical argument, for demonstrated truths do not conduct us to probable truths."

Grib. You're the man, are you, who advances "his own views and his own reasons," and disdains "to retail the opinions of others"? O consistency! thou art indeed a jewel, and, like the diamond of Peru, thy value is not a little enhanced by the infrequency with which we meet thee!

Ogle. I cut garments to suit the wearer, and, as my shears are now in hand, I will furnish you with a complete suit, of ample dimensions and various texture. Listen to the voices of disapprobation, as they come up from every part of the republic of letters, and unite into one sweeping sentence of condemnation against these illiberal studies. "Some," says Aristotle, "who have been overmuch accustomed to mathematical studies, will only listen to one who demonstrates like a mathematician." And the German Bernardi adds, that "the slightest survey of the sciences teaches us, that the mathematics tend necessarily to induce that numb rigidity into our intellectual life, which, pressing obstinately straight onwards to the end in view, takes no heed or account of the means by which, in different subjects, it must be differently attained." He is supported by his countryman, Von Weiller, who states, that "by mathematics, the powers of thought are less stirred up in the inner essence, than drilled to outward order and severity; and consequently manifest their education more by a certain formal precision, than through their fertility and depth." And Klumpp corroborates them both, having written, that "the mathematics remain, as it were, only on the surface, without reaching the internal and important relations—the feelings, namely, and the will,—and consequently, without determining the higher faculties to activity." And Goëthe: "The cultivation afforded by the mathematics, is in the highest degree one-sided and contracted." And Franklin tells us that "he found mathematicians in the intercourse of society insupportable for their trifling and captious spirit:" and Poiret adds, that "mathematicians are infested with an overweening presumption or incurable arrogance." "Moreover," says Bayle, "it is rare to find much devotion in persons who have once acquired a taste for the study of mathematics, and who have made in those sciences an extraordina-

ry progress." Descartes speaks of the mathematics "as absolutely pernicious as a means of intellectual culture;" and Scholinger has remarked that "a great genius cannot be a great mathematician. Your geometer should be a dull and patient intellect." Berkeley asks with the expectation of a negative answer, "whether tedious calculations in algebra and fluxions be the likeliest method to improve the mind." "When the mathematician," says Dugald Stewart, "reasons upon subjects unconnected with his favorite studies, he is apt to assume too confidently certain intermediate principles as the foundation of his arguments." Kirwan writes "that it is an egregious mistake to suppose that the true way of acquiring a habit of reasoning closely and in train, is to exercise ourselves in mathematical demonstration;" and Gibbon congratulates himself, "that he desisted from the study before his mind was hardened by the habit of rigid demonstrations so destructive of the finer feelings of moral evidence, which must determine the actions and opinions of our lives;" and, finally, says Bishop Warburton, "It may seem, perhaps, too much a paradox to say, that the science of mathematics *incapacitates* the mind for reasoning at large, and especially in the search of moral truth, and yet I believe nothing is more certain." Comments are unnecessary.

Grib. Indeed, quite overwhelming! A man of extensive reading, I perceive; for it may not be supposed that you have consulted the common-place book of some veteran foe to the exact sciences?

Ogle. The decisive character of this testimony renders of minor importance all considerations respecting the manner of obtaining it.

Grib. Decisive character! Decisive of nothing but the fact, that some people think differently from others. If, however, you really deem it decisive, and are thoroughly convinced of the injurious tendency of these studies, why, allow me to ask, have you trusted yourself to their influence? And why, to acquire your own vernacular, have you chosen to travel a circuitous route through the fields of classic lore, in preference to that "easier and shorter route," of which you just spoke?

Ogle. The ancient classics and the mathematics, in relation to our course, may be compared to hordes of banditti investing some beautiful road of modern Italy. Many there are, whom a fear of violence and robbery deters from journeying that way. Some, however, rather than lose a view of the delightful scenery, venture on at a rapid pace, carefully shunning the lawless bands. But they are few and of a *peculiar* character, who linger long at their retreats, courting their favor and seeking to be received on terms of intimacy. I, for one, have hastened onward, avoiding as far as possible the dangers of the way. In studying the classics, I have availed myself of the valuable labors of those who have furnished us with the same ideas in our own language; and

when engaged with the mathematics, that I might view them in their full deformity, I have always kept before me certain prolix solutions and elucidations, obtained from a former student. I have, therefore, but few unavailing regrets to offer for time mispent. I discern in the retrospect but little that I would wish to have had otherwise.

Grib. Ah! Ogle, "I did once entertain some hopes of you, but I despair now." Been occupied, I suppose, in perusing Byron, Bulwer, Cooper, and Marryatt, in devouring the contents of the New York "*pennies*," in writing letters and reading the reviews, in short, in acquiring *general* information?

Ogle. Been occupied, if you please, in acquiring some knowledge of history, philosophy, and the natural sciences; and I have given not a little attention to the acquirement of the modern languages. While you were poring over the *Anabasis* and the *Illiad*, I was equally engaged with Gillie and Mitford. While you have been digging up the buried beauties of Aeschines and Demosthenes, I have found in Chatham, Burke, and Brougham what I consider of superior value. Livy, Horace, and Tacitus have afforded you a hazy glimpse at the government and manners of the Romans; through Niebuhr, Ferguson, and Gibbon, I have viewed these subjects in the broad light of noonday. Roman history has been but an introduction to that of France and of the "Sea-girt Isle;" and, in studying the origin and growth of the civil and religious institutions of England, I have been obtaining a better acquaintance with our own. While your attention has been engrossed with "Quantities Infinite and Infinitesimal, with Canons and with Conics, I have been endeavoring to obtain some clear ideas respecting the nature of the human mind and the laws of its action. I have devoted some time, therefore, to Kant and Bacon, to Cudworth and Stewart. And, as I expect to live among men, that I might know our reciprocal duties and the grounds on which they rest, I was early induced to look into Dymond and Wayland. Chemistry, Mineralogy, Botany, and Geology have appeared to me sufficiently important to compensate for more of my time than mere "lecture hours." They are somewhat useful to a man out of college. While you have spent your Wednesday evenings in getting lessons "in advance," I have chosen to resort to the "Society," there to mingle in the miniature contest of after life, and brighten my faculties for a severer trial. I have, and not without profit I hope, occupied some hours in "sweet converse" with Byron, Scott, and Bulwer, "who soothe the mind when ruffled by the rude intercourse with society, and stealing the attention insensibly from our own cares, substitute, instead of discontent and distress, a tender and pleasing melancholy." In a few words, I have always kept in view the consideration that all the little that we acquire here should be looked

upon not as an *end* but as a *means* by which, on the stage of life, we may promote our own views, and secure our own prosperity and happiness.

Grib. I, too, consider that the few atoms of knowledge, which we are able to gather up here, are only a *means* upon which we are dependent for future success. But we differ so widely as to what should be the nature of those elements, and we are both so confident of the correctness of our own opinions that, I apprehend, no discussion of the matter will bring us to think alike.

Ogle. Yes, Grib, you're right there—so I must go now. Call round, will you—call round ! Y. Y Y.

THE OCEAN.

I LOVE thee, blue ocean,
 When the winds are at rest,
 And a gentle emotion
 Heaves lightly thy breast ;
 When thy depths are at peace,
 And the tempests are o'er,
 The wild billows cease ;—
 To harass thee no more.

How solemn the calm that rests o'er the ocean !
 'Tis silence that breathes the breath of devotion.

I love thee, blue ocean ;
 When borne on thy billow,
 A light heaving motion
 Is rocking my pillow :
 The breeze is increasing,
 The dark waters swell,
 And fair winds unceasing,
 The light vessel impel.

My bark on the ocean, my path o'er the sea—
 Is the home for the gay, the home for the free.

I love thee, blue ocean ;
 I've oft watched the storm,
 In angry commotion,
 O'er thy dark waters form :
 The sea-gull screams boding,
 Foaming billows arise ;
 Destruction sits brooding
 On the dark ashy skies.

My grave be at last 'neath the white foaming surge,
 With the wail of the winds for my funeral dirge.

THE LOSS OF THE H——.

THE armed schooner Seagull, though not regularly the consort of the U. S. sloop-of-war H., had accompanied her in a cruise among the West Indies, during the summer of 18—, and was preparing to sail with her in a few weeks for the Pacific. The schooner's peculiar build rendered her far more fit to encounter the tremendous billows in which old Ocean often rolls around those island coasts, than was the low single-decked H. ; and she was in consequence detained a few days in the harbor of Tampico, while awaiting the completion of more extensive repairs necessary on board of the sloop.

One of the ardent mornings of that tropical climate was just dawning over the bay. The sun, without passing through any of those "slow gradations" of changing tints, which among us render his lingering rising so glorious a spectacle, had burst at once beyond the distant C—— range, and the glassy waters were yet red with his first rays, when through the mists rolling seaward, I caught sight of the spars of an anchored vessel. Closer inspection with the glass revealed the British ensign, and we instantly made her out to be the expected packet from England—a conjecture confirmed by her subsequent signals, and by the immediate putting off of a boat from shore.

The distance, however, was too great for the rowers, and I felt no surprise at seeing them board the H., as she lay half a mile south of the Seagull, and swing the boat astern. My own gig was instantly lowered and manned, and I steered for the sloop, intending to breakfast with Capt. N. and not doubting that the British consul, with whom we were both on intimate terms, had altered his course with the same design.

Never had the scene glowed with more living beauty. Hal-yard, our veteran boatswain had predicted a gale ; and the fear of being blown off the coast—Tampico affording no safe harbor in a norther—as it had induced me to press our preparation for departure, was perhaps my motive for wishing to take a last view of the place. Directing the steersman, therefore, to put within the bar and throwing myself back in the stern-sheets, I slowly reviewed the rich *tropical* beauty of the landscape. To the right, as we glided across the harbor, lay the city on a sloping plain, its villas dotting the encircling hills, which, farther inland, rose into bold and densely-wooded heights, sinking towards the north to sandy flats, and sweeping southward in lofty mountain-ranges, clothed to the top with splendid verdure. Conspicuous in the distance, towered the tapering cotton-tree and the tall peccan, in-

terspersed here and there with the reddish-yellow branches of some wide-spreading mahogany. Still nearer, rose in frequent groves the brown stems and graceful foliage of the tamarind; while close upon the town were distinctly visible plantations of the banana, with its peculiar crown of leaves, and groups of the splendid magnolia-pyramids of glossy green and snowy flowers. The air, though loaded with fragrance, was at that hour, (the lull between the land and sea-breezes,) insupportably warm; and thus gently and dreamily we glided over the waveless sea, until the boat recrossed the bar, and with a few nervous strokes, sprang forward to the H.'s side.

"Well, my gallant Lieutenant," cried Captain N., seizing my hand on gaining the quarter-deck, "all a-taunto, I see this morning. You're surely not ready for sea yet!"

"No, Captain, only exhibiting for the English stranger. We're only in ballast yet, with a cask or two of rations aboard."

"Ah! plenty of time for all that, I hope, Brailsford; you've kept yourself as light in stowage as your ship. But come below, come below, and let us see. Mr. Stunsel, wind northeast yet?"

Consulting an instant with the quarter-master, Captain N. joined me below, and with the consul we sat down to breakfast. The sea breeze, now blowing through the stern ports, refreshed and animated us all. N. in particular, always gay, seemed this morning to have all his talking-tacks aboard, and poured out profusely yarns of old experience, mingled with anticipations of future adventure. Afterwards, I recalled that unusual exhilaration, portentous, if we may credit Scottish superstition, of sudden quieting in death—the flash heralding destruction.

"Some claret with you, Brailsford," said the Captain, raising a slender bottle between his eye and the cabin window. "Consul," with an odd look, "will you join us?" and then came N.'s regular story.

"We were, you know, Lieutenant, blockading the Bonne Citoyenne in San Salvador harbor. I served as a midddy at that time, under the lion-hearted Lawrence, who had sent a challenge to Greene, of the Bonne, and on its refusal, determined to capture her by cutting out. The night had even been selected, and the crews arranged, when unfortunately the Montague, 74, hove in sight, chased us into the harbor, and changed our plan of attack into one of escape. Night coming on, we wore, stood out to the south, and hauled to the eastward, designing to cruise off Pernambuco. After capturing and burning a schooner, we ran down the coast of Maranham, cruised a week off Surinam, and then stood for Demerara. And now comes the more particular history of my wine. Towards the evening of February 22, we made out a brig to leeward, gave chase, ran into a quarterless four, and having no pilot, were obliged to haul off, within two leagues of

the fort ; cursing the fate which prevented our signalizing Pater Patriæ's birthday by a capture. Next morning, however, our gallant Captain discovered a vessel at anchor outside of the bar, with English colors flying. In beating around Corobano bank, to get at her, we descried another sail on our weather quarter, edging down for us, while directly ahead lay our chase of the previous night. Five minutes brought us along side, and in five more, within sight of two British men-of-war, we had captured and set fire to the brig Resolution, from Liverpool to Bordeaux, thence to Rio, with flour, silks, laces, specie, and in a few cases of very superior claret. I need not tell *you*, consul, the remainder of our cruise ; but as Brailsford has perhaps never heard it, it is as well to say that we beat to quarters, cleared ship for action, and by keeping close to the wind, gained the weather gage of the seaward ship, and tacked. In passing, we exchanged broadsides at half pilot-shot ; then as he was in the act of wearing, we bore up, received his broadside, and ran him close on board the starboard quarter. In fifteen minutes his majesty's ship, Peacock, cut to pieces by our heavy and correct fire, surrendered, and hoisted his ensign in the fore-rigging, union down—a signal of distress. Some of that same claret, gentlemen, you are now drinking."

The captain rose, and we soon after followed him on deck. The sea breeze, meantime, having freshened, the packet had been standing in, and was now within a short distance of us. Our friend therefore went over the side, and gave orders to pull aboard of her, while N. and myself took a turn or two on the quarter deck.

"Brailsford !" said he, at length, "I don't half like this cruising among sand banks, dodging tornadoes, and knocking on reefs. We should by this time be on the broad swells of the Pacific, and under its glowing skies. If we loiter in port much longer, we shall certainly raise the wind, but I fear it will come in the form of a hurricane. Lieutenant ! were you ever in a hurricane ?"

"No," I replied.

"'Tis as well to prepare you then for one," said N. ; and he went on to describe his own experience in those fearful tropical tempests, ending with a few maxims of seamanship suited to such an emergency.

"But it grows late, my dear fellow ; we must to work. Coxswain, call the crews, and man the boats for shore. In a week, Brailsford, we sail for the Pacific. You will dine on board tomorrow, with these newly-arrived English ?"

I laughingly advised him to suppress his claret history, and accepting his invitation, went on board my own boat.

Halyard directed my attention, as we rowed back, to a heavy mass of clouds lying on the northern horizon. Beautiful they

lay! huge, snowy-topped, high-piled: the lightning now cleaving their dark base—now flushing their creets—now weaving over the whole fabric a net-work of fire.

“Mischief in those,” muttered Halyard.

“A stiff norther, perhaps,” said I, carelessly, wishing to reassure the crew. “Pull away, my lads, we have work to do. We can ride it out; if not, we must get weight enough aboard to run out with safety.”

And bravely did they work through all that day; though the air grew every moment sultrier and more fearfully still. By four that afternoon, our spars were all run up, our water aboard, and the cutter returning from shore. The H.’s boats were still within the bar, taking off provisions. Suddenly the wind shifted to the north, and after a few irregular gusts, fell calm. At the same instant, the mass of clouds before noticed, began to heave and roll, while over the sea, still calm, ran that peculiar sound, that indescribable “fremitus” which a coming wind wakes from the waters.

“Mr. Creswick,” said I to the deck-officer, “the gale is upon us. Call the hands to hoist anchor, and keep an eye, sir, on the H.’s motions.”

Lying closer in land, we saw less of the wind than the sloop. With the glass I made out that her bow-anchor was already apeak, her sheet-anchor heaving up, and a signal of recall for the boats flying. Our own cutter now ran along side. She was hoisted in, the anchor secured, and we swung slowly round with the dying sea breeze, waiting the sloop’s orders. The heat continued oppressive. The clouds in the north had changed their form, and rolled into a lurid ridge, which again bending into an arch, sailed swiftly up the sky, unfolding at the ends into smoke-like wreaths, and spreading behind in black and rolling masses.

“Mr. Brailsford” said Creswick, “the H.’s boats are home and hoisted in”——

“Very well, sir, continue to report her motions.”

The sloop ran up top-gallant-sails, and threw out a signal to stand out for sea. The arch had now passed the zenith, and its black writhing skirts filled the whole heaven, and darkened the day. Up flew our fore-topsail, reefed; and as it spread, with a shrill howl the gale swept down upon us. In an instant, such was its power, the sea rolled into huge surges, and the spray flew to the cross-trees, as we dashed on to the southeast, receiving their shocks on our quarter. On we flew; the gale increasing in fury, the clouds driving along the very face of the sea; but as yet without rain or lightning. On we rushed; and just as we were clear of the harbor, and night was closing, through spray and storm we caught a last glimpse of the H. under both topsails, running upon the same tack with us to sea.

Two hours later, seated in my cabin over the remains of such a dinner as our hasty and confused departure allowed the cook to furnish, the officers were congratulating themselves upon being in no worse situation. The gale had steadily increased in violence, but under close reefed foretop we had nothing to fear. "To be sure," as one of them said "we had sailed rather unexpectedly, but a norther was better than a tornado. A run of a hundred miles or two would give a zest to our return to Tampico, besides testing the new spars." Scarcely had he spoken, when, fearful sign, the gale at once fell to a total calm, and the air seemed to settle down upon us, hot and stifling.

"Captain Brailsford!" sung out the officer on deck.

I sprang up the companion-way, and was instantly on the quarter deck. The ship still raced onward, her canvass flapping idly in the hot air. Around, all was pitchy darkness and fearful stillness. Overhead, the clouds gathered, condensed, lowered, till they seemed to touch the masts. At once, in the zenith, they opened—closed—opened again with a rending flash, and as it yet flickered around us, the thunder's first roar filled the heavens, and the rain rushed down in flooding sheets. At the same instant a thin, pale streak advanced from the east, whirling the water into mountains when it passed.

"Hands aloft," I roared through the trumpet. "In with the fore-top-sail! Send down the yards and the top-gallant-masts!" The men sprang to their posts; but before the order could be obeyed, the squall struck us from the east, on the larboard quarter. The fore-yard canted, sending the wretches on it over the side; the mizen-top-mast snapped at the first puff, flying far to leeward. On swept the Seagull, her masts straining with the storm, gunwale under, the sea roaring in a cataract over the lee-bow and fore-deck, and the hurricane drowning every order. For ten minutes we rushed on; expecting momentarily to swamp. Fortunately the hurricane, crossing its former path, diminished the height while it increased the tumult of the waves; and, the first gust over, the schooner recovered herself, though still flying with fearful fleetness, and gave us the power of directing, if we could not check, her mad course.

On turning up all hands, eleven men were reported lost with the mizen-top and yard. With the rest of the crew we succeeded in sending down and securing the upper spars. To run before the wind was madness;—not only should we have stood directly on shore, but have been infallibly swept by the waves. Confident that by this time we had run sufficiently out to render it safe, I directed her head to be kept as steadily as possible to the N. E., and under bare poles we scudded away.

It was awful! The indescribable roar of the hurricane (its pauses filled by the steady rushing of the rain) mingled strangely

with the thunder—the darkness on all things, scattered each instant by lightning whose quivering showed us the sea, no longer tossing but levelled by cross winds and rains—seething and frothing fearfully—and above all, the suspense, the blind uncertainty, from what quarter next to expect the storm! As we drove furiously on, each seemed to hold his breath, watching intently for the slightest change. So long did the hurricane remain steady, that we began to hope it was exhausting itself; when suddenly it came! that foreboding lull!

All elements, hushed, and gathering, prepared for a new burst of fury. The heat grew suffocating, the darkness seemed to become dense, impenetrable, palpable.

Suddenly Creswick touched me, hoarsely whispering “look there!” I followed the direction of his hand. To the starboard, stretching out of sight at either end, a vast wall of blackness seemed bearing down toward us. On it sped! and as it came near, lightning and rain, wind and thunder, swooped down in one terrific burst, full on our beam. The mizen snapped at once, falling over the lee-quarter in flames. The schooner staggered,—pitched heavily ahead,—and rolled over upon her beam ends!

And thus for hours the storm raged over the wreck. No gaze could pierce that gloom—no voice surmount that roar, to tell me of companionship in misery. As I clung to the shrouds, half lifeless, all hopeless, thoughts of blasphemy, of frenzy, rushed through my brain. Strange voices howled in the wind: strange forms flitted before my eyes. I was becoming mad with weariness and despair; when just as I was quitting my hold of the rigging, a shrill sound pierced my ear. Again! above the roar of the storm, the rush of the waters, it rose—the boatswain’s whistle!

At once, as a lingering flash quivered round, the H. burst in sight, scudding to the north; so near, that in an instant she must, it seemed, have run me down. I strove in vain to hail her. Under bare poles, her top-gallant-masts down, her yards on the gunwale, she shot past me within twenty feet, fleetly and fearfully as a phantom ship! Unheard, unseen, for a second, and for the last time among human beings, I beheld the H——.

* * * * *

The crew of a schooner which rode out the hurricane in safety rescued me the next morning senseless and almost lifeless. Months passed away, and I recovered. Years have rolled since, but no time can efface from my memory, the horrors of that night, or the fearful loss of the HORNET.

TO ———.

Oh ! ask me not why solitude has such deep charms for me ;
 Can peace of mind be found in this world's dull variety ?
 In the lighted ball-room's brilliant glare, or where the laugh rings loud ?
 Or when surrounded by the gay ; the noisy, bustling crowd ?

Can the glitt'ring show of this world's pomp the immortal soul improve,
 That soars to where the starry worlds shine in yon heavens above ?
 Oh ! I have gazed there, till it seem'd this frame but kept my soul
 From mounting through ethereal space, to where those bright orbs roll.

The pleasures found in solitude, sweet pleasures of the mind,
 Oh ! they are holy, innocent, instructing and refined ;
 They elevate the soul above this perishable clay,
 And fit it for its final home in everlasting day.

The soul, the immortal soul, thirsts not for this world's vanity,
 Nor aught that's fleeting : no ! it longs for an eternity.
 The great high source from whence it came, forbids that it should be
 Contented in the narrow sphere of cold mortality.

Then ask me not why solitude has such deep charms for me ;
 In solitude we humblest bow to God's divinity :
 They that love solitude indeed can never lonely be ;
 Apart from noise and strife there is no solitude for me.

ADA.

MANLY SENSIBILITY.

" But I must also *feel* it as a man."—*Macbeth*.

SENSIBILITY is a principle of the heart which lies too deep to be exhibited to the gaze of the world. It is modest and retiring ; it finds its enjoyment not in commotion and strife, nor need it borrow from the happiness of others, but it draws its pleasure from its own emotions, and loves to dwell in solitude and silence. True sensibility is nevertheless an essential ingredient of the manly character, however delicate the hue it may throw over the masculine virtues. The *power to feel* is indeed a "sweet boon of nature ;" a power full of loveliness and yet full of strength—delicate yet firm ; a nicely adjusted balance, which, though sensitive to

the slightest touch, may be the arbiter of stern justice. It is modest because it would not be obtrusive ; it loves to "feed upon its own emotions" not from self-love and vanity, but because of the real purity and intrinsic worth of its own good affections ; it seeks solitude and silence, not because it hates or cannot enjoy society, but that it may expand itself and revel in its own full feelings with freedom, and that its own exquisite harmonies may not be disturbed by the noisy discord of a jarring world.

This beautiful faculty is not an acquired one ; it cannot be found by searching the world ; it is innate with every one, and there are none to complain that Providence has withheld from them this precious gift. Some there are, indeed, who seem to have been "disinherited of this treasure of the heart ;" but they are poor because they have impoverished themselves ; they have chilled their affections by indifference and frivolity, or neglected them in the absorbing cares of ambitious personal feeling. How important is it, then, that we protect this feeling from the blight of worldliness ! Since it is born with us, the germ must be nurtured even in the first stages of life. The fountain of true sensibility is seated in high and pure affections, and infancy and early youth are peculiarly the appropriated seasons for the cultivation of those affections. It is from the exuberance of good feeling, the uninterrupted innocent contentment, that the child draws that "strength of heart" which is to sustain him in riper years ; the "milk of human kindness" is the nourishing food of his infancy. What mother that does not recognize with joy the first buddings of sensibility in her tender infant, even when it has not learned to express its emotions by words, but only by that language which is read in its laughing face and indeed in its whole body. "all suffused with smiles ;"

"Its merry eyes with sparkling laughter bright,
Its every limb declaring wild delight."

What mother that does not feel a sacred joy when her child first gives token of recognition and clasps her neck with innocent and real affection ? And after its tender infancy is past, how carefully does she watch the development of heart and mind, lest its yet delicate sensibilities may be warped by self-love and the pride of growing intelligence ; lest the young heart may be shut out from the Eden of its pleasures by exulting in the taste of the tree of knowledge ! Home is the nursery of sensibility. In the happy family circle the finer sentiments of the heart are cherished under the mild excitement of the domestic affections—the respectful friendship of child and parent, the disinterested, lively friendship of brother and sister. In these quiet walks the generous emotions of the soul have room to expand and become fixed before

the passions of youth have come into play. "Home is a garden, high-walled towards the blighting northeast of selfish care."

But let us pass to the riper season, when the youth, almost a man, leaves the parental roof to try the fortunes of the world—a season when true sensibility is tried and proved. The young who have imbibed in the bosom of an affectionate family a love of truth, and a compassionate sympathy with distress, sometimes recoil when for the first time they meet, in the open world, the rudeness and selfishness of unfeeling men. But the man of genuine sensibility does not for this leave society in disgust. He may feel a disappointment in the appearance of the world, which from his own youthful and ardent feelings he had judged to be a virtuous world; but it is as a momentary shudder passing through his frame, which, as it does not shake the firmness of his principles, cannot lessen his courage. Here, however, weak unmanly sensibility fails—a plant so delicate that it finds the winds too rough, or the suns too hot, and repining withers away. But the soul, destined as it is for a time to this world, should be adapted to the climate in which it is to live, and taking firm root in virtue's soil should fear nor heat nor cold. Ushered then into the world with sensibility manly enough to brave its rigor, yet meek enough to feel a generous attachment to its virtues and an indulgent pity for its woes, the man will find enough to try his courage, and yet enough to call forth the best affections of his heart. His sensibilities, even amidst the cares of life, cannot only be preserved, but refined and elevated. They should increase with the endearments of social intercourse; and instead of being chilled (as they too often are) by old age, they should only be enlarged, both by the enlightened memory of the past and the awakening anticipations of immortality. Gratitude is one of the first and strongest ties which will bind him to society. It is said that "a just pride fears to incur debts of gratitude too lightly;" but there are those debts which are necessary by our very birth, the debts of gratitude due to parents. This sacred tie is given us thus early in life as the support and defense of sensibility. It springs up in infancy, and is kept alive by continued benefits in youth even to manhood; it is still cherished in advancing years by the ties of friendship, and even in old age dependence upon others may awaken gratitude and "warm the heart to sensibility in the evening of life." Who will deny that sensibility, thus begotten, is a noble trait in the manly character? It has been impressively remarked, "we have need of others from the cradle to the grave." How true! Who then should be a misanthrope, or suffer the fountains of sensibility to become dry?

But now another feeling still stronger than gratitude springs up in the sensible heart as a new tie to bind it to society. Love, the offspring of sensibility, is at the same time the support of its pa-

rent. It is here that sensibility unfolds itself in all its beauty ; it is at this fountain that the soul drinks in a new inspiration to carry it through life ; it is here that the *man* develops his firmer qualities, for it is here that life opens before him and calls for their exercise. His dependence throughout infancy and youth, though the source of the most lasting benefits and the sweetest pleasures, was the dependence of a child upon its parent ; a dependence, however pleasing, still involuntary : but now he has himself formed a tie which is to last forever, which calls for the exercise of every manly feeling his youth has imbibed, which really recreates him, a man ! And yet in the world, a feeling so pure, so sacred, is a theme for jest and ridicule, and its parent, sensibility, is called “the weakness of a sickly brain !” But away with these perverted notions ; let us not be ashamed of that which is the immediate order of Providence, the offspring of heaven. What is it to live if it is not to love ?

“To love, thou blam’st me not, for love, thou say’st,
Leads up to Heaven, is both the way and guide.”

The most touching forms of sensibility are seen in benevolence and pity. Inactive sensibility begets a sombre melancholy ; confined too long to its own circle of emotions it exhausts itself in solitary pleasure and begets a selfishness which can never be at ease with itself. But active benevolence gives it a new life by employing it in constantly varying scenes, and ensures to it the satisfying reminiscence of good done to others. True sensibility, then, is always charitable.

And pity,

“Dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear :”

what more beautiful among the feelings of humanity, what more becoming the manly character ? What generous soul that does not enjoy a pure delight in sympathizing with misfortune ? It is a mild, perhaps melancholy feeling ; and yet, though caused by unhappiness, this very feeling is itself a pleasure, given, it would seem, by a wise Providence as a consolation for the pain inflicted by the sight of misery. How charming that sensibility which can draw, even from the bitter pains of life, the sweets of happiness ! How wonderful the power which can thus indefinitely multiply its own enjoyments ! Hast thou, reader, ever felt this mournful pleasure, or dost thou think all this but vain philosophy ? Look then upon real life ; see the misery of one creature, and, if thou hast a soul, pity and relieve him ; then, if in that soul there is one spark of manly feeling, thou wilt have the sweet and virtuous consciousness which will “turn your very tears to rapture.”

Such are some of the various forms of real, and therefore manly sensibility. Morning, noon, and eve of life, it is man's companion and his blessing ; an imaginative companion to soothe each sorrow and enhance each joy. Sensibility is sometimes sad ; but sometimes

“ Even sadness brings a fill of bliss,
Enchanting, soothing, softly stealing—
No mirth nor pleasure charms like this.”

It is asked, “is it manly to yield to such a feeling as melancholy?” There is a sadness that rises in the heart in the hour of solitude and reflection, which it were even sinful to repress. Should the soul always rest satisfied with this world, and not sometimes turn from its vanities to read in higher things the clear indications of a more free, more real existence? It feels that the end of its being is not here, and loves to seek the society of nature's solitude, where all around it hears the echoings of immortal strains ;

“ Where living things, and things inanimate
Do speak, at Heaven's command, to eye and ear ;
And speak to social reason's inner sense
In inarticulate language.”

And here, humbled by nature's gentle power, perhaps even the *man* may grow pensive, even sad ; and in full sight of immortal joy, shed a melancholy tear over the thoughtlessness of earth. But it is a tear worthy of the man, worthy of the christian ; it refines his heart and prepares him for a better walk in life.

“ For the man
Who, in this spirit, communes with the forms
Of nature, who with understanding heart
Doth know and love such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred, needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures and a kindred joy.”

Cherish then that sensibility, which, however mild and soft, however melancholy, chastens and invigorates the soul. In prosperity let not your heart sink in indifference or selfishness, but let it expand in the warmth of gratitude and love. In darker hours keep alive that peace of soul which proves how

“ Sweet are the uses of adversity.”

In short, cherish that generous sensibility, which, with a true philosophy, drinks in pleasure, pure and heavenly, from every source which the Creator has placed within its reach ; which

" Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and *good in every thing.*"

X.

THE ZEPHYR'S SONG.

From my airy hall in the clear blue west,
I come at the steps of Spring,
To soften the earth's dull, frozen breast
With the rush of my breezy wing ;
Drear Winter is gone, and his tempests loud
Have silenced their sullen roar,
And the soil grows bright as the passing cloud
Its watery freight doth pour.

I have doff'd from the mountains their hoods of white,
And their tall peaks soaring high,
Stretch up in their vestment of green woods dight,
In the calm soft azure sky ;
While tumbling adown each craggy side,
A thousand wild torrents go ;
And the silvery tracks show where they slide
Through the laughing dales below.

I have call'd, and the songsters have come away
From the climes beyond the main,
And the woodlands have drest up their arbors gay,
To lure back their guests again ;
I have pass'd, and the smiling lawns all wear
Flower'd raiments of varied dye,
While the incense that floats on the balmy air,
Tells where I am wandering by.

Now lightly I dance o'er the sunny hills
That sleep in the quiv'ring sheen ;
Now gently I steal down the gurgling rills
Through the valleys gay scooped between ;
Then 'cross the smooth uplands and moors I'm driven
In the waves of the summer beams,
And move the light clouds o'er the marble heaven,
Or the leaves from their sylvan dreams.

But when fiery Sol from his zenith throne
A sweltering radiance flings,

And out from the sun-burnt copse alone
 The locust his shrill note sings,
 To the dark, cool grove I stealthy hie,
 To play in its wooing shade,
 And soothe with my drowsy lullaby
 The swain 'neath its curtains laid.

I sport with the pine-groves at eve when springs
 The gush of their softest sigh,
 Or thrill in my frolick the wind-harp strings
 To their sweetest melody ;
 I chant to the flowers on the shadowy lea
 A low-breathing anthem deep,
 And charm with my strains the wilder'd bee
 In their dewy folds to sleep.

Then lo! 'neath my steps, how the harvest plains
 In yellow waves rippling, lean,
 And a dark tinge of purple the grape distains
 As I breathe through its leaves of green ;
 And the fruits blush fair on the drooping trees
 Where the crimson and gold unite,
 While the husbandman joys in my pure, fresh breeze,
 Entranced at the gladsome sight.

But the season of beauty and bloom glides on,
 And the brief summer hours decay ;
 Soon the loved days of plenty like dreams are gone,
 And warn me to haste away :
 But when Winter retreats to his snowy north,
 And his chill, stormy blasts are o'er,
 Like a fairy sprite, I will wander forth
 At the turtle's call once more.

THE POETIC TEMPERAMENT.

THE world is so replete with beauty and grandeur—is throughout so alive with the soul of poetry, that to say a man possesses a poetic temperament should seem to bestow no distinctive appellation. The lovely and the terrible, the essential elements of poetry, are every where around us in her various sights and sounds, and in the mysterious principles of our being. The wonder is not, therefore, that any one should, but that all should not yield to their silent power. Yet, however strange it may appear, the greater part of mankind live on almost, or entirely, insensible to their influence. In other words, they have little even of the “unwritten poetry” of the heart, which the things of external nature, and the

circumstances of our own existence, are calculated to awaken and keep alive, and which, if unrevealed to others, fails not to make itself known to its possessor.

This insensibility, it is evident, must be either natural or acquired. It either arises from the constitution of one's being, or is an apathy induced, by an exclusive attention to other things, upon the warm, spontaneous emotions of early life. The former, like all other things inherent in man, is common alike to all ranks and all conditions; and though the influences, which, from the dawn of existence, unceasingly assail or entice it, would seem sufficient to kindle it when coldest with a living inspiration, it is never changed. Prominent traits of character may be repressed and concealed—latent qualities may be developed; but that shade of the disposition, which the pencil of nature has not traced, no effort nor time can create. He who receives not with his breath the spirit of poetry, can never possess or deeply feel its power.

This strange indifference of men, however, to the influences that surround them—this want of the finer feelings and sentiments, that make up the existence of the poet, proceed not so much from nature's unkindness in denying such qualities—if unkindness it could be called—as from their own ignorance or neglect of them, originally existing in their temper. For some of the deepest sources of poetry, as a love of the marvelous, and the consciousness of a being fraught with sublime mystery, are doubtless common to all; and multitudes in their earliest years, when all things are new and wonderful, delighting or awing the mind, feel, perhaps without knowing their nature, the workings of the "weird spirit." But a short acquaintance with the artificial world chills and changes their natural sensibilities. The realities of life are most unfavorable to the indulgence of feeling and sentiment. The din and bustle of crowded cities, and all pursuits that fill the mind with cares, are peculiarly unfavorable, as leaving us little leisure to listen to the voice of nature or brood over our own feelings. This accounts for the fact, that few poets born and bred in cities have arisen to eminence. Such, on investigation, will almost without exception be found to have spent their childhood, at least, amid the scenes of rural life. For the mind will ever attain to a greatness corresponding to the magnitude of the objects it contemplates; and the influences brought to bear upon it, if yielded to, will mold the character. As the works of God, therefore, are fairer and nobler than the achievements of art, so he, who surrounded by them turns not a heedless ear to their eloquence, becomes in his mind and temper, more exalted and refined than among the dwellings of men. But here the inquiry arises, why of those, who alike

"Along the vale of life
Pursue the noiseless tenor of their way,"

wrought upon by the same influences from the natural, perhaps from the moral world, one should receive those deep emotions, which seek to flow forth in poetry, another, but cold impressions? To determine this, however, it would seem necessary first to decide, what distinct combination of qualities forms the poetic temperament.

It is, and has always been, a received opinion, that imagination is the distinguishing quality—the great requisite for the poet. But this we conceive to be an erroneous impression. Not that an unwearied fancy, gentle or sublime, is not wanting to afford any claim to the character; but it does not appear to be the animating principle of the whole, informing every feature. This is rather, an exquisite sensibility pervading and coloring the entire nature. We mean not merely that tenderness of the heart which makes it bleed for the miseries of humanity, respond to the gentle calls of affection, and shrink with equal pain from praise as from reproach. Such is, indeed, a lovely lineament, and essential to its full development, but it is not all. We mean rather that sensibility which is intensely alive to the influences of nature—which has an eye for her forms of beauty or grandeur—an ear for her tones of hoarseness or melody—and a soul to image in its pure depths the varied features of her loveliness. As the chords of the *Æolian* harp to the viewless agency of the wind, its trembling strings vibrate with sweet music to the unseen influence breathed upon them. Since all our ideas, however, as philosophers hold, are derived from external things through the senses, and most of them by means of images and comparisons formed in the mind, which formation is the peculiar province of the imagination, it may still seem that imagination is the chief characteristic of the poet. But this very fact is the best reason why sensibility should rather be considered the foundation of the whole. For if our conceptions are all originally derived from things in nature through the medium of the senses, we are flung back immediately to nature for the source and food of the imagination; but the mind dwells upon objects or their likenesses only according to the interest it takes in their contemplation, and this interest, we have seen, depends for its intensity upon a refined sensibility. There are, besides, certain springs of feeling, which have little or nothing to do with the imagination, yet are among the deepest sources of poetry. Of these are the affections, which have their place in the heart. They have no known or separate province like the fancy, but they pervade and soften the whole temperament where they are cherished, and are peculiarly powerful in the breast of the true poet. The imagination, like the sun, may dazzle and enliven; but their's is a gentle influence, like a fountain's dew, which, constantly sent up spreads coolness and verdure on every side. Memory also,

as it appears to me, and association, a modification of memory, depend for their power over the soul less upon the imagination, which revives the forms and scenes of the past, than upon that intensity of feeling which delights in their contemplation. A deep acquaintance, moreover, with human nature, is gained not by any power of fancy, but by the acute perceptions and like sympathies existing in the poet's own breast.

All this is confirmed by the consideration that a high degree of sensibility may exist without much imagination, and has been the source of many sweet and pathetic effusions. Indeed, the greater portion of written poetry of acknowledged merit is less distinguished for brilliant or soaring fancy than for warmth of feeling and delicate sentiment. Such, for example, are the works of Cowper; and, a still greater instance, the melodies of the Scottish Burns. For though 'Tam O' Shanter and various other pieces indisputably prove that Burns possessed a powerful and felicitous imagination, yet the multitude of them are rather characterized by a simple tenderness and pathos drawn from the heart. Whoever has read, among a thousand others, the stanzas "to the daisy turned up by the plow," "Man was made to mourn," or more especially the "Cotter's Saturday night," will bear witness to the truth of this. But on the other hand, a glowing imagination is never found but in alliance with that part at least of the sensibility we have described, which drinks in with rapture the beauty and sublimity of the visible creation. For as all images in the mind are but the reflected forms of visible objects or combinations of those forms, that the mind should take pleasure in forming or in dwelling upon these images without loving to gaze upon their glorious originals, were an utter impossibility. To paint in the mind an elysium with hues and forms of more than mortal loveliness, the poet must derive those forms and hues, enhanced, it may be, in their transmission, from the fairest earthly elysium his eyes have beheld. And still farther, even where great imagination is found uncombined with those gentler sensibilities, which entwine themselves rather among the relations of humanity than around the loftier objects of nature, what are its effects? More powerful perhaps for a moment, but less lasting and less beneficial than the influence of the simple effusions of deep feeling. Brilliant and sublime but cold, as a glacier by moonlight, however it may dazzle and enchant the mind, it can never warm the heart.

But the true poet must have both united. Though acute sensibility, such as we have endeavored to portray, may justly be considered as occupying the foremost rank and giving tone to the whole character, yet imagination can with equal justice claim the second. In truth, these two qualities are necessary to each others full development, and divide between them the empire of po-

etry. If a delicate perception of the charms of nature be necessary to furnish food to the imagination and give its conceptions life and beauty, the power of the latter is no less necessary to give form and expression to the deep impulses of the soul those charms call forth. The one is the foundation of taste, whose province is to check the erratic wanderings of genius and chasten its fire ; it is the province of the other to impart, like the sun, new light and heat to sustain it on its distant course.

With this view of the great characteristics of a poetic temperament, we shall easily perceive why one, regardless of the beauties of earth, makes it through life but a "working-day world," while another yields his soul to their inspiration, and, save for the miseries and crimes of men, dwells as in Paradise. We shall see that the unlikeness comes not from any difference in circumstances or early education, but has a deeper origin in the essence of their being.

Let us observe two such in their childhood, members of the same family and dwelling among the same quiet scenes of rural life. To one the influences of nature are as if they were not. In vain does she from his earliest days unfold to him her charms, since she has herself denied him the ability to perceive or feel them. Through all his course the pleasures won by toil and mingled in the enjoyment with care and pain are dearer to him than her free gifts. With constant though baffled ardor, therefore, does he spring forward in the dusty chase of life's ever evasive phantoms unmindful of the loveliness and grandeur the Creator has shed around him. Such is the *unpoetic* temperament. The other, almost from the dawn of perception, appears to love the face of the external world. As childhood advances this disposition becomes strengthened by indulgence. While the other is ever in sport with his fellows, he is oftener found gazing in silence upon the solemn magnificence of nature. Perhaps, as we have said before, there is no deeper spring of poetry than the love of the mysterious. It is a principle inherent in all, though in different degrees ; and in the poet especially it exerts a subduing power. It is the strong aspiration of the soul after higher knowledge—an intense desire to learn the nature and relations of its own existence. By the sensibilities are pointed out to it all objects of interest, which then the imagination magnifies and invests with unreal colors, awing and bewildering even the reason. It may in truth be considered the soul of poetry. And thus should it be in the boy of whom we spoke. All nature is to him "a marvel and a mystery." Upon his heart she writes her oracles, which are just far enough interpreted to him to keep alive wonder and make him her constant worshiper. To him each flower and leaf tell of Infinite wisdom ; each tone of the wind is a call of spirits, a sound from other worlds, and the roar of

ocean goes up like the voice of eternity. The mountains, valleys, and lakes, seem sleeping in mystery. When the "morn is out with sandals gray," how gazes he upon the curdled clouds! How does he watch the sun go forth from his "pavilion of the morning," and turn a delighted, pensive eye upon the purple and gold spread beneath the last steps of day! And most of all, comes down upon his spirits a spell of power from the sky and the stars by night, when meeting their silent gaze he deems them angel sentinels keeping an eternal watch upon the mere outskirts of the realms of God, and is subdued at the thought of his majesty and power. Such is the poetic temperament.

In childhood and youth, before thought has been "wreaked upon expression," it is, as some one has most beautifully called it, "unwritten poetry." When the soul has matured its energies—when feeling has glowed into thought, thought into conception, and the imagination "puts on swift wings," then it bursts forth in the full tide of song. The description of such a one at the moment of inspiration, drawn by himself, the master spirit of poetry, though oft quoted, may not be inappropriate, as exhibiting most fully upon the best authority the world can afford the truth of all we have said.

"The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unseen, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

Is not this a true delineation of the qualities and spirit of the true poet—of such as formed a Shakspeare? Why glanced his eye from heaven to earth and from earth to heaven, if it was not to fill his mind with their brightness and beauty, and image their lovely forms, and then educe from them a brighter and a fairer world of his own creation? And such *was* Shakspeare, possessing just such a temperament as we have described. It is little which is known of his character in other respects, but the poetic qualities in his temper are as discernible as light from all his writings. A sensibility was his alive to all the sympathies of humanity, and a perception gained from this sensibility, which gave him the deepest acquaintance of all men with the passions of the human heart. A sensibility was his alive to the beauty of all things in nature, and a varied imagination, playful or stern, simple or magnificent, stooping or soaring, which, transferring them by images to its magic realm, magnified, colored and combined them at will with a variety, splendor and distinctness equally amazing. This is the temperament, these the qualities of the true poet. These have made Shakspeare the greatest of all that have lived.

SAPPHO'S LAMENT.

"Among the poets of antiquity, there is none whose fragments are more beautiful than those of Sappho. Her soul seems to have been made up of love and poetry. She is called by the ancients the tenth muse; and by Plutarch is compared to Cacus the son of Vulcan, who breathed nothing but love. An inconstant lover called Phaon occasioned great calamities to this poetical lady. She took a voyage into Sicily in pursuit of him, whither he had fled to avoid her; but Phaon was still obdurate, and Sappho was resolved to get rid of her passion at any price. There was a promontory in Acarnania called Leucate, on the top of which was a temple dedicated to Apollo. In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and then fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea: this place was hence called the Lover's Leap. Sappho tried the cure, but perished in the experiment."—*Addison*.

"That thou wert beautiful and I not blind,
Hath been the sin that shuts me from mankind."

And have I reached at last the brow
Of fam'd Leucate's tow'ring steep?
Hark! where the heavy waters flow,
In broken tumult dark and deep.
The billows raise their snowy foam
As if to call their victim home.

Farewell! thou old Aegean isle;
I love thy genial climate well,
Where tender maidens sweetly smile,
Where innocence and beauty dwell:
And partial Phœbus gladly shines
On the rich clusters of his vines.

There in my simple childhood's hour,
I felt the Muse's kindling fire;
That magical, bewitching power—
The soul that animates the lyre!
And there to the admiring throng
I breathed my spirit forth in song.

And when with heedless girls I strayed
Through the cool stillness of the grove,
I loitered in the silent shade
To hear the wild-bird sing of love;
And started as a sister's voice
Reproved my solitary choice.

Often beneath the loaded vine
I've looked on that enchanting sky,
Till all its loveliness was mine—
Till its deep beauty could not die;
But still the image lingered on,
Like twilight when the day is gone.

A woman's song! 'twas strange, they said—
A strange, a most mysterious thing,

That genius deigned to grace a maid,
 And lend to her his rapid wing.
 No female verse had ancient days ;
 What marvel Sappho met with praise ?

Then darkly pensive was this eye,
 And lovely was this virgin face,
 Where all the charms of poesy
 In sweet attraction found a place :
 And prostrate youth at beauty's shrine
 Confess'd that woman is divine.

I sung of love, they sung again,
 And echoed back my liquid lays ;
 Their ears would linger on the strain,
 But still I shunned their anxious gaze ;
 And turning from the crowded scene
 Sought out one youth of Mitylene.

How did my bosom swell with joy,
 When Phaon first declared his love !
 I doated on the dark-eyed boy,
 Nor deemed that he could faithless prove.
 How could the false deceiver flee,
 And leave these arms for Sicily ?

He fled—it shames me of the deed,
 That I should follow to that shore,
 To seek again the worthless meed
 That Phaon had denied before.
 But could an infant daughter weep,*
 And such a mother calmly sleep ?

Ah no ! I went—I could not bear
 To hear her lisp her father's name ;
 But that cold father shed no tear,
 Nor did a blush bespeak his shame.
 And now I search in scenes like these
 A lasting cure for my disease.

'Tis madness !—for this heated brain
 Is tortured with corrosive care ;
 This lyre hath lost its wonted strain—
 Can fancy dwell amid despair ?
 One elegy its voice shall give,
 And then with Sappho cease to live.

The sunset fades in mild decay,
 Tinting the deep Ionian sea ;
 The latest blushes of the day
 Die on the hills of Ithica.

* "My brothers image ever haunts my eyes,
 'And why this grief, thy daughter lives,' he cries."

'Tis the last eve my weary eye
Shall greet the ocean or the sky.

I go—but Lesbos yet shall keep*
The mem'ry of my brilliant name ;
For mine is no forgotten sleep,
Nor mine a poor decaying fame :
For in it shall my nation trust,
Nor dream their goddess is but dust.

Yes ! Asia's sunshine yet shall glow
On pillared temples built for me ;
And blood before my altars flow,
And Sappho live a deity.
For crowns may fade, and thrones decay,
But genius cannot pass away.

Go, heartless Phaon ! I have felt
Too long—too sadly deep for thee :
Thy frozen bosom would not melt ;
Now mine, at last, shall be as free.
I seek in yonder angry brine,
A kinder sympathy than thine.

* * * * *

She cast a wild look o'er the tremulous deep,
Then flung her light form from the high, rocky steep,
Far down through the depths of the dark ocean-wave,
Fair daughter of sadness—she sleeps in her grave.

THE MOTHER'S LECTURE.

"I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire ;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason."

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

"AND do you love him, Evelyn ?"

"Oh mother, ask me not. I see but too plainly, that you do not like him,—and yet I feel that I must sacrifice my happiness or my duty to you."

"Neither, sweet one ! all I ask of you, my child, is that you take time. It is now scarcely six weeks since this same James Atwill came to this place. Do you feel that you know him—his

* The Lesbians were so sensible of the merits of Sappho, that after her death they paid her divine honors.

character—his disposition—his habits? And does he know you? True, you have been much together, but you are both under a kind of enchantment, and do not see each other's faults. You are young, Evelyn,—hardly sixteen; and though you are my child, very beautiful. You have ever lived here amid the seclusion of a country village, and with an education superior to those around you, have been in no danger from the attentions of the youths of the place; you felt that they did not understand you. This is the first highly educated young man you have ever seen, and you give him the warm affections of your heart; and he—he may be all he appears, and he may be a villain."

"Mother"——

"Forgive me, Evelyn,—if I loved you less, I should not thus speak to you. You remember Aunt Sarah, who spent a month here last fall, and whom you called 'The Cross Old Maid?'"

"Yes, mother."

"She was once as you are now—young and very beautiful. A young man came to her native place, and won her unsuspecting heart; the day was appointed for the wedding; but three days before the time, he left the village, and the last she heard of him was, that he was married to a southern heiress, to whom he had been engaged for years. You saw the effect of disappointment on one who entered life with prospects fair as your own. This same sad tale was told me by my mother, when about your age; and she left it to me, as I now do to you, to read the moral"——

"And yet, mother, I have heard that yours was a run-away match."

"Yes, dearest,—'twas the only way. My mother refused her consent."

"And, mother, have you ever regretted it?"

"Never!"

"Then you will forgive us, mother," said she, as she hid her beautiful face in the bosom of a young man, who had entered softly at the window, and now knelt by her side, with his arm flung lightly around her slender waist,

"For we were married last week," said the youth, finishing the sentence she had begun, "and here is our certificate of marriage."

"Evelyn, you have deceived me," said the mother,—"and you, rash boy, have torn my only treasure from me. But I forgive you both, as I hope to be forgiven for breaking my mother's heart. Ah, how bitterly have I learned that 'Example is better than precept.'"

F****.

SONG.

"I remember, I remember, the house where I was born," &c.

I REMEMBER, I remember, the time when first we met,
The mem'ry of that meeting hangs all sweetly on me yet ;
And though the first, and though the last, and many a year hath stole,
All deeper by the flight of time, 'tis graven on my soul.

I remember, I remember, she then was but a child,
And I a fond and foolish boy, who thought she sweetly smil'd,
And loved to gaze upon her face, and listen to her voice,
And linger where her presence bade, my youthful heart rejoice.

I remember, I remember, sure, love it could not be,
But that now it differs much, I really cannot see,
For I do hear this gentle child, who caught my boyish eye,
Is tall and fair enough to make full many a lover sigh.

I remember, I remember, 'tis said that angel hands
To music of the spheres weave love's indissoluble bands ;
Has not the chain, has not the chain, to bind *our* hearts been wove,
Whose first and sweetest link was joined ere childhood dreamt of love.

I remember, I remember, the time when first we met,
But, ah ! what's more important still, does she remember yet ?
Why could I not remind her, oh, Cupid ! may I find
Her bosom sweetly thrilling with memory like mine.

THE JOYS OF YOUTH.

Oh, there is joy in youth for a free heart !
The joy of life's fair dewy dawn. The joy
Of love, whose brightness makes the bosom start,
As would a fawn, feeding in grove all coy,
At sudden sunbeam flashing through the leaves :
Of the unfettered spirit of a boy,
That binds of hope a thousand golden sheaves,
And o'er the stage of life a rosy curtain weaves.

The joy of conscious strength, and eagle eye,
And nimble foot, and arm all vigor ; and thought
Unting'd with care and impulse free and high
As heaven and air ; of tongue as yet untaught

To flatter, wound, blaspheme, or at the throne
Of fashion pay its homage ; soul uncaught
In vice's web, whereon she sits alone,
And doth invite the young with voice of syren tone.

And there's the joy of feeling the warm blood
Course free and purely through each throbbing vein,
And send from the strong-beating heart a flood,
That life, and health, and beauty doth contain ;
And memory yet can nought but pleasure scan,
For scarce a cloud of care, or scar of pain,
Darkens or wounds us, ere the age of man,
And we forget the ills which with our life began.

There's joy in sympathy with all things—earth,
And streams dancing along their way, and singing
To themselves and to the flowers whose birth
Adorns their banks ; with feather'd minstrels, springing
Away upon the wing so gracefully,
And pouring from their little founts of mirth
A stream of wild and self-taught melody,
That falls upon the listening ear deliciously.

Oh, yes, there's joy with earth, and joy with air,
When o'er the cheek it plays at summer eve,
Or lingers in the mazes of the streaming hair,
Or with the leaf soft music seems to weave ;
With sea, when o'er the curling wave our light
Bark glances, and behind our flight we leave
A sparkling path, with foaming bubbles white,
Which fadeth soon away, and leaves no trace in sight ;

And sky, as 'neath its everlasting dome
We stand, and upward gaze into its height
Immeasurable, and in fancy roam
Amid careering worlds, that smile at night,
And welcome to the earth each newborn thing,
And shine too on the silent grave as bright.
They are beyond, O death, thy bitter sting,
And they alone, O time, heed not thine arrowy wing.

Such are the joys of youth—the joy of life
When new, of love, of strength, and spirit free,
Of thought and memory unting'd with grief,
Of health, of impulse high, and heart of glee,
Of the tongue and soul of truth, of sympathy
With nature, earth and streams, and songsters rife
With mirth, and with the air, and sea, and sky—
These fill the cup of joy as youthful days roll by.

OUR MAGAZINE.

BELoved READER! Hast thou perused the foregoing pages with care and attention, catching with a cultivated eye the many excellencies therein exhibited? If so, we proclaim thee a man, and worthy of the milk and honey that our liberality shall now dispense to thee. We might exact from such as thou art the reputation of wit or eloquence, but reader, we are in a sober mood; pray you sit down, therefore, and let us moralize. In thy young days of ignorance, before entering upon the rigid duties of college-life, didst thou ever fall in love with some innocent damsel, throwing around her all the charms that imagination could furnish, and giving her a thousand beauties that she never had? hast thou done all this, we ask—and then, after many a long month of study and mental culture, hast thou returned and found that the simple angel has neglected her mind, and can no longer sympathize with thy wisdom? No! you answer; neither have we, is our equally negative reply; and yet we are told that such things have been. Gather this moral; man is a being susceptible of endless improvement,—and more than all, hoard up this golden lesson, which, though a woman wrote, man may well remember, “a changeable thing is the human heart.” Take another example “to our purpose quite.” Hast thou ever heard some prudent mother rebuke the vanity of her son, when surveying in a mirror the symptoms of his approaching manhood, with this sage maxim, “beauty, my boy, is a worthless trifle,” and hast thou seen her turn at the same moment to her pouting daughter, with the anxious exclamation, “nay, my dear! you will spoil your pretty face!” Thou answerest “yes!” to this interrogation; even thus shall our true experience echo “yes.” But pardon the good lady, she meant well. Now glean from this our exalted page yet another moral, akin to our former: “vanity of vanities saith the preacher, *all* is vanity;”—oh human inconsistency! “where, where is the end of all thy wanderings?” Even we, reader, ethereal as we are, have not as yet reached the goal of perfection; our spiritual nature hath not as yet wrestled down all our natural longings; thoughts of what we shall eat and drink will sometimes invade the highest flights of our intellects, “making the cold reality too real;” such is human inconsistency; even ours is manifest in one failing; look sharply, and thou shalt find it.

Who has not seen the good moon when her “clouded majesty” is just gleaming through the trees and throwing her “silver mantle o’er the dark?” We have done it with a thousand warm yearnings, for it brought to our epicurean thoughts in vivid painting the memory of that vegetable orb, whose luscious yellow the good matrons of New England annually stew, for our autumnal pies:—

“Forgive us, Luna’s universal shade,
Aye! do forgive us that our fancy strayed”—

for thou shouldst bear in mind, (if that thou hast a mind,) that “*edere est humanum.*” We are content to follow in the path of our illustrious predecessor Horatius Flaccus, who expressly declares himself “fresh from the sty of Epicurus.” But let us change our moral theme.

Behold yon melancholy receptacle of buried hopes and buried authorship. Let us rake up with cold, skeleton hands

“The feeble ashes, and our feeble breath
Blow for a little life and make a flame,
That is—a mockery?”—

no—nothing more than a bonfire. See where the lambent flame “shoots from the hearth up—Fire! tis fire!!” But stay, brothers! “spare—oh! spare” this mournful ballad—“deal gently with the poet’s heart,” for in sooth it is a tender one. “Sweet reader! let us weep!”

I hate to die—or else I’d go
And starve in some old cave,
Without a crum to eat—or oh!
I’d drown me in the wave!

Or else—perhaps!—I’d hang me up
On some old birchen tree,
Where all the winds should come and make
Their music unto me.

Why our pathetic bard should mention the music of the winds, which his lifeless body could neither hear nor enjoy, is, we confess, far beyond the sobriety of our imaginings; but that he has some genius no one who has read the first verse can reasonably deny. “Without a crum to eat,” is truly an expression that does honor both to his head as a poet and his heart as a man. We believe the following epitaph to have been penned by the same prolific author:

ON ONE WHO SOLD EARTHEN WARES.

Now dust to kindred dust again,
Our man of wares is gone;
The potter’s clay he *sold* to men
To death he *gave* his own.

Who can doubt his genius! We would only say to him, in the words of Thalaba to the Arabian maid, “sail on, in Alla’s name.” Yes! sweet poet, “sail on!” and should’st thou meet the “brass-nosed ship” of thy sometime critic, hoist thine intellectual colors, and give him—not a “crum to eat,” nor a bone to quell his critical snarling—no! nothing like it, but give him that sturdy broadside from Shakspeare—

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.—
Now *I*, perchance, shall put an antic disposition on.”

This is the very way to meet the critic, and “by opposing, end him.”

But we must bid the author good bye, and turn to the reader. Reader, we love thee, but in spite of love exhausted nature bids us leave thee. Keep a mild eye on our magazine, nor ever forget that beautiful, yet fearful line in Virgil’s Pollio, “Occidet serpens.”

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WILLIAM PITT.

HOWEVER skillfully any form of government may be adapted to the promotion of a people's welfare, their happiness must still, in a great measure, depend upon those who are to discharge the functions of that government. The most ingeniously contrived machine becomes useless or even dangerous when intrusted to unskillful hands; and the wisest laws, and the most harmonious systems of policy, are unable to preserve and defend a nation, whose rulers are unworthy of the trust reposed in them. Ancient Rome perished, not for want of an efficient government, or a correct system of jurisprudence. By the virtue of her princes she had arisen; by their vice she fell. If then the fate of a people depends as much, at least, on the character of their statesmen as on the nature of their institutions, of what paramount importance is it that those statesmen should be worthy; that they should be men of principle and integrity.

But who is the worthy and who the unworthy statesman? By what criterion shall we distinguish the real from the pseudo patriot? Shall we judge of the politician's merits by the sentiments which he professes and the party to which he attaches himself? By no means: for the experience of ages teaches us that hypocrisy is no where more common than in political life; that the most selfish demagogues have ever pretended to be actuated by patriotic motives; that those who have been apparently the warmest friends of freedom, have proved at last the most tyrannical usurpers. Or shall we determine his worth by his popularity and his political success? Such a conclusion would be equally erroneous; for the immediate judgment of the people has been too often convicted of fallibility to be relied on with certainty. The popular prejudices of the day may, for a time, transform the demagogue into a patriot, and the patriot into a traitor. The viper may crawl to the summit of that tree which the lion is unable to climb.

How then must we judge? We must look at the statesman's actions, and the effects of those actions on his country's welfare; for though men may, and do dissemble, facts can never lie. Above all, we must look at his private character; for it should never be forgotten, that the morals of the statesman depend upon those of the individual; that he who is a bad citizen can never be a good public officer; that he who would be a ruler over his country, must first be her faithful servant.

He, therefore, and he only, is entitled to the name of the patriot statesman, who unites public ability with private integrity; and such a man was WILLIAM PITT THE YOUNGER.

The distinguished statesman, whose character we have now to consider, derived none of his reputation from adventitious circumstances. He lived not during one of those periods (not uncommon in the history of man) when genius shines forth with greater brilliancy by reason of the thick darkness which surrounds it, and the path to eminence lies open to the first master spirit that may arise to pursue it. His age was emphatically an age of great men. He was brought into contact with some of the most powerful minds that the world ever produced. He was obliged to struggle against a combination of talent seldom equalled in the annals of political life, with no other resources than his own abilities, and these, it must be confessed, he found amply sufficient. Few statesmen ever passed through greater trials or more critical situations; yet with an unconquerable firmness and decision of character, he sustained them all triumphantly.

On the private character of Pitt, the shadow of suspicion never rested. He was a good citizen in every sense of the term. And here he had a great advantage over most of the prominent men of his day. He did not, like Fox or Sheridan, eulogize virtues which he never practised, and descant upon the obligations of temperance and honesty, while the inside of his mansion reechoed to the shouts of midnight revelry, and its outside was besieged by an army of importunate creditors. He was, it is true, assailed with sneers and reproaches, but not by the friends of morality. The influence of his more agreeable, but less scrupulous rivals, had rendered virtue so unpopular, that many inveighed against his purity, as if it arose from coldness and fastidiousness. The censure of such men is indeed the highest praise.

It might naturally be expected that a man whose private life was regulated by the strictest rules of propriety, would not be wanting in public integrity; and accordingly we find that one of the great characteristics of Pitt's whole political career was *consistency*. Not that *soi-disant* consistency, unfortunately but too common among us, which attaches itself to the skirts of a party, and blunders on, right or wrong, in the support of measures which others have made for it; but that lofty fixedness of

principle which marks the truly great man, who having calmly and deliberately decided upon that course of policy which his country's interests demand that he should pursue, follows it out with unflinching perseverance, and strong in his own rectitude, still pursues "the even tenor of his way," heedless of the clamors of those petty spirits who can neither know nor appreciate his virtues. How signally was this consistency displayed in his conduct at the time of the formation of the celebrated coalition! While Fox, in his eager aspirings after power, joined himself in the closest alliance with the man whom he had so bitterly opposed, Pitt steadily refused to compromise the principles which he had once adopted. And it was the consciousness of this integrity which sustained him when he seemed on the point of being crushed by the great power of his adversaries, and which carried him triumphantly through the contest.

Another characteristic, the great characteristic indeed of William Pitt's policy, was his anxious care to preserve inviolate the balance of power between the several departments of government; an object of the utmost importance in such a country as England, where, on the one hand, licentiousness, in the garb of liberty, and on the other, despotism, under the name of conservatism, are ever striving to make encroachments. We see this anxiety displayed in a number of instances, but more particularly in two, which, from their importance, demand a brief examination.

The first of these was his opposition to Fox's East India Bill, a measure which the coalition party had ingeniously framed so as to conceal, under the appearance of philanthropy, the most grasping plans of self-aggrandizement. Its ostensible object was to crush an odious and tyrannical monopoly, and to protect the unfortunate Hindoos from extortion and oppression. But beneath this specious exterior was concealed a plan to concentrate in the hands of Fox and his associates, a power so enormous that it would have rendered them absolutely independent of the throne. A more embarrassing dilemma could scarcely have been devised, since if Pitt opposed the bill, his motives could be misrepresented with the greatest facility, and he was sure to be denounced as the friend of avarice and cruelty; if, on the other hand, he suffered it to be passed, his opponents would be able to rule over the king and the country with almost despotic sway; for the whole patronage of India, placed at the disposal of a few men, could not but have given them an irresistible influence. His choice, however, was soon made. Like the Grecian statesman, he would rather be just than appear so. He opposed the bill with all his might, and fortunately for his country, his efforts were successful.

This time the throne had been assailed. On a subsequent occasion, the rights of Parliament were invaded. We allude to the regency question during the insanity of George III. Here his great rival, Fox, with strange inconsistency, abandoned those principles which it was his pride to profess, and virtually revived the old doctrine of the divine right of kings, which had justly become almost as obsolete as it was contemptible. Pitt, on the other hand, resolutely asserted the rights of Parliament, insisting, that as all rulers ultimately derived their power from the people, to the people alone, through their legal representatives, it appertained to decide in cases where the constitution had made no express provision.

But William Pitt has been stigmatized as the enemy of liberty. When did he manifest this enmity? Was it when, at the very commencement of his political career, he was the strenuous advocate of reform? Was it when he brought forward his own East India Bill, which contained numerous provisions for the relief of the suffering Hindoos? Was it when he poured out the full torrent of his indignant eloquence against the African slave trade,* and uplifted his mighty voice in behalf of suffering humanity? No, but he was hostile to the French Revolution and its supporters in England; he was the uncompromising opponent of the Directory and of Bonaparte; and *therefore* it is said he was an enemy to liberal principles.

To determine the propriety or impropriety of Pitt's conduct in this case, it will be necessary to inquire, first, whether the interference of France in the concerns of England was justifiable, and secondly, whether, if justifiable and successful, it would have been beneficial.

The interference of one nation in the concerns of another, like that of an individual in the affairs of his neighbor, is a very delicate step, and should never be taken but for the strongest reasons. If a people's allies are unjustly attacked, it is doubtless their duty to succor them. If colonies, oppressed by the mother country, take up arms in defense of their rights, a foreign power may with propriety assist them. If one nation is distracted by a civil war, and another has good grounds to suppose that the success of one of the contending parties would be both just and beneficial, she has, perhaps, a right to aid that party. But what

* Lord Brougham censures Pitt severely because he suffered his colleagues, and even his underlings in office, to oppose the abolition of the slave trade; i. e. because he permitted those whom he might have constrained to do as he pleased, to exercise freedom of speech and freedom of action. And this is, as Brougham himself confesses, the most weighty charge he can bring against William Pitt.—*Vide*, the article on "Public Characters" in the October No. of the Edinburgh Review.

was the condition of England? Was she in a state of civil war or revolution? Far from it. Not one man in a hundred was dissatisfied with the then existing form of government; not one man in a thousand would have been but for the benevolent efforts of the French Directory and its myrmidons. Or had England assailed any ally of France? By no means. Or was she doing any thing to retard the progress of liberty in other countries? Nothing at all, since she had acknowledged the independence of her American colonies. The plain state of the case was this. The French had abolished monarchy and set up a republic, or rather the caricature of a republic. In the benevolence of their hearts, they wished that England should do the same. The majority of the English people demurred. But there were in England, as there are in every country, idle, seditious, and profligate men, who having nothing to lose, and possibly something to gain by a change of government, would gladly have plunged their country into all the horrors of anarchy and civil war, in the hope of enriching themselves; just as a gang of thieves will set fire to a city, that during the conflagration they may have a better opportunity to plunder. Through these fitting tools the French republicans scattered the seeds of sedition far and wide over England, and made every exertion to stir up a revolution among a people who, three months before, had not dreamed of such a proceeding. Never did one nation more wantonly and unjustifiably interfere in the concerns of another. When the English republicans had increased to a large and respectable party, and when they called on the French for assistance, then would it have been time for the latter to step forward to their support. Till then they had neither part nor lot in the matter. If we blame our own citizens who assisted the revolted Texians and Canadians, what shall we say of the French republicans who endeavored to excite a rebellion where no signs of one existed?

Pitt could see no reason why a few atheistical vagabonds should disturb the peace and endanger the safety of his country. He accordingly took measures to suppress their seditious movements, and this was the head and front of his offending. He was unwilling to permit the overthrow of those old institutions of which more than nine tenths of the English people were still in favor; to let a few madmen tear down the noble fabric which had withstood the storms of so many ages, and pitch in its place a frail tent, which the first breath of popular violence might overthrow; and for this, he was assailed by the Directory with the appellations of "tiger," "monster," "enemy of the human race," and all those hyperbolical epithets, which none but a Frenchman can compose or utter.

But suppose that the interference of France *was* justifiable, and that her wishes with regard to England could have been accomplished. It remains to inquire what would have been the probable result.

Reforms in government to be accomplished safely, should be undertaken gradually. The government of England has gradually become more and more liberal since the time of Pitt; yet, though it is still by no means a republic, many even on this side the Atlantic think that her reformers are going too fast and too far. The only reform which should be hurried through as fast as possible, is the overthrow of a grinding despotism, and that only because if not done in a hurry, it can seldom be done at all. Most of what are called revolutions, are not so much changes in the great principles of government, as forcible resistances to rulers who themselves wish to change the government by rendering it more despotic. Take for instance, the British revolution of 1688. Was the government changed? No! it was James II, who wished to change it. He attempted to convert a limited monarchy into a despotism; the people resisted the change, drove him out, and placed a more liberal monarch on the throne. Nor was the case very different in our own revolution. Our forefathers started no new principles of government; they only maintained those which already existed in their laws and institutions. England invaded their rights; resolved to preserve them and feeling unable to do so under her authority, they shook it off and established a government of their own. So too in the French revolution of 1830—but it is needless to multiply examples.

Now the proposed alteration of the English government was, if possible, a still more radical change than that which had just taken place in France. The fabric of ages was to be overturned as if by an earthquake, and its ruins to be swallowed up in the yawning gulf of anarchy. No nation on earth could have survived such an explosion. Not even an English Napoleon could have united the elements of the warring chaos. Some of the wise and good of the land might indeed have escaped the general ruin, and carried away a remnant of England's glory to some more favored shore; but England herself would have been lost forever. One of the noblest governments that the earth ever saw would have been blown into a thousand shattered fragments, like some great planet torn asunder by internal convulsions.

And if Pitt saved his country from anarchy and its universal successor,—despotism,—did he not perform an essential service to the cause of liberty? Is not that country as she now stands one of the strongest bulwarks of liberal principles? If our own happy government should share the fate of all things human, and the noble edifice whose foundations our sires cemented with their blood should crumble into ruins, whither could the votaries of

freedom flee for refuge, if not to the white cliffs of the sea-girt isle? Would they seek an asylum in France, or Germany, or the South American republics, or (Heaven save the mark!) in Texas?

But it may be asked, might not the long, bloody and expensive war with France have been avoided? No branch of Pitt's policy has drawn down upon him severer animadversions than his conduct in this respect; and to the supporters of the "non-resistance" doctrines, which are so much in vogue among us at present, he is indeed utterly inexcusable. To those, however, who believe that war is sometimes a necessary evil, much may be said in defence of the course which he pursued. When we consider that the French Emperor bent all his efforts to effect the ruin of England; that he seemed like another Hannibal, to have vowed eternal enmity to his rival; that he expressly declared that '*the kingdom of Great Britain and the French republic could not exist together*,'—when we remember all this, it is hardly going too far to say, that the war was, on the part of England, a war of self-defence; and that all its direful consequences must, therefore, be set down to the account not of William Pitt, but of Napoleon Bonaparte.

We have thus endeavored to give an outline (an imperfect one we are aware) of the character and policy of a truly great man—a man whose strongest political adversaries confessed that he was "formed and fitted by nature for the benefit and glory of his native land." He had indeed his errors; but what man and especially what statesman can boast of infallibility? He had too his foes; but when were wisdom and virtue unassailed by folly and vice? Our own Washington was not without his enemies: he too as well as Pitt was denounced as an enemy of liberty by the fierce spirits of ultra democracy. Let then the mad jacobin, the visionary agrarian, the profligate demagogue, execrate the name of WILLIAM PITT: that name will still be cherished in the hearts of the wise and good; it will still be revered by the friends of true liberty; it will still shine forth, one of the brightest stars in the bright constellation of England's glory. As we contemplate "his political sagacity, his lofty and intrepid spirit, his consummate eloquence, and his spotless integrity,"—above all, as we remember that he saved the second, if not the first country in the world from irremediable ruin, we cannot but look upon him as one of the greatest men that ever adorned any age, or any country; we cannot but exclaim in the words of one of our own poets,

"Thy faults let others scan,
There may be spots upon the sun,
Which those may view that can:
We see them not; we know thee for
A statesman and a man."

C. B.

TEARS.

WHEN sin had raised in swelling floods
 One troubled sea of woe,
 The stormy waves their barrier burst
 And flowed in torrents through;
 'Twas thus the course of tears began,
 A source of sweet relief to man.

The passions then were placed to guard
 This new, mysterious spring,
 And still their touch alone hath power
 The crystal tide to bring:
 It varies with their different forms,
 As gentle dews and wintry storms.

Pale, drooping grief unseals the fount
 To lave her burning brow,
 While sympathy with healing balm
 For others bids it flow:
 At joy's approach it swells again,
 And falls like sun-lit showers of rain.

The tears that disappointment wrings,
 Wither and blight like death,
 And scorching streams like lava roll
 At anger's fiery breath:
 Despair alone so wan and chill,
 Can make the crystal fount congeal.

But oh! the pure and sparkling shower
 That falls like diamonds thence,
 When gushing at the suppliant look
 Of kneeling penitence:
 Then how the gems that beauty wears
 Grow dim before the fount of tears.

We seek a better world on high,
 Where sin is all unknown,
 And tears are wiped from every eye
 That glistens round the throne:
 The passions then will cease their strife
 To quaff the crystal stream of life.

KATE.

THE ELOQUENCE OF NATURE.

"There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings."

Merchant of Venice.

A MORE interesting topic of inquiry can hardly be suggested than the sympathy which exists between matter and spirit. Though it may baffle the most subtle and refined investigator to trace to its source this influence, and to describe its origin, yet he will find much to repay him for his toil in learning only its character and effects. Among the multiplied and varied impressions which the gentler and more stupendous phenomena of nature oft leave upon the soul, there are those which manifest the closest resemblance to the results of human eloquence. It will be our aim briefly to unfold this analogy and to prove and illustrate the fact of its existence. Eloquence has been defined, "the power rapidly to transfuse into the minds of others emotions deep and controlling on the great subjects of interest, truth and duty." Its ultimate end being rather to influence the conduct than to convince the judgment, it essays to excite the interest, to move the feelings, to rouse the passions, to awaken the energies of the soul. It is deemed essential to its highest exercise, that the subject of which it treats be in itself dignified and important, that it have a deep and intimate relation to those to whom it is presented, that it be clothed in an interesting and attractive garb, and urged upon the consideration with energy and power. Now the boundless range of thought embraces no truths more noble and exalted than those which are presented by the physical world. The omniscience, the omnipotence, the omnipresence of the Deity are here recorded in ever-during characters. His goodness, his justice, his mercy are manifested above, beneath, around. Not an attribute of Him who inhabiteth eternity but is stamped upon these scenes of time. The ever-varying phenomena which are displayed around us, are clear monitions of the brief existence of life and of a resurrection to an interminable being; they throw contempt upon the vanities of time, upon the aims which anticipate not a boundless future; they point past the grave and corruption, to accountability and retribution. So dignified and important, then, are the truths which nature utters. That they sustain an intimate relation to mankind is so evident as to need no illustration; they are interwoven with his dearest interests; they are the foundations of his endless destiny. From no source are these presented in a more interesting and attractive garb. There can be few so averse to instruction as to be deaf to the homilies of nature. They

come to us arrayed in all which can fascinate the eye and enchant the ear. Music and poetry, color and fragrance, grace and proportion are enlisted in the service and combined to advance the cause. Not a sense but is appealed to by every thing beautiful and lovely, whilst the understanding is enlightened with eternal truths. Finally ; these topics are urged upon the consideration with energy and power. Not only are the gentler feelings appealed to, but the deepest and sternest emotions, the most impetuous and controlling passions. The being, the nature, the purposes of the Eternal, man's duty and destiny, are crowded upon the attention with every attribute of majesty and terror. All which is exalting in hope, maddening in fear, exhilarating in pleasure, torturing in pain, are attendant in close succession upon the more striking exhibitions of the material creation. The conclusion forces itself upon the observer that the most obstinate skeptic must be convinced, the most daring rebel humbled, the most impious blasphemer silenced by the power and energy of the eloquence of nature. Such is a hasty analysis of that influence of which we treat ; so closely does it resemble in its character and effects the eloquence of men. We turn to the evidence of its existence. This may be derived from reason, experience, observation, and history.

We appeal to reason. How natural, since He who made man, made also the bright world which he inhabits, that he should have constituted between them a mutual adaptation ;—how accordant with infinite wisdom, since it is the duty of the creature to imitate his Creator, that all which meets the eye should reflect his image, all which strikes the ear should speak his name ;—how consonant with boundless benevolence, since to most is denied a written revelation, to make nature the oracle of truth, and to endow her with all gifts of utterance.

We appeal to experience. Who is not conscious, that every chord of feeling in his bosom has vibrated to influences from the world around ? Who possesses a single emotion which has not been roused by impulses from the material creation ? Who is acquainted with a single truth, whose clearest elucidation, whose most subduing pathos, whose most resistless power was not imparted from this voice of God ? We read of the brevity of time,—like a fleeting vapor,—like a gliding wave : yet, when alone in the solitude of night, we watch the little cloud as it flits a transient frown o'er the face of heaven ; as we hang o'er the moving stream, and mark its waters as they pass with hurried step, wave chasing wave, we feel the force of the simple imagery, and realize how we haste to death. We ponder o'er the sacred record, and read with a vacant listlessness, its story of eternity. But as we stroll along the shore and count its sands,—as we survey the sullen ocean, rolling with uneasy restlessness, and reflect that it has not

changed since first it rolled, we catch some glimpses of an interminable being, and are overwhelmed with the consciousness of immortality. We hear of the majesty of Him who made the worlds, and learn that his power is equalled by his mercy, and we receive it as an unmeaning tale. But, when the heavens are hung with blackness, when the storm howls through the air, when the lightning kindles the thickening night, and the bursting thunders shake the hills—and when the sun breaks through, with the smile of freedom, and mantles with gold his dungeon wall, when the bow of promise is bent above, and the earth and the sea are glad beneath, our soul is awake to the varied influence; we now shrink with dismay, from Him whose pavilion is in the storm, now celebrate, with grateful adoration, the love which prefers to save. So responds our universal experience, attesting to the eloquence of nature.

We appeal to observation. What feelings does man trace in the countenance of his fellow, if not those, which are the offspring of influences like these? What emotions are betrayed in the conduct of society, if not such as once welled from this crystal fount? Follow the dark haired boy, as with gladsome step he enters the ancient forest. The year is waning, and the ground he treads is strown with the "sear and yellow leaf" of Autumn. A change comes o'er him. His joyous shout hath ceased, and, seated on a mouldered trunk, he meditates. The moan of the winds through the wasted woods, comes like a distant waterfall. The withered branch let loose above, nought frights him from his reverie. He is dreaming—he with the eye of fire—of age. Disturb him not, 'tis the saddening spell of nature.

Gaze on that white haired man. His snowy locks wave in in the breath of spring, and his cold heart warms with the genial influence. He tells the wondering urchin of the day when the broad oak, which shelters them, was tossed, an acorn in his hand. He speaks of the olden times, when he was young. He points to the field hard by, where his comrades sleep, and recounts their school boy deeds. See! he shoulders the time worn crutch, and treads, as if the trumpet rung. Talk not to him of age,—he is a child once more. Nature hath whispered in his drowsy ear, and waked him ere he sleeps forever.

Visit this fireside. Gazing upon the falling embers, sits a mother. Slowly, a solitary tear steals down its furrowed way, and ever and anon, her eye looks up to Heaven. She thinks of him, who once sat with her there, now, in the village churchyard. She thinks of him, her son, away at sea,—driven before the gale,—foundered upon the deep,—sinking beneath the flood,—thrown from the giddy mast,—sold in a foreign clime. She kneels by his couch of pain, she visits his noisome cell, she bends o'er his pallid corse. What means this unwonted mood? She cannot tell you :—'tis the low breeze which stirs her casement.

These are the milder voice of nature, she hath a deeper tone. Accompany the traveller, as with toilsome step he climbs the dizzy Alps. He has been nurtured in the vine-clad vales of France, and has listened from his boyhood, with growing wonder, to the Switzer's story of his home. As slowly and silently he rises from the plain, the scenes which his fancy has pictured, move in distinct review before him. A feeling of awe represses each livelier emotion. He is passing away from the haunts of men, he is entering the holier arcana of nature, he is approaching the confines of earth, above him opens the unseen world. With eye bent upon the narrow and trackless path, he denies himself the intermediate enjoyment, and waits, until he reaches the summit, and the whole prospect bursts upon his sight, in startling, subduing grandeur. Upon a rugged and storm-beat cliff, he rests him from his toil. He sits alone. There is no trace of civilization, no footstep of men, no sign of animal or vegetable life. Far in the back ground, rise the snowy peaks, scarce distinguished from the fleecy mantle which envelops them. On his right, there yawns a chasm, down which rushes, with maniac fury, a chainless cataract. On the left, beneath him, rolls by the wasteful storm. Forth from the bosom of the pitchy cloud leaps the red bolt, whilst, through the echoing caverns, deep, and long, and loud, howls the hoarse thunder.

He is solitary; yet not alone. He has deserted the haunts of men; yet, is he circled with the phantoms of a busy imagination. He has retired from the scenes of time, but to contemplate eternity. He has come, unsummoned, into the presence of his Maker—a mortal, isolated with his God. He trembles at his own thoughtless audacity, he is appalled by the still terrors, which surround him, he fears the Being who looks down from the calm vault above—and there, unobserved by the eye of man, he kneels before the majesty of heaven in voiceless adoration. This, too, is nature's eloquence; so absorbing, so controlling, is its influence upon the soul.

Go look at him, who stands o'er the frowning steep, down which the moving seas, which wash our northern coast, pursue their journey to the ocean. He gazes upon the dizzy whirl of rapids, as they writhe, in seeming consciousness of their approaching destiny. Anxiously, he scans the advancing flood, as it nears the deep descent. With reeling brain, he traces the devoted waters, as in calm and resistless might, hanging the sky with the fleecy spray, and arching their path with the bow of God, they leap, with deafening thunder, into the fathomless abyss below. Let him listen, amid the roar of waters, and hear, if he can, the feeble din of life. Let him close his eyes, if he may, and shut out the majesty of Him, whose tread is near him. Let him array if he will, his heart in triple steel, and through the idle barrier,

will rush in a tide of conflicting emotions, so vast and overwhelming, that his surprised and struggling spirit shall be the sport of their controlling influence. There too is nature eloquent.

Stand on some jutting cliff, which looks far out upon the sea. The ripple, which, at the early dawn, beat its low reveille on the rugged shore, now lashes it in fury. The stars are gone out in heaven, and the rich blush of eve is changed for the frown of storms. The world of waters boils and chafes in anger. Tossed on the swollen surge, there rolls a bark freighted with life. The fierce blaze which flits through the frightened air, tipping each mast, and spar, and cord with light, but illumines the circling gloom. The wail of winds, the sea-bird's cry, the crash of meeting thunders conclude the horrors of the scene. What mean the anxious glance, the prayer for mercy, the cry of agony, borne from the crowded deck? Is it the approach of death? They have been as near his grasp at home, nor felt these terrors. No! 'tis the dark and dismal drapery, which circumstances hang about that hour, 'tis the delirious ravings of a mind, which the wild and terrible array of elements has roused to madness, 'tis the o'er-mastering influence of nature in her fiercest mood, still eloquent. Such is the varied evidence which observation offers.

We may not linger to appeal to history. It stands ready, unasked, to give in its testimony that nature has been ever eloquent. On the morning of creation, her earliest voice was heard, till the charmed spheres stood still to listen, and "all the sons of God shouted for joy." It was heard down the line of ages, till the noon of time; and then, when the appointed cycles were numbered, and the predicted day had come; when the work of redemption was to be accomplished, and the partner in the Godhead hung upon the tree, she stood by the torturing cross, and told, in the darkened sky, the rending rocks, the opening sepulchres, his dignity who died. Since then, she has not been silent, ever fearlessly corroborating the story of his nature and his wrongs. She shall speak till the end of time. She shall summon the world to judgment. Amid the parching heavens, the burning earth, the falling stars, the melting orbs, she shall proclaim the final dissolution. Her instructions shall cease when no ear may longer listen—her eloquence shall die away forever amid the silence of eternity.

THE HONEY THIEF.

From Theocritus Idyl, 19.

As Cupid, pilf'ring rogue, one day,
Stole from the hive some comb away,
A mad bee drew a venom'd dart
And pierced his fingers with its smart;

THE FLOWER AND THE HEART.

The boy in anguish leaped around,
 And blew his hand and stamped the ground ;
 Then going showed the hurt that pained
 To Venus, and in sobs complained
 That the vile bee, so small a thing,
 Should thus inflict so sharp a sting :
 Replied the mother as she smiled,
 Are you not like the bee sweet child ?
 For small you are yourself, and who
 Can wound with keener sting than you ?

THE FLOWER AND THE HEART.

He who has nursed a sweet young flower,
 And mark'd its growth from hour to hour,
 Its opening hues, so clear and bright,
 Unfolding slow to view the light ;
 With fragrance flooding all the air,
 In gratitude for tender care ;
 Or, like the poet wrapt in thought,
 Breathing the sweets itself has wrought ;
 The graceful beauty of its stem,
 As if it knew it bore a gem ;
 Its greeting tear of morning dew,
 Whose bead a smile is beaming through :
 He who has mark'd all this, *can* know,
 The crystal pleasure that doth flow,
 When o'er a budding heart you bend,
 As its own chosen, guardian friend,
 And watch the lovely shades of feeling
 Softly blended o'er it stealing,
 As rosy tints glide o'er the sky,
 Or gleaming snow creeps o'er the earth,
 —That silent thing, of misty birth,
 The emblem of frail purity—
 And mark its fragrant gratitude,
 For care and kindness oft renew'd,
 Or nurtur'd for its own sweet sake ;
 The rounded ripening of her form,
 With all the winning graces warm,
 That seems to its bright doom awake,
 Of prisoning a *priceless* gem,
 Fit for the Savior's diadem ;
 The smile that lights her pearly tear
 When thou, erst absent, comest near :
 He who has mark'd all this *doth* know
 A crystal pleasure, that doth flow
 Within the bosom's deepest nook,
 As sweet and pure as nectar brook,
 And gathers in its loneliest bower,
 Like honied store in cup of flower.

EDITH.

"Oh, when shall the grave hide forever my sorrow?"

It was evening. Edith had just entered her boudoir, and stood at the casement, anxiously peering through the mazes of a honeysuckle, which twined its pleasant shade before the window, and filled the room with its delicious fragrance. The cool breeze crept timidly through the leaves, and gently lifted the darkly-flowing tresses of her hair, while now and then it dared playfully to steal a kiss from her rounded cheek. Edith was not one of those imaginary beings whom the poet loves to create and endow with all the perfections his fancy can suggest; to make the idol of his thoughts, the shrine around which cluster his devotions, and the ceaseless object of his pursuit. By many she was called not beautiful. You were not, at first, struck by any thing in her appearance, unless it were the peaceful smile which ever dwelt upon her lip. Yet to strangers alone it was, that she seemed uninteresting. If you but once heard that voice, which seemed to have filched its melody from an angel's harp; if you but once *felt* the glance of that eye, the soul of whose every beam was love; if you but once drank in with rapture the words which flowed from her lips, so innocent, so natural, and yet so new, her image was pictured on your heart never to be effaced. In your hour of lonely musing, it would insensibly rise before you, till, ere you were aware, your whole soul would be charmed into the contemplation by the might of its beauty.

We were the only children of two neighboring families, and in the tender years of childhood, we had been taught to look upon ourselves as the bond which was to unite them. We were ever companions, and our pursuits, our desires, our hopes were one. The disposition of each became imbued with that of the other, and each heart beaming upon the other, tinged every feeling as it grew, with the hue of its own youthful gladness, till the same bright color diffused itself over our whole natures; even as the sun shining upon a field of springing grain, infuses into each frail stalk his own brightness, till there spreads beneath him, as it were, a sea of embodied sunbeams. In happiness we had been united, and when affliction came, she threw her dark veil over both. Friend after friend fell around us, and now all of happiness the world contained for us was centered in each other. Friends, to be sure, arose, and kind, but none remained in whom flowed the blood of our names. I stood on the verge of manhood, and she was just gloriously unfolding into all a woman's graces.

At the time my story begins she was awaiting my arrival. I was to meet her in the garden, where we thought we should be uninterrupted; and she had promised there to fix the time which should make us one in the world's eye, as we then were in the sight of God and ourselves. I approached the house, and waving my hand towards the window behind whose vine I knew she was hidden, I turned to gather a rose-bud at my side. She was with me in an instant, and playfully taking the bud from my hand, kissed it, and placed it in her bosom, while that indissoluble smile enwreathed her mouth and sweetly dimpled upon her cheek. Disturbed in the garden, we left it, and strolled through a grove of fatherly old oaks, which seemed to invite us to their shady recesses. The hours flew by unheeded, while we "feasted bee-like" on the joys of a spirit-blending confidence, when suddenly we missed the ray of the moon, which had struggled here and there through the foliage, and in a moment utter darkness clothed the sky, while the rain pattered upon the leaves, making sad music. But hark! a thunder storm is upon us, whose fitful flash and rumbling peal had warned us in vain, so absorbing was our love. We left the wood immediately, and not being able to see on account of the pitchy darkness, hurried on in the direction we thought would soonest lead us home. No time was to be lost, for Edith was dressed in the light clothing of summer, and the leaves scarcely afforded any shelter. Oh God!—(pardon my feelings,) that haste was fatal! At the other side of the grove flowed a small stream whose channel had been deepened and widened by art, and ere we were even aware that we had reached it, we found ourselves struggling in the water, while the suddenness of the plunge, together with the stream, drew Edith from my grasp. In the darkness of the night despair had well nigh seized me, but the shriek that she uttered, "Oh, save me, Henry!" roused me to energy. I pushed out in the direction of her voice, and had the fortune to grasp her hand. I then swam for the shore, and seizing a strong bush which was strongly rooted upon it, found that with its assistance I could just stand upon the bottom; then taking Edith with my right arm, while I held on with the left, I lifted her out with an exertion of all my strength. She moved not! She spoke not! Frantic I took her in my arms and rushed with a giant's strength to the house, guided by a flickering ray from one of the windows. I reached it, laid her upon a couch, and fainted at her side. From that hour she drooped. Death had laid his poisonous hand upon her frame. He came and found her like a flower just budding into beauty, and he trod it into the dust! But she passed slowly away like a star of evening. Her mild blue eye began to shun the light, and hide itself deep in her wan cheek. Her rounded form withered away, and her snowy hand grew more and more attenuated, while

the large purple veins stood out upon it, as if ready to burst their frail and delicate covering. Her smile—for she would smile on me—that angelic smile grew fainter as death drew nigh, but that voice lost none of its heavenly tones. It merely grew more softened by disease. I watched these dreadful tokens with an agony only to be felt. But I loved her still; yes, and I cherished the fond hope that she would bloom again. Fool that I was, I would not allow the thought of losing her to master me. Still she glided to the tomb—and—she died! The memory of that day harrows up mine inmost soul. 'Twas a bright day. Even the plants, as they sprung forth and swung in the wind, seemed to burst into smiles, while they gazed upward at the sun. But I knew no sympathy with them. What was their joy to me. My only life, my only love, my all, was passing away! Dark, melancholy thoughts brooded o'er my soul, and triumphed in my breast like a savage crew. She died, I said,—aye, and she breathed forth her last faint breath upon my faithful bosom. Just ere she went, she looked up to me with a glance of unearthly love, and thus addressed me: "It has come, and I must leave this earth of sorrow. Yet I could go with joy most unalloyed, did not the chain of love bind me to thee so closely. Even now I almost feel the joys of heaven. Soon this faded body will rest within the quiet tomb. And when the flowers of spring wave their loveliness above my head, come, Henry, to my grave, and think of her who loved thee so fondly when on earth; then—'tis my last request—go, forget me, and take another to thyself." She sighed, and these lips caught the fleeting life from that bosom so long adored. They buried her. I knew it not, for reason deserted her throne, and fled with that pure spirit to the skies. They tore her from my arms, and gave her to the earth's cold embrace. Month's passed, and now frightened reason had returned, but only to renew my sufferings. It was a balmy day of spring. I felt more calm, for now a sense of utter loneliness absorbed my soul. And then I walked unto her resting place alone. I found a lily of the valley rocking its snowy bells above her grave. Oh! how I loved that little shrinking flower! It seemed an emblem of her modest beauty, and the sweet memory of her loveliness. It spoke to me in every fragrant breath it breathed, and by its spotless purity, of her last request. Often she now whispers in that soft, gentle, touching voice of hers, "Pine not for me, but cull one of the many modest flowers which surround thy path, and cherish it as thou didst me. Be unto her a sun, and shine upon her with thy warmest beams." I did cull a flower—I culled that lily of the valley, and laid it in my bosom, on my heart. There it shall remain, till my spirit meets hers in the mansions of eternal rest.

MS.

THE CLOUDS.

Light wing'd aerial voyagers,
 How tranquil on ye sail,
 Like troops of Sylphs slow floating
 In the west wind's gentle gale ;
 Or with white pinions folded up,
 Ye hover heaven's calm breast,
 When the languid breeze at noontide,
 Has lull'd itself to rest.

Fair daughters of old ocean,
 With step unseen ye climb
 The crystal walls of ether,
 To rove its fields sublime ;
 Shook from your ebon caskets,
 Bright liquid gems ye shower,
 And carpet earth's glad landscapes
 In robe of green and flower.

Ye weave a crimson canopy,
 With fringe of braided gold
 Round Sols red flaming chariot
 To his hall of slumber roll'd ;
 Or framed in eastern firmament
 With pearls dipt in his beams,
 Your bridge the skies proud spanning
 In gaudy brilliance gleams.

Then gay, romantic cities
 On airy plains ye build,
 Strange towers and wizard castles,
 Which the smiles of evening gild,—
 Their burnished spires and battlements
 In gorgeous state arise,
 Till the gale like conqueror coming,
 The glittering pageant dies.

Not thus when darkly mustering
 Tempestuous strife ye wage,
 And furious roll'd through heaven
 Vent all your spite and rage ;
 Rous'd from your gloomy chambers
 Hoarse throated thunders fly,
 In their fiery cars harsh rattling
 Across th' affrighted sky.

O'er earth and the vex'd waters,
 Like vessels of heaven's wrath,
 Grim fear and death ye are pouring
 Along your diabolical path ;
 Where the black and fell tornado,
 Burst from your yawning caves,
 Ploughs seas in mountain furrows,
 And whelms the bark in waves.

When the wild night storm is breaking,
 Like spectre ships ye sweep,
 In sable squadrons scudding
 O'er the blue, celestial deep ;
 Where yon far watch-lights burning,
 Through your dark-rent masses glare,
 And faint the tempest spirits sing
 In the gusty midnight air.

But lo! when skies are purged
 With blush of virgin dawn,
 All from your clear fields vanish'd,
 Like fairy shapes ye are gone :
 So earth's bright hopes are fleeting,
 Thus fade its joys away,
 Fit emblem'd by your transientness,
 Ye beings of a day !

THE POWER OF MIND.

———" Nothing can
 Quench the mind, if the mind will be itself
 And centre of surrounding things—'tis made
 To sway." *Byron.*

THE Greeks knew no solitude in nature. Every place was peopled with forms of beauty, and animated with living intelligences. Their mountains and valleys, deserts and forests were

each thronged with presiding deities. Their fountains were filled from the pure urns of the Naiades; their grottos were the haunts of gods; the wind, sighing in their groves, was but the spirit song of the wood-nymph; the coralline chambers of the ocean echoed to the soft tread of the Nereids; their heavens were lighted with the smiles of departed heroes. This superstition, so full of poetry, which thus led them to see life and beauty in all the phenomena of the universe, and to consider every manifestation of power and skill as resulting from the secret workings of omnipresent mind, is by no means peculiar to any age or people. To all, at least of the "poetic temperament," the exhibitions of nature in her wildest, grandest mood, are terrible or sublime only as they appear the effect of an all-pervading mental energy. The clouds may gather blackness, the winds howl through the forests, and the rain descend in torrents—but it is when we hear in the blast the shrill voice of the "spirits of the storm" and feel, that,

———"horsed

Upon the sightless couriers of the air,"

they are marshalling the warring elements at their will, that we look and listen with mingled awe and admiration. We love to contemplate the ocean lashed to madness, the cataract uttering its ceaseless roar in the ear of the Eternal, and the mountain belching forth the fires that rage within, because we see in them the manifestations of Infinite mind.

But even the clay-fettered intellect of man, though in its operations less startling and mysterious, bespeaks, in no ambiguous terms, the divinity of its origin. Whatever may be said of the degradation of human nature, he has looked only upon its darkest shades, who discovers in it no redeeming features, no enobling qualities, no godlike energies. True, it is fallen, but, like the palace shattered by a bolt from heaven, it is magnificence in ruins; and the philosopher, while he may lament its desolation, finds much in the wreck which he cannot but admire and revere. He sees a grandeur in the spectacle, which a Herschel presents, as, in his nightly solitude, he sends out his observations into the regions of illimitable space and converts the faint, sparkling dots that checker the concave into the burning centers of revolving systems. He reverences the power of a Franklin, as the lightnings, at his word, leave their fearful pastime in the clouds and trace their noiseless way in quiet submission to his feet. He is awed at the sublimity displayed in the vast conceptions of a Milton, as, "with no middle flight," he soars "to the height of his great argument," and from the battlements of heaven, surveys with eye undazzled, the glittering armies of warring angels, and listens, unabashed, to the shout, that

"Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night."

But men of giant intellect are not only able to secure to themselves the awe and admiration of mankind ; they confer also a sacredness and immortality on every thing, upon which they set their seal. What has made the castles of Scotland the abode of enchantment, and clothed her rugged scenery with a beauty which fades not with "the sear and yellow leaf?" What but the genius of the "Great Unknown," in whose wonderful productions

———" we see
The fancy outwork nature?"

Why do we contemplate with so much pleasure and enthusiasm the memorials of past greatness? It is because they tell us of the power and indestructibility of mind. Why does the traveller tread softly as he wanders over the ruins of hundred gated Thebes? Why linger among the catacombs embosoming their millions of "living dead?" It is because he feels himself in the presence of the master spirits of other times. He sees their mementos on every hand. The pyramids, which rise before him, the vocal Memnon, which seems again to speak, remind that he roams a land, dark though it may be now, yet once lighted by the fires of genius.

Why did Byron tear himself from the delights of Ravenna, and plunge into the fatal marshes of Missolonghi? It was because the arm of the Turk had assayed to crush the rising spirit of liberty in that birth-place of thought, his own beloved Greece, where, with his young affections not yet

"Chilled by misfortune's wintry blast,"

he had drunk inspiration from the springs of her muses, and read the records of her greatness, not only as traced upon her imperishable works of art, but written upon the burning pages of her poets, with the finger of immortality. Had the voice of Demosthenes never blended with the deep murmurs of her ocean, had the songs of Homer and Euripides never floated along her hills and valleys, his sword would have remained in its scabbard ; his lyre might yet have been unbroken. It was the mind of her olden days, as developed in her orators, her poets, and philosophers, that appealed to his soul of fire with an eloquence which could not be resisted ; it was this that nerved his arm for battle ; it was this that rescued the object of his idolatry from the iron grasp of her oppressor.

What gives the magic charm to Italy and draws the world, a pilgrim to her shores? Is it that her fields are green? that her sky is as serene and blue as the eye of Beauty? These may have their attractions, but the gushing feelings of the scholar, as he treads her soil, are absorbed in other things. He turns, with

filial affection, to the villa of Cicero and the tomb of Virgil, or strays among the broken columns of the Pantheon and Colliseum. The waving luxuriance of her plains, the fading glory of her summer sunsets are unseen amid the shadowy grandeurs of the past. With feelings of mingled awe and reverence, not unlike those which swell the bosom of the Catholic devotee as he bows in the presence of the "Holy Mother," he fixes his gaze upon the

"Lone mother of dead empires."

He remembers that the streets, now deserted or traversed only by roving banditti, were once thronged with life and beauty and refinement; that crumbling temples, now the home of the owl and the bat, were once crowded with blind, though willing worshippers; that the forsaken, decaying halls, now as silent as the sepulchre, once resounded with the voice of music or the clamor of debate. He lingers among the scattered relics of her former genius, with all the rapture and enthusiasm of the poet, because he finds in them the golden links which unite him to the intellect of other days; the many-voiced interpreters, through which he can commune with the noble spirits of the mighty dead.

Distance may have concealed the defects, and thrown an enchantment around the exploits of olden times, but it is almost exclusively to the power of cultivated mind, that the past is indebted for that indefinable charm, that peculiar sacredness which commands the admiration and the homage of the world. The fame of the warrior, like the smoke of his battle field, was from its nature evanescent. It was the scholar who evoked the spirit of commotion and revolution. It was in his bosom, that there slept, in momentous certainty, the unborn actions which were to constitute the soul of succeeding ages. It was he who placed the coronet upon the brow of antiquity; it was he who gemmed her sky with stars. In the calm retirement of his cell he may then, as now, have escaped the notice of the noisy, bustling world. Influences the most powerful, have ever been most silent and most secret in their operations. The mighty agent, which suspends in ether the innumerable suns and worlds, and holds them wheeling on forever in the spheres prescribed to them by Omnipotence, has never unveiled itself to human observation. But is attraction less strong because unseen?

It is a mistaken notion, which some have entertained, that as the world grows old, the mind must, through sympathy, exchange its morning freshness and vigor for the palsied strugglings of age; its ancient originality for the insignificant apings of helpless imbecility. Mind is always young; profound thought always original; the fountains of that "great deep," the human heart, fathomless and inexhaustible. The same power, therefore, which the scholar possessed in the days of Pericles and Augustus, he

possesses *now*; the same glory, which he shed around the empires of the old world, he may shed around the republic of the new. Shall he be told, that his efforts will not here meet with the smiles and patronage of princely favor? But is Genius the slave of royalty? Will he clip or plume his wings at the command of greatness? Can the "weird spirit" be bribed with gold? Let the shades of Milton and Shakspeare answer. If there are any whose literary productions cannot secure the approving smile of a free and intelligent people, then let them forsake the high and holy courts of poetry and philosophy. They are not the "bright particular stars" that are destined to

"Flame in the forehead of our morning sky."

They have mistaken their calling, and not all the fostering care and patronage of a Mæcenas could kindle up in their cold bosoms the Promethean fires. Their genius

"Is like the glow-worm's light the apes so wonder'd at,
Which, when they gathered sticks and laid upon't
And blew—and blew—turned tail and went out presently."

True genius, as we have intimated, is as free and fetterless as the breath of heaven.

"Itself a star not borrowing light,
But in its own glad essence bright,"

it shines "without leave asked" of kings or princes. Rich in its own resources, it neither craves the pensioned bounty nor fears the lowering frown of power. Drinking from invisible urns, it feels not the "sacra fames" which tantalizes little souls. Self-moving, it waits not the uncertain impulses of a fitful world. Ever active, it carries within itself the elements of its own ceaseless energy. Uncomplaining, it heeds not the discouragements which may throng and darken its pathway to renown, but like the hidden principle which agitates the bosom of the ocean, and gives strength to its mountain waves as they struggle upward with a zeal which unsuccessful effort never tires, it nerves its possessor at every new disappointment with an efficiency unfelt before. It is not the literary man, therefore, of genuine talent, whom we hear complaining of the want of patronage, or the want of appreciation, or the unfavorable character of our republican government, but those only whose productions merit the fate of the children of Thetis whose immortality was tried by *fire*. If then the scholar, who deserves that high name, is sure to find, in a great and enlightened people, a deep and gushing sympathy; if a thousand hearts, when touched by the magic of his mind, are ready to beat responsive to his own, why should he covet the selfish gifts of heartless despotism? why sell his birthright of independent

thought for its scattered smiles, its uncertain munificence? What then are the obstacles which can prevent the successful exertion of his power?

Shall he be told, as he gives his hours to the midnight oil, that he is born in the dotage of things; that the fields of science and philosophy have all been explored? He sees the falsity of such an assumption in the endless mysteries of creation yet unrevealed; he hears it in the varied voice of Nature, whether she speaks in the harsh tones of the 'live thunder,' or in those delicious harmonies which linger in the heart like the witching music of angel notes heard from afar. Whatever language she may utter, she tells him alike of 'unclaimed continents' of truth.

Shall he be told that the imagination has long ago soared to

"The brightest heaven of invention;"

that human passion has been painted in all its changing hues; that past genius has exhausted all the themes of poetry and fiction, and that there are no materials here of which to make a literature that shall interest the proud heart of an American, and confer unfading honor upon his country? It is true, as has been said, that we have no fabulous origin; nothing preternatural in the wisdom of our sages or the valor of our heroes. We have no Jupiter shaking Olympus with his nod; no Neptune ruling the ocean with his trident; no Delphic Oracle nor Ægerian Grove; no mouldering ruins nor prophetic streams. But why should the American scholar sigh for Apollo or the Muses; for Hymettus or Illissus; for the Arno or Avon, when he has in every thing around him all the elements of the sublime and beautiful—all that can elevate the imagination or refine the taste? Would he revel in the pure poetry of nature? Let him catch its inspiration as it comes flitting on spirit wings from our hills and valleys, or gaze upon its magic charms as, in wild and fearful beauty, it "glasses itself" in our storms and tempests; let him plunge into the "noonday darkness" of our sunless forests; let him look upward to the eternal snows that glitter on the summits of our towering mountains; let him wander beside our majestic rivers, and listen to the unwearied murmur of the waterfall; let him contemplate the magnificence of our free institutions, and inhale the pure spirit of liberty that floats by him on every breeze—and, though he may forget the Naiads and Dryads, the Gnomes and Sylphs of other times, yet will thoughts, fresh as immortality, gush forth, all rich and golden from the treasury of the soul as from the fountain of inspiration. And when his brain is thus crowded with "thick-coming fancies," let him

———"wreak

His thoughts upon *expression*, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,"

into the sweeping tide of song.

Is there nothing to wake the lyre of some modern Pindar in the thunders of Niagara? nothing to call into action the slumbering energies of a Scott in the tales and legends of our Revolution? Where can the epic poet find richer or more varied materials for his verse than in the thrilling adventures and romantic exploits attendant upon our early settlements and Indian wars? Where can the Tragic Muse find a fitter dwelling place than amid the cypresses that wave over the graves of Warren, and Hale, and DeKalb? Where can a sweeter or more heavenly influence steal over the imagination than in the deepening shades of Vernon? Here among the sepulchres of another race on which rest the shadows of past centuries—here around the slow-ascending piles that mark the battle fields of our fathers, are gathered associations too sacred to shed their subduing power merely upon the passer-by; recollections too rich in incident to live only in the simple song of the peasant or the hollow voice of tradition. Let these be woven into a literature whose sybil leaves shall be scattered throughout the land, like vernal blossoms on the wings of every wind; a literature that shall throw around the separate sovereignties of our Union, not the chains of interest, which an excited people may cast off as easy as Sampson his green withes, but the silver cords of a common sympathy and affection, which shall be

“ Like to the fabled Cytherea’s zone,
Binding all things with beauty.”

The various states of our republic, like the planets of our system, must be held in their spheres by antagonist forces. Local prejudices and political animosities ever tend to drive them from each other and from their center. It is the silent though strong attraction of a common literature alone, that, gentle in its nature as “the sweet influences of Pleiades,” can bind them together in the firm “bands of Orion.” Let the scholar, therefore, use with the skill and diligence of an Addison or a Scott, the ample materials which lie scattered in wild and beautiful profusion before him; let our hills resound with the music of the lyre, and our rivers roll in song, and then, even if the Imperial Republic must ever fall, it may sink to a laureled tomb—if the wings of our eagle must ever droop, then may he, like the dying swan, chant his own last requiem.

SONG.

"Oft in the stilly night
Ere slumber's chain has bound me," &c.

Oft in the stilly night
When slumber's chain has bound me,
Fancy's fingers weave a light
And airy spell around me.

The cares that dower, each waking hour,
Its shades of sorrow stealing,
And joys that wait, on a brighter state,
Unclouding and revealing.

And wildly free I seem to soar,
With fancy's plumes to buoy me,
Or won by mem'ry hover o'er
The scenes that once did joy me.

And love doth seem, as in the dream
Of youthful spell unbroken,
When hope doth wear, a heavenly air,
And passion's words are spoken.

The world of spirits opens
Its shadowy gates, and greet me
Forms of those, my wildest hopes
Ne'er dreamt again would meet me.

Each long-lost face, I vainly trace
By time's dark pinion shaded,
Then crowd my sight, as though the light
Of life had never faded.

"And she the once-loved comes,
An angel form" to bless me,
And gentlest words, in gentlest tones
That linger sweet, address me.

Though soon 'tis flown, I feel as one
To whom were kindly given,
To raise from earth, that gave me birth,
A dim-caught glimpse of heaven.

Thus in the stilly night,
When slumber's chain has bound me;
Fancy's fingers weave a light
And airy spell around me.

THE POETIC TEMPERAMENT.

IN the last paper we presented a few thoughts respecting the essence and peculiar qualities of the poetic temperament, speaking of sensibility as its soul, of the beauties of nature as its food, and of imagination as "bodying forth" with all forms and hues its inspired musings. There is, however, another view, to our hearts at least if not to our minds, more interesting than this, since it regards human happiness. It is that of its effects upon its possessor.

To the contemplative mind it will appear a wise counsel of Providence, that we are endowed with such unequal degrees of sensibility and such different feelings, as to be variously affected by the circumstances that surround us. Thus the world is divested of monotony, life becomes a drama of action and interest, and the limits of happiness are enlarged. The capability of enjoyment or wretchedness possessed by any being depends unquestionably upon the degree of sensibility existing in his temper. His actual greater or less experience of either, it is as evident, must depend upon the various influences thrown around the place of his abode. In the world we inhabit there are many sources of pleasure, many of pain; and according to the different sensibilities of men, their lives, it is seen, are blended of varied colors more or less deep and distinct. There are some whom no joy greatly elates or grief depresses; who look to the past with no keen recollections, to the present with no eager interest, to the future with no vivid anticipations. Their days, marked by no periods of passion or excitement, pass on so unvaried through youth, manhood, and age, that the slumbers of death seem little else than a continuance of their sluggish repose. There are others whose whole existence is made up of interest and agitation. For, as there is never a time when the influences around us cease to exert their power, they are constantly affected with emotions of sadness or delight. In a word, with them life is feeling. As it is, however, the condition of existence to receive pleasure mingled with pain, to find our anticipations of the future clouded with fear, the memories of the past with regret, it has been questioned whether a man of cold temperament and blunt feelings does not enjoy more happiness than one like the poet of acute sensibilities.

In comparing the conditions of these two classes, some writers have been led, we conceive, by their strong antipathies, into partial error. For while expressing a just contempt for the cold and senseless things that seem, instead of a "little lower than the angels," but a little higher than the beasts, they have strongly

contrasted with their dull pleasures the happiness flowing from a keen sensibility, without sufficiently reflecting it may also be the source of equal misery; nay, it has even been said that one moment of rapturous bliss is worth an age of such brute enjoyment, and might well compensate for years of wretchedness. That no transient joy, however deep, can be an equivalent for lasting pain though at any moment trivial, or equal to abiding pleasure though feeble in its nature, is most evident, since the bare presence of either in the mind is enough to characterize its condition as happy or miserable, and the mind is such as to estimate its feelings less by their momentary power than by their long continuance. And if, again, a delicate susceptibility is to bring a man through life the most excruciating anguish in an equal degree with exquisite delight, it were surely to be gladly exchanged for a more equable temperament, that will be neither raised so high, nor so low depressed. For pain has, so to speak, a more positive effect than pleasure. The anticipation of it is more vivid and agitating, the reality more searching and powerful, while the remembrance of it, though affording a kind of pleasure from the contrast with present felicity, yet when attended with, what experience would warrant, the certainty of its recurrence, serves but to add poignancy to the dread of future suffering. Thus the same mind receives a greater amount of pain from a period of suffering, than of pleasure from an equal period of enjoyment. But this excess of painful emotion must evidently be greater in proportion as the feelings are more acute and refined, for the reason that persons of dull sensibilities rarely recur to the past or explore the future, but confine themselves to the narrow circle of the present. Such a kind of life, though a nearer approach to the animal, is, notwithstanding, far less subject to the intrusions of pain, than that of more sensitive beings, since all observation teaches that every descent from the higher sources of feeling and passion towards the sluggishness of brute existence presents a less pure but a more unvaried current of happiness. This has, indeed, been styled by some a negative state of being—absence of suffering rather than presence of enjoyment, without, however, any good reason, since bare existence if free from pain is real felicity. All this, moreover, is confirmed by what is unquestionably true, that no being would wish extatic bliss, if as thrilling agony for an equal time were to precede or follow it.

But while thus much is due to reason and truth, it is not to be denied that one of *our* race may, if he will, receive more delight than sorrow from the various circumstances of his being and abode. What sources of happiness does the poetic temperament open to its possessor in the external world and in the depths of his own nature?

The first which presents itself from without consists in man's social relations. There is but one being in the universe who can live in solitude and be happy. He "dwelleth alone from eternity." All others are bound together by cords of interest and sympathy, that may not be broken without loss of happiness. The human race, especially, are endowed with affections and faculties which render them so dependent upon each other for much of their enjoyment, that whoever knows not the ties of friendship, kindred, and country, rarely fails of living a wretched existence. He, then, it is evident, will receive the highest pleasure through life, who is best fitted by nature to feel their power. But the poet, we have seen, should possess those sweet sensibilities which are won most easily by the calls of affection, and touched by the sympathies of humanity. We know it is urged, indeed, and with too much foundation in the sad experience of many, that the delights of social life are so far overbalanced by its anxieties and sorrows, its follies and crimes, that the sensitive mind cannot fail to be filled by them with constant pain. Reflection, however, will educe a different conclusion, in the case at least of those whose own hearts are pure. For it is universally confessed, that a feeling heart derives the sweetest pleasure from alleviating the distresses of a fellow being, that life's blessings are made more precious by its troubles, and that sympathy, sorrow, and the anxieties of love, are mingled with rapture. We have seen, moreover, that the poet should possess a living imagination, and this is always accompanied by hope, the constant refuge from the miseries and cares of life. United they throw a rainbow over the stormy present, from its dark realities transport the soul to brighter scenes in the future, and by the very contrast with past sorrows, enhance the fancied bliss to come. On earth anticipation is often smaller than fruition, and to the man of feeling, imagination, and hope, far more than to another, are the glories of the eternal world unveiled.

Again, no earthly delight is more pure, constant and lasting than that which flows from universal nature. The joys of affection are deeper and more powerful in their course, but the depraved passions of men check their flow. Time will corrode the chain of friendship and extinguish the flame of love. Wealth, honor, power, hold forth their dazzling garlands, which still allure the weary step but elude the grasp, or if they are attained, fruition becomes disgust. So, likewise, is all other happiness springing merely from things of earth decaying and evenescent. But the pleasures inspired by all the influences of nature, and especially by the contemplation of her visible forms, are ever fresh, ever enchanting. As the emotions received through the medium of the senses, beginning with the dawn of perception, are felt sooner than those arising from the natural affections, her charms, if we

are born to feel, enlist our earliest sensations. As life advances, youth, manhood, and age they successively attract with new delight, and the last rays of existence love to linger and dwell upon them. To the child, therefore, of sensibility and fancy—to the poet—they are a source of living pleasure. When weary, as he may often be, of the follies and vices of society, he can at all times find among the haunts of solitude, a joy as deep as the mysteries of his being and sublime as the majesty and power of God.

Besides these external sources of happiness, the beauties of nature, and the relations of social life, the poet possesses others existing solely in his own temper. For he ever engages in deeper study and gains a deeper insight than another into the mystery, of his being and of universal nature; and to the human mind the contemplation of things sublime, profound beyond its sphere of knowledge, is an ineffable though fearful pleasure. He cannot describe his delight, but it is always present with him; for he is led to contemplate such things by his sensibility and imagination, the very qualities that distinguish him from the rest of mankind. The man of shallow soul and meager fancy cares little to explore such unknown regions. And this, also, is to the poet an unfailing source of enjoyment, since of the subjects of his contemplation a clear knowledge is never gained. Mystery is a mighty, unbroken spell over all the universe.

Again, in the creations of his fancy, and in embodying its fleeting images,

———“giving to airy nothing,
A local habitation and a name,”

the poet takes unceasing delight. When weary of the cares of life, when sickened by the vices of men, and the consequent wretchedness and ruin, that deform the fair earth, he can retire to a world of his own and lose in its bright creations the remembrance of such miseries. All colors of heaven and earth are his at will, blended in scenes fairer than fabled Elysium or a Grecian's dreams. Over the darkest hour of his life he can throw, for a brief space at least, the light of perfect bliss, cheating the “cold reality.” When Dante was driven from his native land to wander an exile, were not his heart and memory beguiled by the fearful and the lovely scenes through which he passed on his solitary way? They were not the scenes of earth, but moving through worlds of his own creation, he saw on the one hand the terrors of the infernal region of despair and darkness and the peopled realms of penal fire; on the other bright abodes and beings, fairer than aught seen or fabled, dwelling in the full fruition of celestial bliss. A captive bard lay chained in his grated cell, shut in from the light of heaven, the loveliness of earth, the faces of friends, and familiar voices. Was Tasso alone or miserable? As

he waved his magic wand, what changing scenes arose—what forms of life and beauty started forth from the walls of his prison! With these to come at his bidding, could his base persecutors deprive him of happiness? And when that greater poet, Milton, was, by a more hopeless imprisonment, debarred the sweet face of nature and “from the cheerful ways of men cut off,” was he left comfortless? No! the light, he prayed might “shine inwardly,” was given him. He “soared above the Aonian mount” and saw sublimer scenes than bard or seer before him—the glories of heaven, the proud revolt, the fearful conflict, the headlong descent, the flaming prison, the hellish conclave. Who shall tell the raptures of his reveries, though held in darkness and pain?

In embodying, finally, his conceptions in living verse the poet receives great pleasure. It is not alone the joy which comes from dwelling upon his own dear fancies and giving them form and feature, but with this come also dreams of immortality. To pass from this beautiful world without leaving behind a memory among its cherished scenes, to take up an abode with the silent dead without leaving a name among the living, has ever appeared to the sensitive mind a miserable doom. Nor is it a feeling to be censured or derided; it is as deep seated in our being as the nature of the soul, distinctly pointing to a life beyond the grave. This sentiment, existing more or less in all as a part of their nature, is most powerful in the breast of the poet; and, as genius is always sooner or later conscious of its strength, he cannot fail to catch through the coming years a glimpse of his destiny. With joy, therefore, does he give expression to his burning thoughts and lofty imaginings, trusting rather to the unbiased tribunal of posterity than to the partial decisions of the present. If the cynical critics of his own age deride or condemn his muse, he bids them

———“howl their idle wrath,
While she still silvers o’er their gloomy path,”

believing, like the immortal Milton, he shall produce a work, which “posterity will not willingly let die.”

But if the poetic temperament is calculated to bring its possessor all this enjoyment, why, it has been often asked, have so many poets, perhaps the greater part, led a gloomy, wretched existence? The reason is plain and simple: they were not virtuous. The Creator has made it a law of the universe for all creatures to seek after happiness. He has made it an equal law, that moral beings shall gain it only in the path of virtue. In accordance with the first of these laws, the whole human race are in pursuit of happiness; but they seek it not in the path prescribed. We begin in early life, each in his own devious course, to pursue some object that seems surrounded with the radiance of bliss; but whenever it is attained, if at all, the alluring colors still glitter be-

yond, and we follow the retreating rainbow over hill and dale, till we sink in the valley of death. And if this is to some extent the conduct of all, it would be most especially that of the poet, in whom warm feelings and a lively imagination tend to lead the reason astray. His condition will appear still more difficult, if we consider that the real poet, of whom there are few, is of a loftier, diviner nature than others, and that the higher a moral being is placed in the gradation from the lowest to the Deity he has need of greater virtue to secure him happiness. But the fact, that the qualities of the poet when perverted *may* make their possessor wretched, destroys not the argument, that they are *calculated* to yield him great enjoyment. If Collins, Chatterton, (Cowper's melancholy was constitutional,) Shelley, Byron, and Rosseau had possessed pure hearts and upright minds, Happiness would have made them her peculiar favorites.

When we contemplate, however, the real sources of misery in the world, the various forms of wretchedness, the desolations wrought by the passions of men upon the face of nature, and consider that all these, marring man's happiness and the loveliness of life, cannot fail to pain the sensitive mind, and that the evils present and to come are ever great enough without being magnified by the imagination, it would seem that earth is not the true abode of Poetry. Her chosen minstrel, Burns, may warble sweet notes upon his native lyre, but their tones are sad and mournful, the lyre is soon broken, and the minstrel's own heart crushed and withered. Divine, ethereal in her nature, she belongs to a brighter clime—to a holier habitation. Her place is Heaven! C.

STANZAS

ON THE LATE TORNADO.

OLD Æolus sat musing in his cavern
 Upon the strange vicissitudes of fate,
 And thought of turning it into a tavern,
 The gales had been so mutinous of late,
 Where, being old, and fond withal of leisure,
 He might sit still, and "raise the wind" at pleasure.

With these designs were mingled sad reflections
 On broken sceptre, and diminished reign,
 And many melancholy recollections
 Of ancient sovereignty o'er air and main,
 When he received the visits of the goddesses,
 In bustle (*vide* Virgil) and short boddices.

This march of mind, quoth the old cloud compeller,
 May, in its way, be excellently fine :
 But still, to use the words of Mr. Weller,
 I see not why it should intrude on mine :
 It shows, by meddling with pneumatic science,
 Too many airs and one air of defiance.

Inventive man derides my tempests' wrath,
 And sailors, by their science nautical,
 ('Tis a most naughty calling,) cut their path
 Safe through the rolling waves in vessels tall ;
 Yet crafty Neptune punishes the sinners
 By forcing from them tribute of their dinners.

I too, in my domains of atmosphere
 Will make aspiring man my rights confess ;
 All shall be clouds, there shall be no Cape Clear,
 Vanes shall be vain—all almanacs shall cease ;
 No steamboats run—from Boston to Malacca—
 Here the god paused, and took some more tobacco.

And starting, in a transport quite pathetic,
 From reveries so unpleasantly done brown,
 He took to exercise peripatetic,
 Pacing his sand floored grotto up and down ;
 Then seized a couch, and blew till blue in features,
 A summons loud for some one of his creatures.

Ho ! Eurus, Caurus, Notus, Auster, Boreas !
 Rush from your rocky dungeon's rending portals ;
 Away ! o'er earth and ocean sweep victorious,
 Blend sea with sky ! blast disobedient mortals !
 This said, he cleft a cliff off with his trident,
 And the freed gales roared gaily through the wide rent.

A gathering gloom grew over the grey sky,
 A whisp'ring murmur crept through forest leaves ;
 The screaming sea bird wheeled her from on high,
 And sought the shelter of foam beaten caves.
 Man, cowering cowardly, the storm expected,
 And frantic cows ran round with tails erected.

The whirlwind's growing voice roars from afar,
 Wild roll the writhing clouds in eddies driven,
 With rushing speed fierce blasts in circles war,
 Sweep over earth and dim the light of heaven ;
 Trembles the solid ground :—in mid air mingle
 Rocks, trees, and cabbages, and bits of shingle.

Swift rides the tempest on its cloud wings sable,
 All things once stationary fly like papers ;

Stables become surprisingly unstable,
 And fences quit their posts in sportive capers;
 The storm takes up extremely large collections,
 And then distributes them in all directions.

Tubs, books and bridges, basins, boards and victuals,
 Bricks, beds and pans, and hats, and pots, and tables,
 Cats, carpets, children, churches, clothes and kettles,
 Domestic fowls, and kitchen vegetables;
 Performing graceful movements of gyration,
 Make air a "medium of circulation."

One luckless woman knew not what befel her,
 Till after having bid adieu to hope,
 She found herself established in a cellar,
 Deposited within a cask of soap.
 'Tis often courteous soft soap to administer,
 But this peculiar act looked rather sinister.

Conspicuous 'mid the poetry of motion,
 A mother and her infant were seen sailing,
 Far separated by the gale's commotion:
 The child was safely dropped upon a railing,
 The mother after much peregrination
 Fell into a peculiar situation,

Originally made for youthful swine,
 Alas! it was a pig-pen but in form;
 For, wailing like the "fretful porc-u-pine,"
 Their tender years unpitied by the storm;
 Three pledges (pig-nora) of porkine affection
 Had been swept off in some unknown direction.

Some fowls were philosophically flattered,*
 And of their feathers skillfully bereft;
 A meeting house was most unmeetly shattered,
 Only the altar was unaltered left;
 Two barns, both painted of a bright carnation,
 Turned white from the effects of agitation.

With this the angry god was satisfied,
 And turned the tempest tow'ards a towering rock,
 Thunders the whirlwind on the mountain's side,
 Then back recoiling, scattered by the shock,
 Collects its forces, o'er the barrier bounds,
 And dies along the plain in hollow sounds.

AREN.

* Plato's definition of man was "a featherless biped."

THE HEIR OF LICHSTENSTEIN.

A SKETCH.

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
 Would harrow up the soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."—*Hamlet*.

ALTHOUGH the daughter of the haughty Count Lichstenstein, Meta scorned not the attentions of the noble, yet lowly born, Adolphus, the last scion of the once powerful but now obscure family of Heermann. The friend and associate of a much attached brother, in his appearance highly prepossessing and with a mind of remarkable brilliancy, it was but natural to suppose, that she would imbibe a strong affection for young Heermann, a graduate of the first German university, and now an honorable competitor with her brother Carl for the first rank in the medical profession. Nothing opposed the gratification of his wishes in the free reciprocation of her love but the stern displeasure of the Count, who, being favorable to the addresses of Hans Haller, an individual of high lineage and fine appearance, but of inferior mental abilities, suffered him to press earnestly his suit. Thus favoring the clandestine interviews of him with whom she could never be united, and at the same time obliged to countenance the solicitations of one whom she had learned to despise, the fond girl, in the endurance of these ills, lived with but little pleasure. Although beautiful, and of extremely fascinating manners and possessing a highly cultivated mind, she was yet not entirely free from those superstitious feelings and fears which were at that period so prevalent throughout Germany. As time slid rapidly away and the winter months drew near, during which by her father's strict injunction she was to unite herself to the man whom she abhorred, she suddenly became much changed in appearance. The sprightly manner which hitherto, notwithstanding her incessant grief, she had uniformly exhibited to all, was superseded by a dark shade of melancholy. Her countenance, lately beaming with animation, now habitually wore an air of sadness. The rich melodious tones of her voice fell not so softly as was their wont upon the ear. She rarely spoke. And yet her incessant sorrow found no relief in tears. There was not the slightest alleviation of her distress.

* * * * *

Autumn had mantled the wide spreading forests with her Tyrian dyes, and the summer's sun had now ripened the harvest field. A dark, heavy cloud was shrouding the splendor of the departing day, which had been one of unusual serenity and beauty, but the distant peals of thunder, as ever and anon they fell heavily upon the ear, betokened a speedy change; and, as the mass of shapeless clouds loomed with terrific aspect over the western sky, the way-worn mountain traveller quickened his loitering steps, the herdsman collected his bleating flocks, the cattle upon a thousand hills sought their rude coverts, and the humble gleaners, hastily gathering up the last sheaves of the autumnal crop, hied them to their homes. Vivid streaks of lightning flashed athwart the darkness of the heavens as Carl Lichsteinstein was leaving his home to pass the evening in the pursuit of some new discovery in his favorite science. Recalled however by the gentle voice of his sister, he again stood within the porch of the ancient mansion. "Carl," said she, in plaintive accents, "you have noticed with anxiety the change in my manner. I have withheld from you the cause, being unwilling to distress you by what you might deem my unreasonable fears. But this awful storm warns me to delay no longer; I have had a dreadful, a terrible dream. It forbodes calamities to us all. And this storm, alas! I fear it is the precursor of our woe—'tis of Hans we must beware!"

"Dear girl," interrupted Carl, "why will you thus pain yourself. Think you that all our projects will be unsuccessful? Though stern and rigid, yet father is not cruel. Be assured he sincerely loves you, and he"—

"Ah! you mistake," she languidly replied, "I fear not that of which you would speak, but for you, for all of us. Hans will ruin us—avoid him—take care of yourself and Adolph. Tell him that however much they may calumniate and slander, I never will cease to respect—to love him."

"Let not, I entreat, these foolish fears depress your spirits, enliven us again by your smiles. But, in the mean time, doubt not my compliance with your wishes." Thus speaking, Carl hurried away while Meta yet stood anxiously gazing after his retreating steps. The misty moonbeams struggling to break through the dark pall of night but imperfectly lighted the narrow streets, as the German student traversed their circuitous windings. Arrived at his chamber, the ponderous door, slowly creaking upon its rusted hinges, admits him to the presence of his companion. Around, suspended from the lofty ceiling, are ghastly skeletons and disjointed members of the human frame. The old oaken wainscoting adorned with many a rude painting; the large bowed windows, after the quaint mode of architecture characteristic of the German nation; the massive shutters slam-

ming in the hoarse blast against the rude exterior of the edifice, were all in perfect keeping with the sombre air of the apartment. Upon the long clumsily constructed table in the centre of the room lies the body of a criminal, executed a short time previous in the public square. This was the subject of their evening's occupation. Near by, lay the polished implements of their profession; and as the storm raged with increasing fury and the bursts of lightning reft open the caverns of the eastern sky, they zealously entered upon their labors.

In the mean while, Meta, overwhelmed by her imaginary distress, has retired to her room. The clouds sweeping on darken the face of the whole heavens. Flash follows flash, and the loud artillery of heaven in thundering tones answer each fiery mandate. But now a gleam more terrible succeeds—her eyes are dazzled by the flood of light, and, simultaneously with the loud report, the tall antique chimney of a distant mansion comes crashing down. The shock is too great for her agitated frame. Overcome by the awful magnificence of the tempest, her bewildered brain pictures new scenes of horror, she beholds a dying brother!—the assassin reeking with blood!—the knife gleams fearfully before her eyes! An instant explosion arouses her from the trance, she sees but the noonday brightness succeeded by the deep blackness of night! The rain descends in torrents, but as the evening wears away the storm abates its fury. The clanging thunderbolt has gradually sunk into distant mutterings, the erewhile brilliant flashes scarce tinge the borders of the breaking clouds. The deep toned clock long since has chimed the midnight hour, and yet Carl has not returned. Wearied with watching, and exhausted by the agony of her feelings, Meta again sinks down upon her couch, but she finds no rest. Her awful dream, her vision, all float before her distracted mind. The continued absence of her brother but strengthens her fears. True his unwearied exertions repeatedly kept him aloof from all repose; but the mere probability was at this time too vague for her disordered fancy. Dawn had fast approached, its grey tints already suffused the eastern sky, and soon the rising sun was bathing the rich and varied landscape in a sea of glory. Carl had not yet returned. As morning advanced and he yet delayed, anxiety was depicted on every countenance. In a state of feverish excitement, the Count gives orders to search his apartments. In the same gloomy chamber where we left him in health and vigor, he is now found lifeless! What a sight was there for the eyes of an agonized father! Beneath the table upon which were strown the members of a mangled corpse, lay the motionless body of his son! while the blood which had issued from a deep thrust in the neck and in the arm below lay cold and clotted. The Count drew near, and felt his marble brow. How did he recoil from that

touch of death ! all was over ! In the farther corner stands with folded arms and despair deeply imprinted on every feature, young Heermann ! while in his hand yet remains the terrible dissecting blade, by which apparently had been inflicted those fatal wounds ; still from its point trickles the dark blood of him whom all supposed he loved. Who could doubt that he had been the murderer ? and yet who believe it ? Why did he not flee ? But they had been alone. The knife he still held. Not a word did he offer in extenuation of his guilt, but quietly submitted to the proper civil authorities. The day passed on, and the returning moon which in her former round had beheld Adolphus happy and joyous—the successful suitor of the loveliest maiden in L——, now shone mildly upon him through the grated window of his dungeon. The same silvery light guided the steps of the sorrowing retinue, which attended the body of the young heir of Lichstenstein to his father's home. The following day and from its lofty portal issued the funereal procession to consign to the grave the cold remains of the murdered Carl, so beloved of all—all deeply sympathized with that train of weeping relatives—all cursed the damnable spirit of his hypocritical friend. A day followed, and from out an obscure corner of the city issued a throng of passengers to behold the bright waters of the Elbe close over the body of him who had perished on the scaffold. In vain asserting his innocence of the foul crime laid to his charge, young Heermann had died calmly and peacefully. A trial had followed but a short time after the discovery of the deed. Without a single witness to attest his innocence, and with the tide of popular feeling strongly set against him, he could make but little impression upon the obdurate heart of his judge. The administration of justice in Germany required little more than circumstantial evidence to convict, and what stronger testimony of this character could be adduced. There was he found with the knife yet tightly clasped—there too lay the prostrate body crimsoned with gore. The severed artery of the neck told too plainly to be mistaken, the object of the thrust. Would not he have interposed had his friend attempted to slay himself ? In short his tales were all deemed specious, his arguments vain, and with little sympathy from any he calmly met his doom.

In the mean while Hans, fiendlike, exulting in the destruction of his rival, would fain have urged more earnestly his suit. But the shock was too great for the feeble frame of Meta. A brother hurried away by ruffian hands to an untimely grave, and a more than brother, the object of so foul and undeserved suspicions, ignominiously slain upon the scaffold, staggered her senses ; her reason was dethroned, and the youthful, the beautiful daughter of the Count became a raving maniac ! Hans left Germany and journeyed in foreign countries.

* * * * *

The shades of evening were falling from the long, wooded heights that stretched beautifully away to the north of L— as far as the eye could reach. The peasant, wearied with the toils of the day, sought his humble cottage, and, as the aged curate from the evening mass slowly directed his tottering steps homeward, he was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a stranger, who hurriedly requested his attendance upon the confession of a dying traveller, in a neighboring town. The evening was far advanced before the worthy priest had reached the place of his destination. Arrived, he beheld extended upon a rude couch, arrayed in a tattered, military garb, an aged man whose frame, once powerful and erect, had shrunk away by exhaustion and fatigue.

"Reverend man," said he in a voice of extreme agitation, "Hast dwelt long in this kingdom and dost remember the fate of young Heermann? 'Twas he I murdered! No!—yes! 'twas *he*." Years had rolled by and the story of the accursed deed, with the name of the youthful heir of Lichstenstein had almost faded from remembrance. The maniac girl long since had followed the broken hearted father to the grave, and now the grass waved green above the mouldering remains of both. Mystery and gloom had ever shrouded the awful crime. But none were more interested in relieving the bloody tragedy of the uncertainty which involved it than was the worthy prelate. The playmate of young Heermann's earlier days; a witness to the placidity of his temper and his uniform kindness, he had ever rejected as false the current report of his crime. Imagine then his anxiety to learn something, even at this late period, which might throw more light upon the untimely fate of his youthful friend.

"Yes I murdered him!" continued the old man: "But listen that I may explain all."

"The awful terrors of that night you doubtless well recollect. Late in the evening, as I was returning from a carousal to my own apartment, while the storm was raging with the utmost fury, my eyes were suddenly dimmed by the most brilliant flash of lightning I ever beheld. An instant it played amid the clouds—then descended with a tremendous explosion upon the tall roof of a neighboring mansion, the antique chimney was shattered into a thousand fragments. Trembling in every limb, I quickened my speed, little desirous of encountering a second shock. In a few moments, however, I was arrested in my progress by a tall figure, who, in a voice tremulous with excitement, requested me immediately to follow. Frighted by his appearance and awed by the severity of the storm, I involuntarily accompanied him to a large room attached to the identical building where the late explosion had occurred. There, by the dim light of the lamp now low in its socket, I beheld a man apparently dead from whose neck yet gurgled the crimson tide. Near him, with a counte-

nance expressive of the utmost despair, I recognized in my conductor Adolphus!" "See," passionately exclaimed he, seizing the inanimate corpse—"See these marks of livid red! This dark spot upon the breast, here!—where the electric fluid passed from his head!" Recovering, in a slight degree, his composure, he continued: "We were engaged dissecting this body, when suddenly came the tremendous crash and Carl was extended lifeless upon the floor! I escaped with but little injury. Reviving, I ran and bathed his head, but to no purpose. Life was extinct! Yet hoping, I snatched from the table the dissecting knife and opened a vein. The blood ran slow and thick—I tore the handkerchief from his neck—sought a larger vessel—but what was my horror to behold the withdrawn blade followed by a furious tide of the light arterial blood! In the agitation of the moment and from my excessive grief, I had carelessly mistaken the point." "Look!"—again repeats he with trepidation—"See these marks of the electric fluid! See! See quick! They will soon vanish! Testify, I pray you, to my innocence." "But I, with the passions of a fiend, saw nothing! I beheld no traces of the lightning, and yet there were the fallen tiles—there the broad red marks upon the inanimate body. I *chose* not to see them, and, regardless of his fate, fearful alone for my own safety, I hurried from his presence. As I passed out I saw him fall senseless! I returned, took the dissecting blade, dipped it in the clotted gore and replaced it in his grasp!—yet staid until I saw the last trace of the terrible agent, which had destroyed the fallen victim, fade from his body!—then hasted away."

"Baffled in the very object I had sought to attain by this scheme of villainy, I left the country, enlisted in an Austrian corps, and have since wandered over the whole continent, a prey to remorse and the gnawings of a quietly conscience!—But may the God of heaven pardon!" He ceased! The lamp of life grew dim!—falling back upon his pillow, exhausted by his narration, he uttered a few half stifled groans, and expired!

Upon the silver hilt of his sword were graven the initials H. H. which, with other testimony, convinced the pious prelate, that he had witnessed the death throes of Hans, the rival of Adolphus!

I.

“ A TIME TO WEEP.”

Yes, there's a time to weep—though summer throws
The sweet perfume upon the lovely rose—
Though incense breathes from every beauteous flower,
And grateful fragrance from each leafy bower—
Yet weep ! the loveliest flowers will soon decay,
Their bloom and fragrance all must fade away.

Yes, there's a time to weep—though skies may seem
Smiling realities of youth's bright dream,
Though not a cloud obscures the glorious ray
Which pours its light and beauty o'er the day ;
Yet weep ! remembering men too often fade
While yet their noontide glories are displayed.

Yes, there's a time to weep—though stars above
Are shining emblems of eternal love,
Though they who hailed with joy creation's birth
Are chaunting still the praises of the earth ;
Yet weep ! the fate of nations that are gone,
Millions whose death those stars looked down upon.

Yes, there's a time to weep—though beauty's smile
Might well thy sorrowing heart from grief beguile,
Though not a cloud obscures the lovely brow,
And not a sigh escapes the sweet lips now ;
Yet weep ! the glow of beauty may depart,
And floods of sorrow fill the peaceful heart.

Yes, though thy pleasure may appear complete,
Though every present happiness is sweet,
Though tears of sorrow ne'er have filled thine eye,
And storms of sorrow may have passed thee by ;
Now weep ! the hours of darkness may be near,
When from thine eye will fall the bitter tear.

For earth though drest in glorious array,
And smiling now with beauty, must decay,
The sun himself is destined soon to fade,
And darkness o'er the heavens will cast a shade,
Beauty and pleasure now around thee shine,
Yet think not these are always to be thine.

Weep then e'en now—and when affliction's blow
Shall lay thy head with dark'ning sorrow low,
When heartfelt agony thy spirit fills,
And round thee cluster crowds of human ills,
Then o'er thee will this thought its influence pour,
This soothing thought, that thou hast wept before.

POETRY AND MATHEMATICS.

It is not unlikely that the union here announced between poetry and mathematics may take the reader a little by surprise ; and that he may be ready, without reflection, to pronounce it a most unnatural relation. But as for ourselves, we have long been satisfied that there existed a friendship here, that would ultimately lead to this consummation. "Winged Pegasus yoked with the patient plodding hind!" it is exclaimed. Not too hasty, friend ; lend us your ear, and if the wedlock is not proved to be equal and valid, then from the vatican of infallible criticism, let a divorce be thundered against the parties at once. Be not impatient with our mathematical turn ; for though we have introduced a subject that is so generally detested, yet we trust you will easily pardon the offence, since it comes under the umbrage of your most favorite guest. Preparatory to establishing the validity of the above relationship, we propose to show that your antipathy for the one party, and your peculiar predilection for the other, are quite unreasonable. In the first place, the reason why there is so general an aversion to the mathematics, is to be found in the long and tedious application necessary to a thorough knowledge of their principles. If the elements of poetic composition, if the sterile rules of prosody, and the uninteresting details of versification, were substituted as a branch of study in the place of algebra, and geometry, we venture to affirm that poetry, as a science, would soon be regarded with quite as much dislike as the mathematics. Though nearly all profess a wonderful affection for the muses, yet very few come to be skilled poets. And why ? For precisely the same reason that few who study geometry, attain to any eminence as mathematicians ; namely, because they make but feeble efforts. "What ! is it possible, then, for those to become poets, who have no poetic vein ; no deep fountain of feeling ; no imagination ; no heaven-glancing "eye, in a fine frenzy rolling ;" no soul ? No. But if they were compelled to spend a four years' siege at the barren and dreary science of poetic rules, under the same goads and penalties that now urge their application to Euclid and Conic Sections, they would probably come as near to that distinction as do the majority of those who stumble through these authors, to that of mathematicians. When

———"much against the grain,
The dull, predestinated fool is dragg'd
Through learning's halls, and made to labor much
Abortively,"

it is no wonder that he should become disgusted with study. It

is the demand which the severe parts of learning make upon mental effort, that has created this almost universal hatred of them. Could those sublime truths which their application to the laws of nature unfolds to view, be compassed at a glance, without the drudgery of study, no such antipathy would be felt. When the labor is performed for us, and we in idle leisure enjoy the results, we find no occasion to chafe and fret under the curse which imposes upon him that eateth, the obligation to work. When a Newton introduces us to a view of the beauty and order of the celestial economy; when he displays the magnificent wonders which his genius has brought to light by the aid of mathematics, we no longer look upon him as the earth-born and soulless drudge. When we behold the very sunbeam proud to unfold its blended hues to his magic touch, and every material substance beneath the focus of his genius, displaying its world of hidden beauties, we are constrained to feel that nature has no greater favorites even among the poets. Which, of all the renowned bards of ancient or modern times, would blush to own in that distinguished philosopher a brother and a friend? Not one. Why should they not cherish his friendship? Who has been a more liberal patron of poetry and the fine arts? His genius was the *Æglè* that presided over some of the choicest fountains of poetic inspiration. The virgin Naiads were not more worthy of sacrifices and libations. Were Homer and Virgil to live again, would not the deep spring of passion in the one, be stirred by the "burning hallelujahs" of the spheres; and the other "wave the wand of his enchantment" over the mystic choir that dance along the sky, eliciting a sweeter melody than warbled from the tongue of his own Silenus, when he sang,

———"how no more in wild disorder hurl'd,
Sprang from these elements the nascent world;
How the new sun o'er wondering lands arose,
And buoyant clouds their liquid wealth disclose;"

and each give to posterity a song, that should make them stop their ears to the harsh notes of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*, saying with Menalcas,

———"non *solebant*
Stridenti miserum stipulâ disperdere carmen ?"

But not to anticipate our subject. We have shown that it is not the higher developments of mathematical science that have drawn down upon the study so many imprecations. It certainly is not that clearness and accuracy of thought, that quickening of the inventive faculties, that power of analysis which this study is so well adapted to promote—it is not the mathematics in their power to open to our minds the magnificent and the minute wonders of the universe, which we condemn. It is nothing more nor

less than the labor of acquiring the elements ; a labor which does indeed have no mercy on our infirmities, our indolence or our dullness. Substitute the poetical grammar, the dull logic of metrical rules—the *mathematics* of poetry, for geometry and mechanics, and those gorgeous editions of the poets which now grace the shelves of so many, would be sold at a large discount, as soon as they ceased to be used as text books. Let our morning dreams be broken by that eternal reveille of the college bell, summoning us to an *ante lucem* inspection and exercise in the manual part of poetry, while Day, and Euclid, and Bridge, those fragments cleft from “the ice and frost of the mathematics,” repose on our shelves ; and meanwhile let lenses, and illuminated diagrams, and telescopes, reveal to us the world in which the astronomer and the mathematician live, and there is little doubt but that we should begin to find some blemish upon our beloved Clio’s cheek, and by degrees to transfer our affections to some more benignant divinity. The mathematics would, perchance, hold that place in our regard which we now yield to poetry. Let it not be thought that it is our design, in this discussion, to advocate such a transfer of our feelings. We disclaim any such intention. We only wish to aim a blow against that bulwark of prejudice which unpropitious circumstances, combined with the indolence natural to man, have interposed to prevent the friendly intercourse of poetry and mathematical philosophy. The truth is, these two important branches of learning have more qualities in common, more resemblances, and more mutual congeniality “than are dreamed of” in the reveries of the shallow-minded. Poetry as a science is as exact, as severe, as metaphysical, so to speak, as any other branch of knowledge. There is in poetry, a philosophy as refined, a logic as subtle, laws as abstruse, as in the most difficult sciences. And the poet who deserves the name of a master, must be learned in the theory as well as in the practice of his art. We speak not here of those little efforts, those fits and spasms of feeling, which break forth into the thousand petty and contemptable rhymings with which the world is filled ; but of those noble productions of genius which are ranked with the standard literature of the age. Milton was never afraid of freezing up the inspiration of his soul by contact with the speculations of science. Its rigors are indeed injurious to those feeble spirits who, even in the most genial clime, exist only as they puff “and blow for a little life.” But it were easier to chain the tameless winds, than to subdue the glowing ardor of the author of *Paradise Lost*. No severity of mental discipline could repress his flight. Nay ; but he resorted to the hardest study, knowing that it nursed the pinions of his imagination, and gave them fibre and strength to hold on in an untiring course. To this view it may be objected, that the true poet is the child of Nature—that *she* has so moulded and

adjusted his "temper," that in its natural and unconstrained exercise it moves on in the exhibition of its might, its grace, or its grandeur, needing nothing save to supply its own vigor from her luxuriance. How general soever such an impression may have become, nothing is farther from the truth. The same reasoning will apply with equal force to the pure mathematician. He is as much the child of Nature as the poet, and often inherits more of her genuine sense. They are both her legitimate offspring, and upon each has she conferred such manly qualities that they have no occasion to reproach her for their being. But that either has gained celebrity by a merely passive obedience to the impulses of natural endowments, is contrary both to reason and experience. It were needless to mention the numerous instances, familiar to every reader, of early genius wrestling with the giant difficulties that guarded, like a barking Cerberus, the very threshold of the temple they essayed to enter. The blindness of Milton, the enfeebled constitution of Pope, the untimely fall of Kirk White, are all eloquent with the story of daily and nightly conflicts, of desperate strugglings, of rude buffetings from opposing obstacles, and of soul-consuming thought. True we have among the renowned in song, here and there a jovial Horace,

"Quem pinguem et nitidum bene curatâ cute vises,
Quum videre voles, Epicuri de grege porcum."

So, likewise, among those given to the study of the sciences, we find a Franklin, whose glowing cheeks were often dimpled with a laugh even over the gnarled obstinacy of some difficult problem.

Again, it may be objected that the master poets often pay no regard to rules; that they spurn with contempt the trammels of law, and the low artifices of rhetoric; and by this very license achieve some of the noblest triumphs of their art;—an advantage which the mathematician does not enjoy. But in the higher investigations of mathematics is there not a liberty somewhat analogous to this? Reasonings of this kind are often conducted in a manner, which to the dull mind seems directly contrary to the plainest axioms. The mathematician, so far from being limited to rigid exactness, may, by starting with the admission of a *falsehood*, come most *directly* to a correct result. By assuming an error he reasons to the truth; and having established implicit confidence in this mode of investigation, he ascends with triumphant success to higher and more amazing conclusions than he could have reached by the usual processes of reasoning. In the lower and ordinary kind of inquiries, he is content to pursue the direct method. But soon arriving at those limits beyond which the footsteps of men have never penetrated, like the victorious general, emboldened by success, dismissing the faithful guides that have conducted him thus far in safety, and assuming others

whose physiognomy indicates the very opposite of honesty and intelligence, he flies onward to other continents and other climes, where, in the name of himself and of godlike reason, he plants his flag in undisputed, undisturbed possession. Thus Herschel, by *mathematical license*, won a world, where the glory of his name shall remain till the stars of heaven cease to shine. Where is the lawless poet that has plundered a brighter or more enduring fame?

But, nevertheless, the highest power of the poet consists in his being true to nature. In no place does Milton, or Homer, or even Shakspeare, indulge in that lawlessness, that wild, irregular sporting of the fancy, which has no prototype in the real world. To no order of beings do they ascribe attributes or powers for which they have not the authority of tradition or general belief. To people the air, the groves, the rivers, with multitudes of spiritual beings, is not the province of the poet. With these he may hold a more intimate communion than the rest of the world, but every image which he brings from thence must have its original distinctly graven upon the memory of men, or they cannot be agreeably affected by his productions. Do you say we are taking from him the magic of his art? It is a great mistake to suppose that obscurity and fiction are the chief sources of the poet's power. It is not by veiling the transcendent beauties of truth from the gaze of the multitude, that he allures them to pay their devotions at her shrine. No artifice can heighten her charms; and if these, in their "unconcealed-perfection," have not power to excite and warm into enthusiasm the feelings of the soul, the minstrel may "hang his harp upon the willows," and, sitting down by the cold waters, breathe a sad requiem over the dying hope of song. That a clear perception of truth is not only compatible with, but even necessary to high poetic feeling, one or two illustrations will show. Suppose a telescope were constructed of power to bring to our view in a distinct light, all that transpires among the various forms of life and action in the distant planets. Let the stately and graceful figures of men, herds of sporting animals, birds of every plumage, and insect tribes—let the gay flowers of spring, the deep verdure of summer, and the golden hues of autumn, pass in succession across the field of view, instead of the huge, dim, ill-defined objects that now appear, and we need not say that nothing would be diminished from the poetry of the scene. A Byron, perhaps, driven as he deemed himself almost from the communion of living things, might choose to perch, in the lone and dark sullenness of his passion, upon the hazy top of the Lunar Helicon, scowling his brow, and filling the deep chasm which banished hopes and lost affections had left in his mind, with the misty grandeur of the scenery around. But those who had not lost the attributes of humanity, would delight to mingle at once with the current of joyous feeling that animated the living and

moving creation there. Again, had the old poets been destined to inhabit the caves of Ocean, and, instead of that beautiful clearness with which they now behold the face of nature, the azure sky and glowing heavens, had they seen them only in the obscure light that struggled through the dense medium above them, would they have drawn from these regions richer material for song than we now find embodied in their works? Is truth, then, the enemy of poetry? And is the only condition on which the Muses deign to dwell with us, that we offer no worship to this divinity? Far from it! Nothing is clearer than that the very reverse of this is true. If philosophy *has* exploded the old systems of mythology—if it has scared the “sacred nine” from their retreat in the groves and lawns of Hellas—if it has dispelled the awful mists that shrouded the summit of Olympus, concealing the Thunderer’s throne from the gaze of mortals—if it has penetrated the ocean’s depth, and driven Neptune with his attending Nereids from their watery realm—if it has, with a bold usurpation, dissolved the parliament of Jove, and scourged the licentious deities from their fabled heaven; yet for this merciless vandalism upon the empire of the bards, it has bestowed on them a kingdom far more extensive, more fertile, warmed with more congenial suns, and over-arched with milder skies. Whilst before its clear light the faint and shadowy creations of fiction have faded away, it has thrown its illuminations upon a magnificent system of realities; a system which, in its power to interest the mind and to draw out the latent energies of the soul, as well as in the richness and abundance of its materials, infinitely surpasses the highest conceptions of antiquity. It has introduced us to “a realm where the rainbow never fades,” where bright and buoyant worlds are “spread out before us like islands that slumber on the bosom of the ocean, and where there are beautiful beings, that will no more pass before us like shadows, but will stay in our presence forever.”

That we are not alone in the opinions here advanced, a cloud of witnesses are ready to testify. We would not wish to make a mere “show of authorities;” but since our subject is one of serious import, we should prove recreant did we not invite the reader to “listen to the voices of approbation, as they come up from every part of the republic of letters,” and unite in one full swell of *commendation* of these liberal studies. That the greatest of modern poets considered the severer studies as not unfavorable to poetry, may be gathered both from his practice and his writings.

The biographer of Milton tells us, that after he left the university, he “retired to his father’s house at Horton, in Buckinghamshire, making occasional visits to London to meet his friends, to buy books, or to learn something *new* in *mathematics* or music; plainly implying that he strove to keep pace with the progress of mathematical science. But for our better satisfaction, let us lis-

ten to his own words. In his treatise on the education of youth, to which he would have the years from twelve to twenty one allotted, he places among their earliest studies, arithmetic and geometry. "And," says he, "having thus passed the principles of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, &c., they may descend in mathematics to the instrumental science of trigonometry, and from thence to fortification, architecture, enginery or navigation, &c.; then also those *poets* which are now counted most hard, will be both facile and pleasant;" among which he numbers the Georgics of Virgil; thus making that book with which we are required to be familiar, as early at least as with arithmetic, succeed, in the order of mental discipline, a pretty extensive and thorough training in the higher branches of the mathematics. Such was the opinion of one who, from experience, was prepared to judge of the influence of the different studies in forming the mind. Nor does he make any exceptions to suit the case of those effeminate, love-melted, moonshine-mongers, whom Shakspeare describes as

"Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to their mistress' eyebrows."

We will next introduce the charming bard of Mantua, with whose biography it would be strange if every classical scholar were not familiar. At the age of sixteen we find him listening to the instructions of Syro, a distinguished epicurean philosopher, and celebrated teacher of that sect. "But," says Lempriere, "medicine and *mathematics* were the sciences to which he was chiefly addicted." And we are willing to set the Georgics and the *Æneid* against the opinion of Schaliger, in deciding whether "your geometer should be a dull and patient intellect." It may seem futile to drag in the name of Homer, as authority on this point. But those who have the bravery to encounter Dr. Cudworth, may find abundant reason to believe that the bard of Chio could not have been unskilled in so much of geometry and astronomy as was taught in his age. The perfect ease with which he handles every branch of Grecian learning and art, especially navigation, has been adduced by Coleridge, as proof, that he had an accurate acquaintance with every branch of science and art then cultivated among the Grecians; and, we may add, among the Egyptians. Madame de Staël in her Germany, remarks very justly, that "poets find in the sciences the genuine beauties of the universe." Leibnitz, the cotemporary and rival of Newton, was a powerful mathematician and no mean poet. Of Haller, whom the Germans regard as their second Leibnitz, his biographer says: "it cannot be denied that his compositions breathe the genuine spirit of poetry, and are animated by the sublimest inspirations. Though Haller has been surpassed in harmony, grace, and correctness, he has perhaps never been equalled in richness and vigor

of imagination." We are sorry we cannot add to our catalogue of witnesses the distinguished name of Bayle. His opinion certainly would bear nothing in our favor, for D'Israeli remarks of him, that according to his own acknowledgment, "he never could comprehend the demonstration of the first problem in Euclid." But the same author remarks further, that he was destitute of fine taste, and poetic discernment; by which it appears, that an aversion to mathematics is not always indicative of poetic talent. But being aware of the futility of catching here and there a flying phrase from a one sided and partial reviewer, without being able to refer to times and places, we must content ourselves with advising those who would learn the real sentiments of the distinguished scholars of every age upon this subject, to become acquainted with their early history; then, tracing the progress of their minds up to the height and maturity of their action, they will know what it is that gives vigor and permanency to their efforts. And when they see a Milton, like the eagle, with strong and sinewy wing, buffetting the storm, and stretching his flight above the clouds, till he gazes, with unflinching eye, upon the bright sun, let them remember the words of the immortal bard, and

———"know that in the soul
Are many lesser faculties, that serve
Reason as chief;"

and that

" Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes
To imitate her; but misjoining shapes,
Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late."

E.

YALE.

SUBTYRO.

YALENSIS utinam essem, fugite fugite sæcla!
Sæpius in somno id frustra habeo honoris.
Deliciæ litorarum, flores sine labore!

TYRO.

Novus homo
Procul domo
Doleo,
Sophomores
Et Tutores
Timeo—

Quis curabit?
Me juvabit
Socius,
Plusque possit,
(Quis non noscit?),
Animus.

Ire proni
 Nil est boni,
 Tyrones,
 Spernite humum.
 Date fumum
 Cauponos.

Scipione
 Et pulmone
 Opus est,
 Ambulare
 Illa, boare
 Hæc, prodest.

SOPHOMORE.

Pulcher esto
 Manifesto
 Ille vir,
 Qui majores
 Sophomores
 Fortiter
 Declaravit
 Et probavit,
 Contra eos
 Qui fuerunt
 Et dixerunt
 Contra nos.

Dulciores
 Quam priores
 Nunc dies
 Volant tales
 Juvat quales
 Juvenes—
 Sed infanda
 Detestanda
 Studia!
 Nunc petenda,
 Fugienda
 Omnia!

JUNIOR.

Nunc abite, curæ,
 Et non redituræ
 In vice dierum;
 Nunc procul, profunda,
 Venite, jucunda,
 Et talia rerum!

Sed multum laboris
 Dat usque doloris,
 Quid igitur?
 Solatio amoris
 Et spe Junioris
 Corrigitur.

SENIOR.

“Formosissimus annus;”
 Nullus habet tyrannus
 Nos imperio,
 Sed vita beata,
 Libertas amata
 In Collegio.

(ANNO EXACTO.)

Vale, nunc vale!
 Sanctissima Yale,
 Jucundus eo,
 Tamen lachrymæ fluunt,
 Suspiria ruunt
 Ab pectore imo.

ALUMNUS.

O nata cælo, reverenda Yale,
 Gentis humanæ celebranda cultrix,
 Filii grati “nomen” atque “laudes”
 Jure docebunt.

TRUE NOBILITY OF MAN.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

THE dignity of man's nature has been ascribed to the joint advantages of bodily superiority and intellectual greatness. But the former he shares pretty equally with some brutes; in the latter he is exceeded by lost spirits, and neither the one or the other comprises his true native nobility. That human beings alone of animals walk erect, have a certain peculiar conformation and movement of limb, is of itself a trifling circumstance. It adds little dignity to their character, and only as the outward symbol of a high toned, upright spirit deserves the admiration of the wise. If the mind be vicious, with low desires and abject feelings, the human form becomes the vilest imposition which the world, this various and complex work of nature, exhibits. When Milton represents the great deceiver on his return from that malignant excursion to our globe, "scorned by the dismal universal hiss" of his snaky associates, we remark with peculiar pleasure the fitness of their metamorphosis. The mind feels no repugnance at seeing celestial nature and archangelic intellect, having once assumed the serpent's character, afterwards clothed in his own proper form.

Reason, the brilliancy of wit, the glow of sensibility, though much, are not all, nor the chiefest part in that exaltation of which our nature is capable. Reason, that lofty faculty of which we love to boast as associating our nature with the divine! Were she followed and cherished with an equal enthusiasm, such claim might have a weight which he who looks only at the common practice of man is unwilling to acknowledge. But where she should rule, she slumbers an impotent mistress, while passion and prejudice usurp her throne and give law in her name. Her just authority is subverted; her free decisions are warped to give speciousness to absurdity, and color to falsehood. Wit is but an uncertain light, which dazzles by its brilliancy, but blinds the eye to every other object. Sensibility, through which man should taste an innocent delight in whatever is beautiful in scenery, noble in sentiment or elevated in character, often gives a keener relish to debasing pleasures, or a sharper efficacy to the stings of remorse. These, then, are not the real dignity of man. Alone, they only form a superior kind of brute, and become illustrious only when subservient to a higher faculty of his being.

The moral nature of man as the basis of his own happiness, and the ground of that connection which exists between him and his God, is the crowning excellence of his character. Infinite

goodness sent forth the human soul, weakly guarded by reason, tossed by passions, a child of frailty and prone to wander; but endowed it with a moral nature which binds it to his own glorious nature, and affiliates it to the spirits of the blessed. When borne on in the race of guilty pleasure, a voice whispers in the ear of man, chides his devious course and tells him of a glorious destiny. To know the extent of our moral relations, to adorn the character with the beauty of excellence, and develop our moral susceptibility, is the business of life, and the proper object for the employment of all our talents. We should become wise in order to become good. Especially, be it never forgotten, that he who has attained a just conception of his moral relations alone, has proceeded farther in the way of wisdom, than he who has mastered all the stores of human learning without it. If we mistake the ultimate design of being, it matters little how wise we show ourselves in other things; we have missed the point of destination, and our whole course is necessarily wrong.

Placing the nobility of man upon such high ground, the way of attaining true excellence becomes peculiarly important. And first, we say, let him who desires this excellence, impress upon his mind and ponder in his thought the importance of an immortal nature. Let him remember that this is "the infancy of being." Let his steady eye often turn from these scenes which so distort our mental vision, to contemplate the enfranchised spirit as it "pursues its rising track" from ignorance to the full perfection of knowledge. Let him remember, let him *feel*, that this weak nature contains the elements of perfection; that this feeble spirit, which now gropes in error, confounded and amazed at the least of creation's wonders, has a glorious period in prospect, when it shall comprehend a universe, and fathom the depths of the divine purposes. By such reflections he may learn to set a just estimate upon things, to counteract that fatal thirst for present pleasure, to associate life with immortality. He for whom fortune has in reserve a crown, however low his present state, must blush to act inconsistently with his future character, must learn to anticipate his regal dignity.

The contemplation of immortality, while it is too serious to excite vanity, still should awake in every breast sentiments of the most perfect freedom. When man clearly comprehends how fearful and wonderful is his destiny, he feels his interests too important to be trifled with; and the rights of his fellow man are too momentous for the thought of infringement. When the enraged tyrant looks down upon the pale, cringing wretch at his feet, let the recollection of his immortal privilege burst upon him, and let him fear to wound a nature enduring as his own, and which must move on, a kindred spirit, by his side, in infinite progression.

who has learned to do this, has achieved that greatest of all conquests, over himself. If this work be commenced in season, it will be comparatively easy : the passions when properly resisted know their place ; the reign of reason is confirmed, and her voice is heard above these clamorous and imperious disturbers of our peace. But if we suffer ourselves early to be ruled by them, we must obey them through life ; we have been broken to their rein and shall be driven wherever they see fit to direct us. A slavery which we have contracted in youth holds us in its grasp even to our graves. It is not possible to picture a more humiliating condition than his who has yielded to some debasing passion, who feels his chains, yet has not strength to resist. True excellence of character allows no such derangement of faculties ; the intellect must rule the ascendant.

In connection with this part of our subject, we shall say a few words upon self-denial, an exercise which christianity recommends with much force, and which like all her precepts is confirmed by the principles of true philosophy. We are not going to speak of moderation in sensual pleasures ; the necessity of this is too manifest to need remark. Excessive indulgence in these if it does not stupify the mind, inflames the passions, which is full as fatal to all cool reasoning and calm enjoyment. The pleasures of a rational being, should be of an intellectual character. To refrain from conduct which corrupts the mind and debilitates the body is but the dictate of common prudence. We speak rather of those nobler sacrifices of benevolence and philanthropy to the good of our race, which react with double effect upon our own hearts, and which are not less the cause than the natural result of true magnanimity. Extended views of things together with a just appreciation of human interests, always produce acts of kindness whenever and wherever proper objects are presented. A truly great and noble character, while too sensible of his own importance ever entirely to sacrifice his interests, will still always think the better of himself for any aid he has been able to lend his fellow. Such a man will find opportunities for assisting those around him by acts of benevolence, which while they call for self-denial and develop the graces of his own character, will never seriously impoverish him. He will often taste the "luxury of doing good."

The dignity of our nature, as we have already hinted, requires action. The peculiar advantages of that progressive constitution which we possess are lost whenever we suffer ourselves to pause. Our course must be continually onward. If we halt, the delicate machinery of the mind loses its pliancy, and we find it difficult to start. Besides, we have no time to spare. The splendid exhibitions of nature around us, the more wonderful phenomena of mind within us, all conspire to shame our ignorance and censure

our delay. Were knowledge limited in extent, such procrastination might be venial. Could the mind look forward to some future period when it should have attained the limit of its faculties, it might be pardonable to linger by the way. But the pleasure of feeling its powers expand will be enduring as its existence, and the sources of human knowledge will never be exhausted. We may freely partake of this mental feast and satisfy every faculty, in the full assurance that it is to last forever. Where the love of knowledge has found a resting place in man, such reflections will stir up into active energy every element of his being. If he has hitherto lost time, he will lose no more. The hours which before dragged on so heavily, will be seized and appropriated, and each one made to tell for his future improvement. Truth will disclose new beauties to his eye, and study have charms for him he never felt before. The bent of such a man's desires will be manifest in the employment which he has chosen for life. If he has parts to benefit his fellow men in the wider spheres of usefulness, such an one will be selected as is particularly adapted to call his powers into vigorous exercise. He will learn to blend his honest efforts for the good of others with his own highest improvement. If nature has denied this privilege, the duties of a humbler station still furnish the means of improvement, and he may there cultivate that true greatness of soul, which in reality far exceeds the triumph of genius or the pride of intellect.

As active as the greater part of mankind are in their various callings, nothing can be more absurd than most of the pursuits which occupy human life. How few among them tend to expand and elevate the soul! How many of them operate directly to suppress each generous feeling and effectually smother the intellectual fire! To neglect the occupation of our powers is criminal; to misapply them is not less so. It imports us little whether we are inactive, or whether we are active to no rational purpose. We see those daily around us who are chasing that gilded bauble, wealth, as if thereon depended their eternal salvation. When this passion has taken full possession of a man, it eradicates alike every sentiment of honor and every desire of intellectual culture. The love of knowledge and the love of lucre are as opposite as mind and matter. A rational man, could he gain the attention of such an earthworm, might reason with him in terms like these:—

“Your conduct must be admitted as conclusive evidence that you esteem your present pursuit the best within the compass of your election, and the one peculiarly adapted to fulfil the end of being. Though I think you were designed for higher purposes, we shall not perhaps quarrel upon the subject of your opinion if you will explain from what source it has been derived. Have you then

formed it yourself upon mature deliberation and after a close study of your nature, or have you received it as you take the cut of your garment, from the established notions of the time, without once asking whether those notions are sensible or absurd? If the latter, your opinion is worth as much upon this subject as on any other of which you are profoundly ignorant; and suffer me to suggest that the principle upon which one's conduct for life is based, is worth a personal examination. If you have taken such pains, then doubtless you have *reasons* as well as authority for your conduct. Is it the pleasure of dazzling men's eyes by the display of gilded carriages and splendid equipages? Is it to gratify your vanity by those respects and honors which are sometimes paid by little men to riches? If so, let me ask you if all this is a sufficient recompense for the belittling consciousness that you are holding an unmerited station, and that all these attentions are due to your circumstances rather than to yourself? Let me ask how many thousands of money it takes to make a man? I go on a supposition which may not be so readily admitted, that it has cost too much time to fill your coffers with gold, to leave much for storing your mind with knowledge. At all events, is not a competency which shall suffice to satisfy the demands of nature, and at the same time give leisure to explore those undiscovered mines of wealth and happiness which an immortal spirit places at your disposal, more worthy of attention? If you have really neglected this, notwithstanding your toil for possessions, and that the world account you rich, you are indeed a beggar. The object of existence has been mistaken; you have relied for protection against calamity upon a gilded drapery, which one puff of boisterous fortune may rend and leave you naked to the strokes of adversity."

In a similar way the lovers of fame and power might pass under our examination, and indeed nine tenths of mankind who are taken and hurried away by such meagre bait, to the pity or amusement of the remaining fraction. It is however but a small part of wisdom to detect the errors of others: if we have mended our own conduct we have done far more than to have discovered the faults of our neighbors. "Let us then assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of nature who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations." In this way alone can we become in a measure independent of those natural evils which sooner or later harass the most fortunate, and darken the fairest picture of happiness with shades of calamity. Let us learn to separate circumstances from the man, and place in our estimation such trifles at an infinite distance beneath those rare and noble qualities, purity of character and goodness of heart. If fortune be pro-

pitious, let us receive her favors with a welcome, but never suffer ourselves to be enticed by her smiles from that strong citidel of peace, where every good man retires in adversity, within his own breast.

When we can do all this, we have learned the true philosophy of life. In whatever station we are placed, if not happy we shall at least be calm, and manifest by a proud yet ready acquiescence in her decrees whether favorable or adverse, the proper temper of mind with which to meet the allotments of fate.

OUR MAGAZINE.

‘A place for all things.’—*Old Maxims.*

Ours is the allotted duty to occupy, with our sage reflections, the page set apart by reason and usage for all those thousand little hints and notions, thoughts and conceptions wherewith those who cater for this young world would edify their readers. Our trouble happens not now to be, that we lack the ready material for our purpose, but that from the crowd of hovering suggestions we know not which to choose. We cannot help expressing our satisfaction, to start with, at the success which has attended the efforts of our predecessors.

The fourth volume of our Magazine is concluded, and the credit which attended its first appearance has strengthened in its progress into a permanent reputation. The Yale Literary has been ranked by its cotemporaries amongst the few periodicals which are an honor to the young republic. True, the severity of criticism which our own previous selections have sometimes met with, may seem to detract from the general praise, yet these are but individual instances; we intend that they shall be still fewer and farther between hereafter. Let those who have contributed to its attainment divide the generous meed. A glance into the quiet coffin, extended in solemn length before us, suggests that the efforts of some stopped short of their intended destiny. Essays, Poems, Tales, Biographies, all gathered to their silent resting place. A tear—and we hasten on. May those who have favored us with their effusions, whether the result of their exertions has been recorded on our *earliest* or *latest* page, rouse them for higher efforts; and they who have as yet but criticised, strive themselves to remedy the deficiencies which they so much deprecate. But we must away to more grateful topics. Close by is the gala week of college. A class is to go forth from these

sylvan retreats of learning, to act on the great stage. They who feel most for their welfare are gathering to cheer them onward. And those who years ago mingled in these scenes are arriving to revive the holiest recollections of college days—to tell, each the other, his experience and prospects, and to speak of those who have gone on to the other country, cut down in their early prime. We rejoice that again the Phi Beta is to patronize the muse, and that song is to lend its aid to eloquence. Commencement, with its throng of beauty and learning, follows close behind. It will be a most imposing spectacle. Reader, we intend to lay aside our editorial duties and to attend in person. Don't let us call off your attention from the maidens. Yet be not too boisterous in your devotions. There have been orators who could not be heard; and even when the solemn beaver was on and the privileged ascended to receive the parchment, strange voices have mingled with the ancient declaration, "Pro auctoritate mihi commissa." Last comes vacation. We imagine your joy already, as you anticipate an exchange of books and flunks (pardon the insinuation!) for home and friends. Having listened to the final benediction, and accompanied the fair one to her own door, you are once more within the old walls and packing for your journey. What an array of boots and shirts! Drawers upside down—ink bottle inverted—books on the floor; in they go! It isn't best to be too particular—soon out again at home. "Stage ready, Sir." "Yes, Sir—that trunk—nothing more. Good-bye, Tim." "My love, you know, Bill." "Yes. Look out for the plants. Farewell!" Gone! Ah! we dare not follow you home even in thought, for fear of being discontented with things around us. We did venture, night before last, to think an instant of the bright eyes and gilded visions just before us, and most unluckily fell asleep in the very act. We dreamed that college was far away. The domestic circle rose right cheerily before us, and there sat one with silken locks and sparkling eye, her cheek flushed with the sudden ecstasy, as she caught the first glimpse of our approach. We had spread our arms to clasp——. *Monstrum Horrendum!!* What a change! The chair was there still, but how differently occupied! That form—

"It still seemed woman to the waist, and fair;
But ended foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast; a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting."

Imagine our surprise. We sprang, or tried to spring, for the door. Our feet refused their office. Up rose the demon. As she approached, we read upon her forehead the portentous title—*Examination*. Horror stricken, we shrieked for help. No hand was raised to aid us.

"Black she stood as night,
Fierce as ten Furies——
And shook a dreadful dart."

We gasped for breath. A moment, and in came the weapon,
cracking and crashing through our bones. And such a yell!

"She call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Resounded,"—

"Conditioned, sir, conditioned!" Startled, we awoke. Our
chum was poking us with the tongs, and screaming in our ears,
"It's all over with you; the bell has given the *final tingle*." We
leaped into our boots, and the next moment were on our way to
prayers, to ask, amongst other blessings, a preservation from all
anticipations of vacation till it comes. Of course we are pecu-
liarly sensitive on this point, reader, and cannot accompany you
even in imagination. Yet fare thee well! Accept our parting
benediction.

Blessed times to thee at home!
Bring with thee, when next you come,
Sounder body, brighter wit,
Many a sparkling silver bit,
And brilliant gems of thought divine,
Amid our gathered hoard to shine.

The following lines, contributed by a friend of the deceased, occupy the page
which we had reserved for a brief notice of our beloved and lamented classmate.

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN STERNS SPARHAWK, A MEMBER OF THE JUNIOR CLASS,
WHO DIED AT NEW HAVEN, AUGUST 9TH, 1839, AGED 22 YEARS.

THOU, too, art passed away! No more
Sail'st thou with us life's sea,
Lone voyager to the distant shore
Of dim eternity!
Death's changeless seal is on thy brow,
Where once was life hath fallen now
The chill dew heavily!
Thou liest low in dreamless sleep—
We from our dreams awake to weep!

For we have fondly hoped the chain—
Our bright and youthful band—

Thrice* rudely broke might not again
 Be rent by death's strong hand :
 But lo ! by time when brighter grown,
 Another shining link is gone,
 Even as a tie of sand.
 Hark to the customary voice of prayer !
 Ye hear it—he is senseless there !

Ay ! gaze, in silence, comrades, gaze,
 On that pale, placid face !
 Say, in expression's frozen rays
 Can ye his features trace ?
 Raise not your voices—but let fall
 Grief's bitter tears upon his pall—
 It is the time and place !
 One passeth from our social band
 To an unknown, returnless land !

Take up your weary load again,
 Tread silently along ;
 While wait the sad, expectant train,
 Whose grief is still, but strong.
 Who followeth after feebly slow,
 With sobs of unavailing woe
 Deep from her fond heart wrung ?
 But yesterday she buried one,†
 And now bewails her only son !

Strong streams are fettered fast beneath
 The morning's frozen dew ;
 Thus hath the chilling frost of death
 Checked his life's warm full flow !
 The woodsman hews the giant oak ;
 Thus hath fate's unrelenting stroke
 His manly might laid low !
 Mourn, comrades, mourn his hapless doom,
 So early tenanting the tomb !

Yet will we still remember thee,
 When years on years have fled !
 Yet will we still remember thee,
 Though numbered with the dead !
 The open hand, the kindly heart
 Can we forget, though thou depart ?
 How lowly lies thy head !
 Rest thee beneath the grave's green sod—
 Thy soul is summoned back to God !

G. H. C.

* Bates, Breck and Kennedy, deceased, were members of this class.

† A brother had died in the same manner before him, in the next lower class.

